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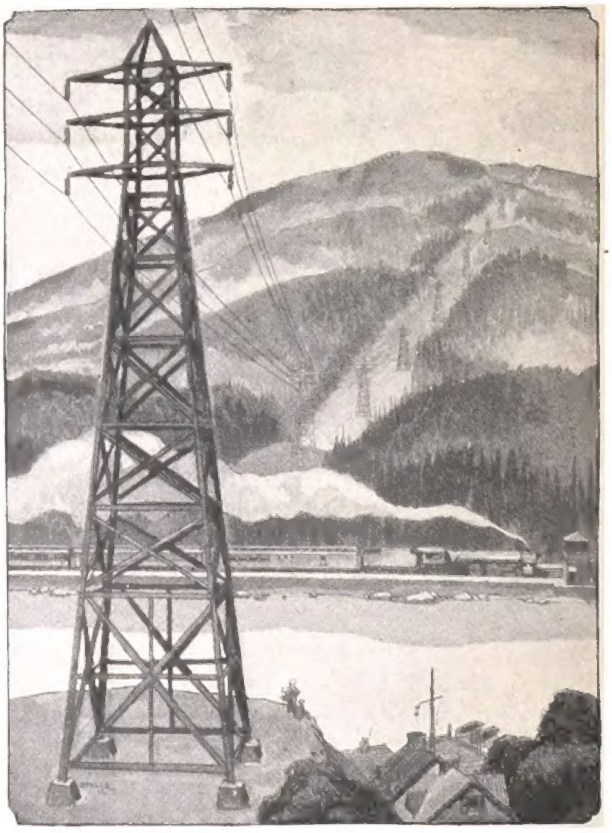

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VOLUME IV
Number 24

DECEMBER
1926

THE GOLDEN BOOK* MAGAZINE

OF FICTION AND TRUE STORIES THAT WILL LIVE

Edited by HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

Editorial Board:
WM. LYON PHELPS • JOHN COTTON DANA • CHAS. MILLS GAYLEY

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Some Persons of Importance

HENRY HARLAND came honestly by the cosmopolitanism which marks his best-known stories. Born in St. Petersburg in 1861, he was educated in New York and at Harvard University; he served for a time in the Surrogate's office in New York City, wrote half a dozen novels of Jewish life under the pen name of "Sidney Luska," traveled about Europe as a correspondent, and settled in London in time to become the editor of *The Yellow Book* when that journal made its stimulating entrance upon the literary scene in 1894.

In 1900 he published, over his own name, "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," which was instantly successful; and this was followed by two or three similar long tales before his death in 1905. Harland's work is finished and graceful—often so charming that one would be ungrateful indeed to cavil at it for its lack of relation to reality. The World Library would be a much duller matter without an occasional writer mainly concerned with grace and beauty and pleasant surfaces—and not afraid of the "happy ending."

"Style is the fragrance of literary work," cried he (Alphonse Daudet) one day; and in fact every one of his books represents an almost superhuman labour. There is many an easy-flowing harmonious page, over which the sentences march with majesty, like some river that rolls across its bed fine scales of gold; but on that page there remains not one trace of the effort which it cost him; and yet that admirably gifted artist, who was never satisfied with his own work, has perspired and suffered and turned pale over it, to the point of feeling broken in health for several days through the mere excess of labour. ERNEST DAUDET.

With all deference to the distinguished author of more than a hundred books of history and fiction, and the man who knew his brother Alphonse perhaps better than any one else—I find myself wondering if this exaggerated view of "style" as a growth from mental sweat does not produce quite a false conception.

"All general statements are untrue—including this one." Yet—does not the genius use his powers *easily* during actual creation? Sam McClure once demanded of George Meredith: "What does genius feel like in action?" And, with a wise smile, Meredith said: "At such times it seems that everything you ever knew, or read, or thought, or felt about the subject in hand is all arranged, docketed and ready for you to take down and use as you want it." The high jumper, preparing to clear the bar at six feet, the man in love—these too gather up every fraction of their powers for a supreme effort; so the man of letters launches himself on a deep, swift current of aroused and heightened powers where (like the expert riverman running "white water" in a canoe) he is tensely alert every instant, managing the craft of his idea, putting forth efforts of which he hardly believes himself capable, deeply excited—but rarely, I believe, "suffering." No, the fascinating style of Daudet is really the fragrance of a personality expressing itself adequately and inevitably. And I sometimes think that is the only "style" which really amounts to much.

It would be difficult to imagine as "suffering" in his art performance the man who wrote "The Sous-Préfet Afield" (published here in May, 1925), or "The Pope's Mule" in this issue, or most of the delightful little tales and sketches one associates with Daudet. He has in perfection that quality of Gallic playful gaiety—not the childlike play which sparkles through Schubert's songs, but the relaxation of a cultured man, who knows the world, who has read and thought and felt its best and worst; but who can let go all that, and charm the reader by his own exquisitely humorous pleasure in the simple, naif, or whimsical. There is nothing whatever to these tales—yet they have the true joy of life; they restore perspective; they understand all, and yet they smile.

(*Continued on page 6*)

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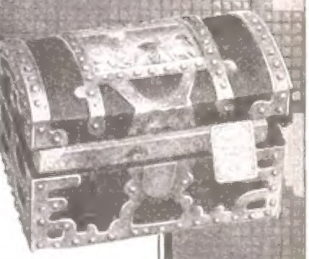

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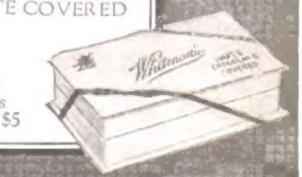

NUTS CHOCOLATE COVERED

(*Continued from page 4*)

W. S. Gilbert (1836–1911) was the son of William Gilbert, novelist, and a descendant of that fine Sir Humphrey who planted the first English settlement in North America, at Newfoundland, nearly twenty-five years before Jamestown.

Throughout his years of schooling he had an ambition to compete for a commission in the Royal Artillery; but the Crimean War came to an end with the treaty at Paris, March, 1856, which guaranteed the integrity of the Ottoman Empire—just a few months before young Gilbert graduated from the University of London; and this made a military career too problematical. Four years in the education department of the privy council office filled him with such dissatisfaction at the monotonous routine, that he entered the Inner Temple, was called to the bar, and practised a little on the Northern circuit.

But a new comic magazine, *Fun*, had just been started (Ambrose Bierce contributed a series of his "Fables" to it, 1872–3); and more and more of the young barrister's energies began to go into the congenial labour of helping to make his countrymen smile. *Punch* would have none of him; but most of the "Bab Ballads," with his own illustrations, appeared in *Fun*, and these were gathered into a volume in 1869.

Some years before, Gilbert had turned out in ten days a successful Christmas burlesque ("Dulcamara") for the St. James Theater; and this brought him into play writing—with "The Palace of Truth," "Pygmalion and Galatea" (1871), and a long list of other comedies. In the year of "Pygmalion" he made the association with Arthur Sullivan which was to bring both of them fame, fortune and knighthood. "Thespis," "Trial by Jury" and "The Sorcerer" were trial balloons. Then, in the four years from 1878 to 1882, "Pinafore," "Pirates of Penzance," "Patience," and "Iolanthe" took the civilized world by storm. Four more overwhelming successes followed—"The Mikado," "Ruddigore," "The Yeoman of the Guard" and "The Gondoliers." Then composer and librettist quarreled, over Gilbert's business disagreement with D'Oyly Carte; and while they worked together in later years, notably in the witty "Grand Duke" (1896), their best achievement was completed.

It was enough. For, so far as the general public was concerned, they had given a new meaning to light opera. And even the experts disagree mainly as to which of these delightful productions ranks highest. Just this season, almost forty-five years after its first appearance, the superb version of "Iolanthe" sponsored by Winthrop Ames has for months drawn crowded houses. The little play printed in this issue was first given at the Prince of Wales's Theater, November 7, 1874.

Only the little matter of our Revolution prevented Leigh Hunt from being an American by birth. His grandfather was an English clergyman in the West Indies; his father settled in Philadelphia as a lawyer, married the daughter of a merchant there, and seemed to be firmly settled as a Colonial. But when the Colonies drew apart from England, Mr. Hunt was too stout a loyalist to find any place amongst such rebels: he fled to England, and took orders. The boy, James Henry Leigh, was born at Southgate the year after the American nation became a world fact.

It seems as if he must have caught something prenatally. For, though he published a volume of verses, "Juvenilia," at seventeen, the first thing which really brought him to public attention in England was a flagrant case of lese-majesty. The Prince of Wales had become prince regent—that future George IV, of whom his tutor, Bishop Richard Hurd, had so accurately predicted: "He will become either the most polished gentleman or the most accomplished blackguard in Europe—possibly both." Young Hunt was editor of the *Examiner*, a free-lance newspaper established by his brother; and in an article he alluded caustically to that same royal aldermanic belly which had prompted Beau Brummel's superb riposte—"Who's your fat friend?"

The First Gentleman's belly was no matter for levity. The blasphemy had sealed poor Brummel's fate. It sent the editor and his proprietor-brother to prison for two years. And one cannot but admire the man's spirit, when this tyrannical sentence seemed to cut off his career before it had well begun:

"I papered the wall with a trellis of roses; I had the ceiling covered with clouds and sky; the barred windows I screened with Venetian blinds; and when my book-cases were set up with their

(*Continued on page 8*)

A digestive aid that quits when its task is done

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GASTROGEN Tablets are good—very good—for the prompt relief of indigestion, gas and other after-dinner discomfort. So are bicarbonate of soda and preparations containing it.

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(*Continued from page 6*)

busts, and flowers and a pianoforte made their appearance, perhaps there was not a handsomer room on that side of the water."

And on a bookshelf stood a "solid lump of sunshine" in the shape of the "*Parnaso Italiano*" in 56 duodecimo volumes.

Dickens himself denied indignantly that the unforgettable "Harold Skimpole" of "Bleak House" was in any sordid detail drawn from Leigh Hunt—"who has the very soul of truth and honour." And while the attribution will not down, it does seem as if it were deeply unjust. Hunt certainly had lapses of taste, as when he told some disagreeably intimate truths about Byron—after having been a financial dependent of that gentleman. Also for nearly thirty years (until, in 1847, he received a civil list pension) he was driven to the humiliating shifts of one struggling against overwhelming debts and ill-health despite a prodigious industry as editor, poet, essayist, book translator, anything he could lay his pen to. It's pleasant to know that the last twelve years of his life were easier.

Several of his poems are standard in anthologies and school readers—"Abou ben Adhem," "Jenny Kissed Me," "The Glove and the Lions," and so on; his "Story of Rimini" profoundly affected English poetry, swinging critical standards back to the strength of Chaucer and Dryden as against Pope's affected couplets; he proved himself a critic and editor of most exquisite taste, and a translator of rarest quality; and while, like any hard-pressed journalist, he wrote too hastily and too much, some of his essays are the enduring expression of a charming, well-stocked, enthusiastic, cultivated mind. Those very "undignified foibles" which were his undoing, at least kept him free from the stodgy ponderousness which some of his contemporaries inherited from the Johnsonian tradition.

"Cox's Diary" was written by Thackeray in 1840, I believe for his friend George Cruikshank's "Table Book." (Thackeray had contributed to the *Comic Almanac*—among other items, "A Legend of the Rhine," in which he burlesqued Dumas' "*Othon l'Archer*.") How small was the impression W. M. T. had made upon the literary pundits at that time is indicated by the notice of him in the omniscient Robert Chambers's "Cyclopædia of English Literature." The two huge volumes covered everything from 1780 to 1844; Scott had four pages, Dickens three, G. P. R. James, a portrait and a column; and in among a group of minor novelists, half of whom are long forgotten, the editor remarks:

> Mr. W. M. Thackeray has published (under the Cockney name of "Michael Angelo Titmarsh") various graphic and entertaining works—*The Paris Sketch-Book*, 1840; *Comic Tales and Sketches*, 1841; and *The Irish Sketch-Book*, 1842. The latter is the most valuable; for Titmarsh is a quick observer, and original in style and description.

In point of fact, the "Yellowplush Papers" had also been republished from *Fraser's* in 1841; that magazine had begun in the same September the "History of Samuel Titmarsh, and the Great Hoggarty Diamond," which caused John Stirling to write his mother: "What is there better in Fielding or Goldsmith? The man is a true genius . . ."; "Fitzboodle's Confessions" had also appeared; and "The Luck of Barry Lyndon" had been running for some months. But, in truth, it was not till the *Edinburgh Review*, in January, 1848, called attention to the extraordinary power displayed in the eleven parts of "Vanity Fair" which had then been issued, that the public recognized another genius had arrived.

An artist friend points out that I missed the cream of the jest in the account of the du Maurier-Whistler fracas over "Trilby," in the October number. We printed Whistler's scorching letter and his chortle of triumph over forcing the publishers to submit to him du Maurier's revision of the offending passages.

But—it was Edwin A. Abbey, I believe, who liked to relate the joy of his friend du Maurier and himself over the text which did pass Whistler's revengeful eye, and which has been printed in the book version ever since:

"Somewhat eccentric in his attire . . . so that people would stare at him as he walked along—a thing that always gave him dire offense"! "Void of any self-conceit"!

"And these jokes are so good-natured that you almost resent their being made at

(*Continued on page 10*)

The Life of One Little Child

"The Death Street" is what night fatalities named Superior Avenue, Cleveland, before it was transformed, last year, into one of Ohio's safest and best lighted streets.

The electricity costs no more than before the war, the MAZDA lamps much less. With light and the decrease in accidents property values rose.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

(*Continued from page 8*)

anybody's expense but your own"! "Indeed, in spite of his success, I don't suppose he ever made an enemy in his life"! "And here let me add . . . that he is now tall and stout and strikingly handsome, though rather bald"!!

How could the hawk-eyed J. M. W. have missed the rapier satire of that *amende*? Let it be forever a warning to all gloaters.

Mea culpa. We published in August "Casey at the Bat," crediting it to J. Q. Murphy—after the "Masterpieces of Wit and Humor" anthology. It happened that I had not seen the De Wolf Hopper article on the subject in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and was inexcusably ignorant of the facts related below by Ernest L. Thayer, the real author:

> Mr. Murphy was not the author of "Casey at the Bat." A collection of poems was published some twenty years ago, which included this one, and attributed the authorship to Murphy. A number of other individuals had also claimed authorship, or had had authorship thrust on them by interested friends.
>
> In 1908, the late Frank Munsey employed Harry Thurston Peck, at one time professor of Latin at Columbia University, to investigate the matter. His conclusions were published in the *Scrap Book*, a Munsey publication, in the issue of December, 1908. A supplementary article appeared in the April issue of the following year.
>
> The question of the authorship of "Casey" was again examined by Burton E. Stevenson when he was preparing the material for his book, published by Harcourt, Brace and Co., in 1923, and entitled "Famous Single Poems." Both Peck and Stevenson found no reason seriously to doubt that I was the author of "Casey at the Bat," which first appeared over my initials under the caption of "Casey at the Bat, A Ballad of the Republic," in the San Francisco *Examiner* in June, 1888.
>
> I was closely associated with W. R. Hearst in my college days, and at his invitation joined the staff of the *Examiner* shortly after he assumed ownership. "Casey" was preceded in the *Examiner* columns by a series of so-called ballads similar and not especially inferior to it in workmanship. . . .
>
> ERNEST L. THAYER.

It's a pleasure to print an authoritative statement concerning Mr. Thayer's classic.

When we were planning this magazine two years ago, we put a great deal of time and effort into the question of paper. The stock finally selected for the text section was a light-weight, bulky book-paper—which we thought had some obvious advantages for the reader. Incidentally, *the cost* (a most serious item in a magazine like ours) *was just the same as the more highly finished paper in magazines selling for 40 cents on the stands.*

But it has become evident that most of our friends associate this lighter paper with the cheap "newsprint" used in a class of publications where they feel we do not belong. So we are changing, with this issue, to stock of the more customary sort in the "quality" magazines—with improvement in printing, and in the opening qualities of the magazine.

H. W. L.

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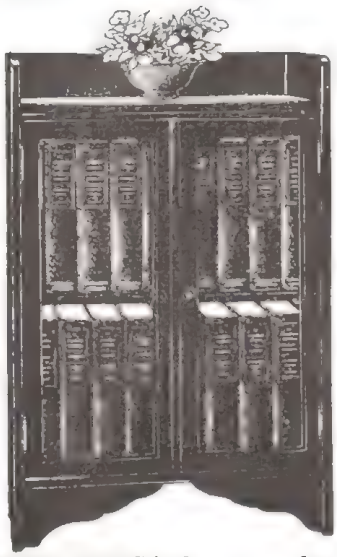

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Hors-d'œuvres from the Newest Books

"The other day, depressed on the Underground, I tried to cheer myself by thinking over the joys of our human lot. But there wasn't one of them for which I seemed to care a button—not Wine, nor Friendship, nor Eating, nor Making Love, nor the Consciousness of Virtue. Was it worth while, then, going up in a lift into a world that had nothing less trite to offer?

"Then I thought of reading—the nice and subtle happiness of reading. This was enough, this joy not dulled by Age, this polite and unpunished vice, this selfish, serene, life-long intoxication." *Trivia.* LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH.

THE PURITAN COLON

Mother, being Pennsylvania German, had an instinct for alimentation that told her to cleave to cabbage and turnips as the hart panteth for the sweet running water brooks. Father was Massachusetts Puritan, and that tribe is born without the Simian instinct for the proper forage. Lacking that worthy instinct and never having replaced it by man's reason, they never learned to calm their colons with a mess of herbage, but let their alimentary ills run riot in that fever dream called World Reform.

Father wanted us to invest grandpa's silver dollars. He considered keepsakes silly. "Buy little pigs," he said, "and let them grow into great hogs, and thus remember the Bradley family. Dollars in the cupboard will never grow, they will only tarnish."

And much as it rasped our sensibilities to spend the coins that Grandfather had told us to keep forever, we children took father's advice, or rather, obeyed his command when mother said the good man must be obeyed. From a neighbour we purchased two pigs with the four sacred coins (birthrights of Johnny, Weber, Tom and me), and father raised them and fattened them for us, and sold them and kept the money.

"Each man steals what hogs he can;
By all let this be heard;
Some do it with their threatening talk;
Some with a flattering word;
The coward does it with a kiss;
The brave man with a sword."

Father stole our hogs with a kiss. I do not complain. I forgive him. This man who had once been dead, with his baby hands tied on his chest, and was nursed back to life by the warmth of a stranger's breasts, lived to steal one son's pig and devour the other's marrow.

My theory of life is that it is the destiny of man to make an ass of himself—in his effort to improve himself he ruins himself—to put it into the vernacular, every bean-eating Bostonian was born to spill the beans. Lawrence (Kansas) was my first insight into this law.
The Great American Ass. ANONYMOUS.

(*Continued on page 16*)

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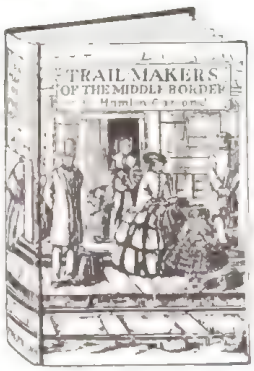

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(*Continued from page 12*)

THE TRAP

Arnold thought, lying awake in the night, of the people you can talk to and the person you love. The fact that these are not always the same is an outrage; one of those sardonic flicks at beauty and unity which life loves to give. Men and women have always accepted it, with the cynical, unquestioning patience of their kind. Men go out to talk with other men, come home to woman and child. Girls gossip with girls, take silent walks, locked in dumb affection with the beloved youth. What is talk, that curling of the tongue round air to trap ideas, between two people who would kiss? For that matter, what are kisses, what is embracing, what is dumb desire, between two people who cannot know each other's mind? How shall I my true love know? "But all the time," thought Arnold, "there is love, which comprises, which surely should comprise, both these means of communion, each so foolish and so empty when divorced from the other. How, then, to get through to love, the all-comprehending love of soul and body, without which all else is a snare?

Two strangers from opposing poles
Meet in the torrid zones of love,
And their desires are strong above
The opposition of their souls.
This is the trap, this is the snare,
This is the false deluding night,
And, till it vanish into light,
How shall each know the other there?

"Yes," thought Arnold, "this is the trap. We are both caught in it. It won't do. We must get on, into something better. Get on, or get out. . . ."

Crewe Train. ROSE MACAULAY.

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Madame de Charrière seldom went to bed before six in the morning. By day she slept and Benjamin got into mischief. At night they talked about it. To talk! the joy of it. Benjamin's talk is unforeseen, swift like summer lightning. Before a word is well said he has understood you and answered you out of some new quarter of the sky. Poor Monsieur de Charrière, ankle deep in a bog, with him you move a yard at a time to a fearfully foregone conclusion. After fourteen years at that pace, here, indeed, is something like motion! The joy of swiftness—of leaving out all the intermediate steps—of never knowing where you are going to arrive—of touching the earth so lightly and disdainfully! So the time passed on silver wheels, while the light of dawn dimmed the guttering candle.

The Portrait of Zélide. GEOFFREY SCOTT.

THE "UNFRIENDLINESS" OF AMERICA TO ENGLAND

No nation had benefited more than the United States by the Pax Britannica which had guarded the high seas for a hundred years before 1914. No attack upon America could be made without British assistance, and the possibility of an attack by Great Britain itself was precluded both by the indefensible position of Canada and by the sentiments of blood-brotherhood which counted for much in England, though for little in America. The dream of a federation of the English-speaking nations has long been supremely attractive to Englishmen; the identity of language, institutions and traditions made such a vision seem reasonable; and many lovers of peace hoped, as a few still hope, that the nations of English descent and speech might combine to put a stop to the mad militarism which threatens civilization with total ruin. But events have shown that to rely upon the help of the United States would be to trust in a broken reed. The cordial friendship which many Englishmen enjoy with individual Americans, and the numerous ties by marriage with American families, must not blind us either to the intense concentration of

(*Continued on page 18*)

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(*Continued from page 16*)

American people at large on what they consider their own interests, or to the prevailing unfriendliness of America, as expressed by its politicians and journalists, to this country. It has now become certain that the American Government seriously contemplated taking action against us in the earlier part of the Great War. Whatever sentiment was allowed to enter into their calculations was in favour of France, not of England. And if in the future we are attacked by a European coalition, we may take it as probable that the United States will leave us to our fate, unless, indeed, we are invaded by a black army. It would be difficult to find any well-informed American, however favourable his personal views might be to this country, who would say that friendship with America could bring us any security. *England.* THE VERY REV. W. R. INGE.

THE TAMING OF AN ADVENTURER

. . . *quite sure of my heart, which had tried and withstood all sorts of emotions incident to the Bolshevik régime, innumerable fights, high mountain passes, hunger, cold, prison, opium, poisonous Chinese alcohol, and Indian hashish*——

When my wife and I sought for a place where we could hear native music and songs and see the native dances, we found a most unprepossessing den, where a whole sanitary corps should first have been set at work to blaze the way for us. It was a high price for my wife to pay, but she had come to Africa with the very definite purpose of studying the native tribal music and of searching it out in all its forms. We were met by two big, strong and over-familiar men, who piloted us to a small room with only one narrow window, and ushered us to seats on a big chest covered with a cushion that had long ago earned its right to retire from further service. Then the dancing-women entered, in multi-coloured dresses with innumerable jewels and trinkets about their necks and in their ears and hair.

The Fire of Desert Folk. FERDINAND OSSENDOWSKI.

A WORLD RUN BY SUN POWER

The radiant energy received from the sun is the source of practically all the forces that man directs upon the earth. The winds blow because the sun heats different portions of the earth's atmosphere unequally. There are waterfalls because the sun has evaporated and raised up into the air enormous quantities of water. When coal and petroleum burn they give up energy that plants received from the sun in bygone geological ages. When a man uses his muscle, or his brain, he is directing energies that were received by plants from the sun, perhaps transformed by some other animal before he uses them. Although the stored-up energies received from the sun in far-off geological ages may eventually be exhausted, there are still possibilities of having plenty, for our planet is receiving energy at the rate of 160,000 horse-power per inhabitant of the earth at the present time.

The Nature of the World and of Man. SIXTEEN MEMBERS OF UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

AND THIS PURPORTS TO BE AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY LADY

It is childhood that is so important to mankind and the future. . . .

Whether marriage is best suited for this purpose, the future will most surely judge. So little do I see it related to that purpose to-day that I feel that child-bearing will most surely be viewed as of no necessary or natural connection with it. Women will demand motherhood whether they receive marriage or not. . . .

The Book Without a Name. ANONYMOUS.

LOVE AND COOKING

The woman who stands over a stove cooking a dinner for the husband to whom she is utterly indifferent is a slave driven to her appointed task by her sense of duty. The woman who stands over a stove cooking dinner for a husband she adores is a priestess making a burnt offering of herself on the altar of her god. *Dorothy Dix, Her Book.*

(*Continued on page 20*)

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

(*Continued from page 18*)

THE GIANT OCEAN

(ON THE *Orca*)

I watched the giant ocean gathering
All that the sky contained, into its hand——
The moon, strayed feather from infinity's wing,
Clouds such as never move above the land;
Horizons dusked along its azure edge
Except where morning spared a silver wedge . . .
A spouting whale rolled into greatening day;
Abreast the ship, in swift metallic play
Like rapid horses almost parallel
Three simultaneous dolphins rose and fell.

The Sea and the Dunes. HARRY KEMP.

AFTER SOCRATES AND XANTIPPE HAD LECTURED IN THE UNITED STATES

". . . In America it is the manufacturers and their wives who decide what other people shall think, for among their other products they manufacture public opinion."

"Come, Socrates," said Agathon, "you forget your old friends the preachers."

"Well," I replied, "I find the preachers have great influence. Yet they only succeed in those matters where the manufacturers support them, though the union of the two is irresistible."

"What would happen," asked Lysis, "if the preachers wished one thing and the manufacturers another?"

"That seldom happens," I said. "For the majority of preachers have never been known to wage a campaign against any activities that are thought desirable by the men of commerce, such as the prostitution of the soul which is called salesmanship, or the concentration upon business success, which is called 'making good.' But they attack those pleasures of ordinary men, like gambling and drinking, which the manufacturers will support them in attacking. For I verily believe they think it worse to be a drunkard than to sell one's soul for gold." *Plato's American Republic.* DOUGLAS WOODRUFF.

"THE UNFORGIVABLE BIOLOGICAL SIN"

Would that scientists could prove to us whether we are or are not breeding out the types most capable of education and filling up the ranks with types whose innate mental capacity is not equal to the needs of modern democracy! At present that is a matter of conjecture, and scientists are disputing what the innate qualities are. No race can succeed in the struggle for civilization whose institutions promote a kind of breeding-selection which multiplies the really inferior biological types at the expense of the superior: this is the unforgivable biological sin.

The Social Control of Business. JOHN MAURICE CLARK.

HUMAN SCULPTURE

I ceased to eat, difficult though it was, until my stomach shrank, and I no longer craved gross sustenance.

For I realized full well that my expression could never be expressed completely until encased in a willowy frame. As my frame shrank, so my life filled.

I learned that Beauty is all-important. I studied under Mr. Aroona's direction the art of thinking beautiful, feeling beautiful, seeing beautiful, speaking beautiful, moving beautiful, for "O God, Beauty is eternal, if you know how to find it!" he used to say.

He made me change the spelling of my name from Essie to "Essye."

"It is better so," he said. *Romantic—I Call It.* ETHEL HARRIMAN.

(*Continued on page 22*)

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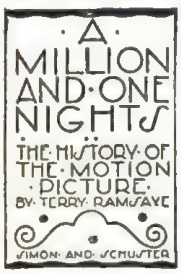

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(*Continued from page 20*)

The Chimpanzee Who Took in Washing

One of the things that made Toto a favourite on the ship was the fact that he made himself useful. He started a laundry. He began in a small way, just as all the magnates of business have begun. He found a bucket of water on the deck, and since any small quantity of water always suggested to him either drinking or washing, he looked around for something to wash. Nothing suitable being in sight, he went to the cabin and fetched one of my handkerchiefs. Then he fetched another and another. By way of putting up the capital for the business, so to speak, I furnished him with a piece of soap. His work was very successful. He washed the handkerchiefs until they were spotless and then spread them separately round a big coil of rope to dry.

Some friends of mine thought this an excellent idea, and soon half the passengers aboard were bringing their handkerchiefs to:

Messrs. Toto, Kearton & Co.
The Lightning Launderers Handkerchiefs a Specialty.

Toto kept it up for nearly the whole voyage—as soon as the linen was dry he would take a little pile and hand one to each person who came up the stairway. The only disadvantage was that one could not be sure of having one's own property returned to one—a failing which I have noticed to be shared by a good many other laundries.

My Friend Toto. Cherry Kearton.

Where a Poet's Impulse Landed Him

And the Poet, leaning his chin on his knuckles on the top of his walking stick, began, in profile:—

"You'll think me all sorts of an ass. It was just an impulse, and I acted on it. I was standing on the bridge, looking down the railroad tracks. And I was tired. I'm always tired after I read my verses. It—it discourages me."

Miss Armitage studied the Poet's profile sympathetically.

And he went on: "I thought, What would happen if I did disappear? I wondered if I could really disappear. Would anybody care? Perhaps people would read my verse if I disappeared. Not just buy it; but *read* it—attend to it. *Hear* it. Perhaps if I could get away by myself, away from the little self-conscious crowd I run with, away from the young modern poet's mutual admiration society that touts for me, I might write something that—that wouldn't discourage me when I raised my voice. And there was a freight train coming, and before I knew what I was doing, impulse got away with me, and I ran out on the stone pier of the bridge and jumped down on top of a car." He threw his head back and laughed. "It was full of pigs, and it had openwork sides."

"And," remarked the President of the College, "you said, 'Hell! What a smell!'"

"Heavens!" cried the Poet and stared at her, awe-stricken. "How do you know? Did you get it on the radio?"

Into the Void. Florence Converse.

Volunteer Society-Savers

"Saviours of society?" Sheridan repeated.

"It's the name I give to all our public men since the war," Mallock explained contemptuously. "A novelist is no longer content to write novels: he must save society or die—as a novelist—in the attempt. I've invited the leaders of every school that has a place for making this one small island a safe and happy place to live in! Nothing more! No Wellsian Utopia, where your clothes are taken away on arrival and you spend the rest of a prolonged life stark naked, carrying out experiments with test-tubes. You'd hardly call England a safe place now, sir. Well, all these people have had a try. They've all failed. They all know they've failed. They believe you'll fail and they know you believe you won't. I thought it would amuse you to meet them."

Saviours of Society. Stephen McKenna.

(*Continued on page 24*)

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(*Continued from page 22*)

THE IRRESISTIBLE COCKNEY

Her father was tying her up with trembling haste, as if she were a parcel to be got rid of in a hurry. Her lover's face was haggard, and drawn in the opposite directions to those that lead to smiles. Dumbly he would gaze at her from under his overhanging brows, and every now and then burst into a brief explosion of talk she didn't understand and hadn't an idea how to deal with; or he would steal a shaking hand along the edge of the tablecloth, where her father couldn't see it, and touch her dress. He looked just like somebody in a picture, thought Sally, with his thin dark face, and eyes right far back in his head,—quite blue eyes, in spite of his dark skin and hair. She liked him very much. She liked everybody very much. If only somebody had sometimes smiled, how nice it all would have been; for then she would have known for certain they were happy, and were getting what they wanted. Sally liked to be certain people were happy, and getting what they wanted. As it was, nobody could tell from their faces that these two were pleased. Sometimes in the evening, after her lover had gone and the door was locked and bolted and barred behind him, and all the windows had been examined and fastened securely, her father would calm down and cheer up; but her lover never calmed down or cheered up.

Sally, who hardly had what could be called thoughts but only feelings, was conscious of this without putting it into words. Perhaps when he had got what he wanted, which was, she was thoroughly aware, herself, he would be different. There were no doubts whatever in her mind as to what he wanted. She was too much used to the sort of thing. Not, it is true, in quite such a violent form, but then none of the others who had admired her—that is, every single male she had ever come across—had been allowed to be what her father called her fiancy, which was, Sally understood, the name of the person one was going to marry, and who might say things and behave in a way no one else might, as distinguished from the name of the person one went to the pictures with and didn't marry, and who was a fancy. She knew that, because though she herself had only gone to the pictures wedged between her father and mother, she had heard the girls at school talk of going with their fancies—those girls who had all been her friends till they began to grow up, and then all, after saying horrid things to her and crying violently, had got out of her way.

As though she could help it; as though she could help having the sort of face that made them angry.

"*I* ain't made my silly face," she said tearfully—her delicious mouth pronounced it *fice*——

Introduction to Sally. "ELIZABETH."

WHEN THE WORLD CHANGED

"Do not weep!" he said softly. "Each one of thy tears is like a drop of poison which burns away my flesh. Thy image was ever in my heart. It is the lamp which has lighted my loneliness. Do not be angry with me! It is not my fault if I left. It is partly thine and Pascal's."

"And the bishop, and Laugier! . . ." she added with bitterness. "Laugier wanted me, and the bishop surely had hopes that thou wouldst forget me and that thy love would flow past, like water under the mill wheel."

"Hush!" he said. "It is the same love, a water is always passing. Dear heart, why dwell on the remembrance of sorrow when it is so plain that we are together again? There is much cruelty in the world, and blind forces kill at random, but there is also Love and another bond between us. It seemed to me that the world changed when, a moment ago, I recognized thy face. All those I have counted my enemies have become my benefactors!"

The Dancer and the Friar. EUGENE PAUL METOUR.

MISS MARY'S SPORTING BLOOD WAKENS

Horse-racing on the Sabbath!

Miss Mary Cherry looked down at her: "I don't wonder you inquire! It's sinful, I regard it."

(*Continued on page 26*)

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(*Continued from page 24*)

Solomon had given the horses another crack and they went faster yet. The wine-bottles in the hamper rattled together. Behind them in a cloud of yellow dust the smooth rhythm of Mr. Bobo's perfect trotters came louder and louder. He was driving himself. It was not for nothing that his heart dwelt with his horses. Cousin Ellen could hear him talking to them: "Come on, boys! Steady, steady!" "What'll you bet," he called, "what'll you bet, ladies, that we win?"

Miss Mary Cherry, sitting back with her dignified contemplation and godly remoteness, suddenly leaned forward and boxed our driver over the ear with her fan.

"Get up, you fool," she cried; "don't you see he's going to pass us?"

Heaven Trees. STARK YOUNG.

THE IMPROVING WIFE

When at last Sabine managed to outstay Aunt Cassie (it was always a contest between them, for each knew that the other would attack her as soon as she was out of hearing) she turned to Olivia and said abruptly, "I've been thinking about Aunt Cassie, and I'm sure now of one thing. Aunt Cassie is a virgin!"

There was something so cold-blooded and sudden in the statement that Olivia laughed.

"I'm sure of it," persisted Sabine with quiet seriousness. "Look at her. She's always talking about the tragedy of her being too frail ever to have had children. She never tried. That's the answer. She never tried." Sabine tossed away what remained of the cigarette she had lighted to annoy Aunt Cassie, and continued. "You never knew my Uncle Ned Struthers when he was young. You only knew him as an old man with no spirit left. But he wasn't that way always. She destroyed him. He was a full-blooded kind of man who liked drinking and horses, and he must have liked women, too, but she cured him of that. He would have liked children, but instead of a wife he only got a woman who couldn't bear the thought of not being married and yet couldn't bear what marriage meant. He got a creature who fainted and wept and lay on a sofa all day, who got the better of him because he was a nice, stupid, chivalrous fellow."

Sabine was launched now with all the passion which seized her when she had laid bare a little patch of life and examined it minutely. *Early Autumn.* LOUIS BROMFIELD.

HAPPINESS

I asked professors who teach the meaning of life to tell me what is happiness.
And I went to famous executives who boss the work of thousands of men.
They all shook their heads and gave me a smile as though I was trying to fool with them.
And then one Sunday afternoon I wandered out along the Desplaines River
And I saw a crowd of Hungarians under the trees with their women and children and a keg of beer and an accordion.

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(*Continued on page 28*)

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(*Continued from page 26*)

Psychoanalysis teaches us that in the case of man there are usually two principal types: the mother type (the basis for this being either his own mother, or an imaginary adaptation, as he would desire her to be) and the "comrade," the natural prototype for the latter being a sister. His two types correspond to the general maternal and comradely qualities that enter into every woman's nature, and the latter aspect often finds its embodiment in the courtesan. Generally speaking, only the mother type is suitable for marriage. For it has its roots in the primordial nature of man; it typifies responsibility and is therefore serious in character. In the comrade type, man seeks adventure, stimulation, and sport.

Exactly the same statements, *mutatis mutandi*, apply to the differentiated woman. By their very nature these two types are irreconcilable. Consequently it is a mistake even to try to bring them into agreement. Each must decide for himself in which way and to what extent he intends to realize the two complementary sides of his affective nature.

One thing however, seems positive: the comrade should never become the wife. It is a mistaken policy for a man or a woman to marry his or her comrade.

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George Washington. W. E. WOODWARD.

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He began to love early and often, and with passion, but with a bewildering accumulation of rejections. He dabbled in poetry and we have old copy-books of his, in which crude faces and birds litter the margins, and lines of mournful verse break in on the exercises in penmanship of various styles, copies of legal forms, problems in surveying, navigation, physics, what not.

(*Continued on page 32*)

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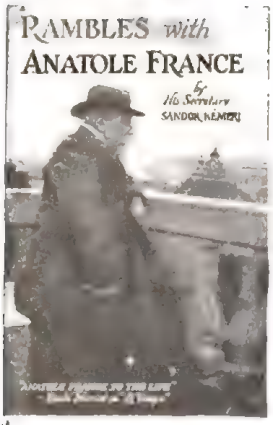

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(*Continued from page 28*)

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George Washington. RUPERT HUGHES.

THE BITTER-SWEET

Love's palsy yet again my limbs doth wrack
That bitter-sweet resistless creeping thing.

SAPPHO. (*Broadway Translations*. C. R. Hat...

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For "God," however we may try to fix him in our minds, will not stay put. When I was a child I used to think of him—and in my childish fancy it was necessary that I think of him—as a sort of exaggerated man with a long, white beard. When I grew older, I lost that beard. But that was not something that happened to God: it was only something that had happened to me. As I became still more mature, he not only became bearded but bodiless, and eventually lost all human attributes altogether—individuality, personality, consciousness.

But I had survived the change, I testify, and had no reason to suspect that God had not. In fact, only as I kept on seeking had I found anything worth while. For Life is not a static revelation which can be fixed in a single formula. It is a progressive revelation, a continual seeking and finding. The important thing in a man's religious experience is not that he shall have the correct conception of God—for that is absolutely impossible for finite minds—but that he shall have a g...

(*Continued on page 34*)

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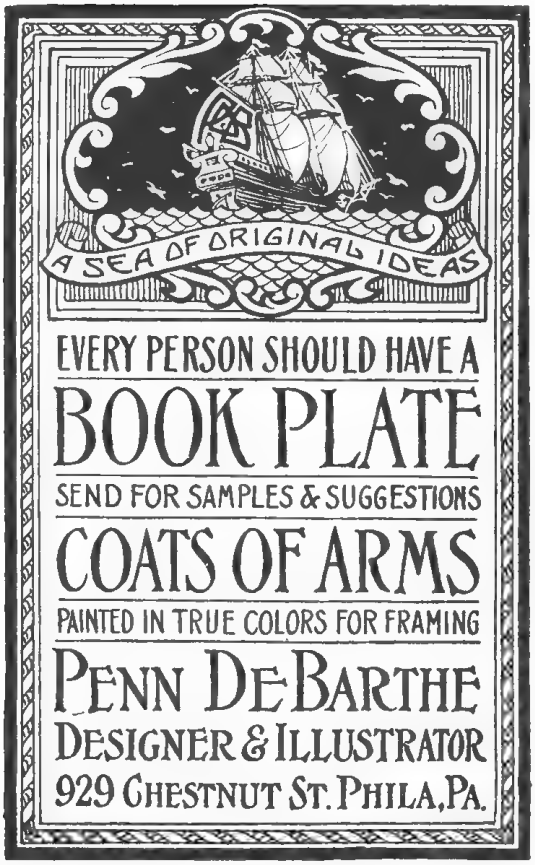
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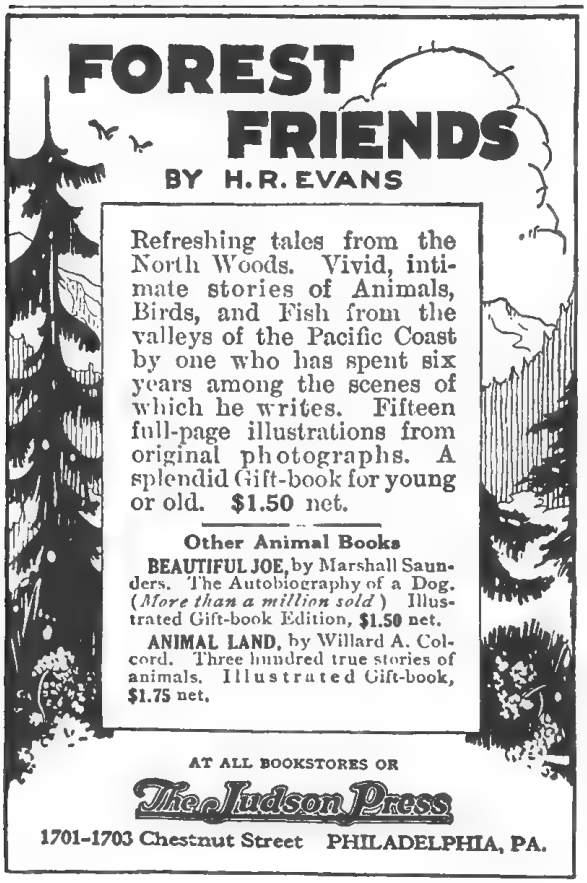
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(*Continued from page 32*)

conception of God to-day than he had yesterday.

My Heresy.
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THE DOMINANCE OF THE JEWISH STRAIN

And that was what all we, who are Jews, "part Jews" or "all Jews," share. We can be, in American life, try as we will, not Austrians, not Galicians, not Spaniards, amalgamated into the product that makes "American"—not anything but Jews. For all these racial strata in in the United States are different from one another, but we Jews are alike. We have the same intensities, the sensitiveness, poetry, bitterness, sorrow, the same humour, the same memories. The memories are not those we can bring forth from our minds: they are centuries old and are written in our features, in the cells of our brain.

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"Why, what was she made for but to be loved? . . . For my own part, I would renounce the world for the fellow of her. What lightning does, she carry in her eyes! What charms and chains in her looks, and emotions, for the very souls of her beholders! Was ever anything so clear as her forehead? or so black as her eyebrows? One would swear that her complexion has taken a tincture of vermilion and milk; and that nature had brought her into the world with pearls and rubies in her mouth. To speak all in little, she's the masterpiece of creation.

QUEVEDO. (*Broadway Translation.*)

THE FIRST CHANCE AT OVIS POLI

Running as hard as we could over the snow, we came to a point which would give us a clear view of them when they passed. I had snatched off my gloves to get a better grip on the rifle, and now my hands were so cold that I could not feel the trigger. Suddenly the sheep came into view from behind a huge buttress of rock. They were in single file, the big rams leading. They were about 250 yards away, going at a plunging canter through

(*Continued on page 36*)

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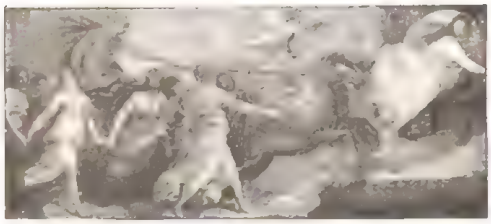

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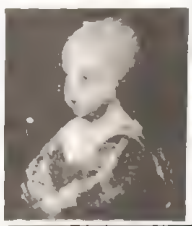

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(*Continued from page 34*)

the drifts. Their great spiral horns flared out magnificently, their heads were held high. Every line was clear cut against the white of the snow.

We began firing at once at the two leaders. First one and then the other staggered and lost his place in the line. Though hard hit, they pulled themselves together, joined the herd, and all disappeared over a near-by ridge. Clutching our rifles, we stumbled after them. When we reached the trail we found blood-stains. We put every ounce of strength we had into the chase, for these were the trophies we had traveled 12,000 miles to get. The going was very bad. Every few steps we floundered arm-pit deep in the snow. It was like the foot-tied race of a nightmare. Try as we would, we could not make time. Suddenly the wind rose, snow began to drift down, and the trail was blotted out in the swirling white of the storm. We could do no more and had to give up and make for camp.

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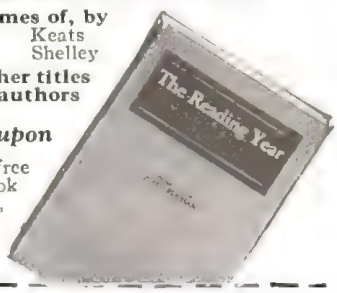

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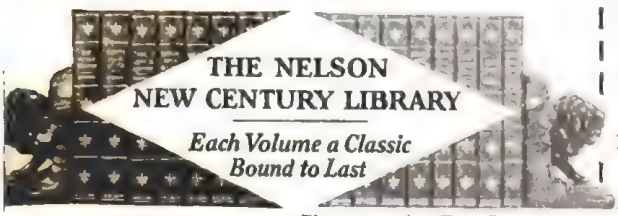

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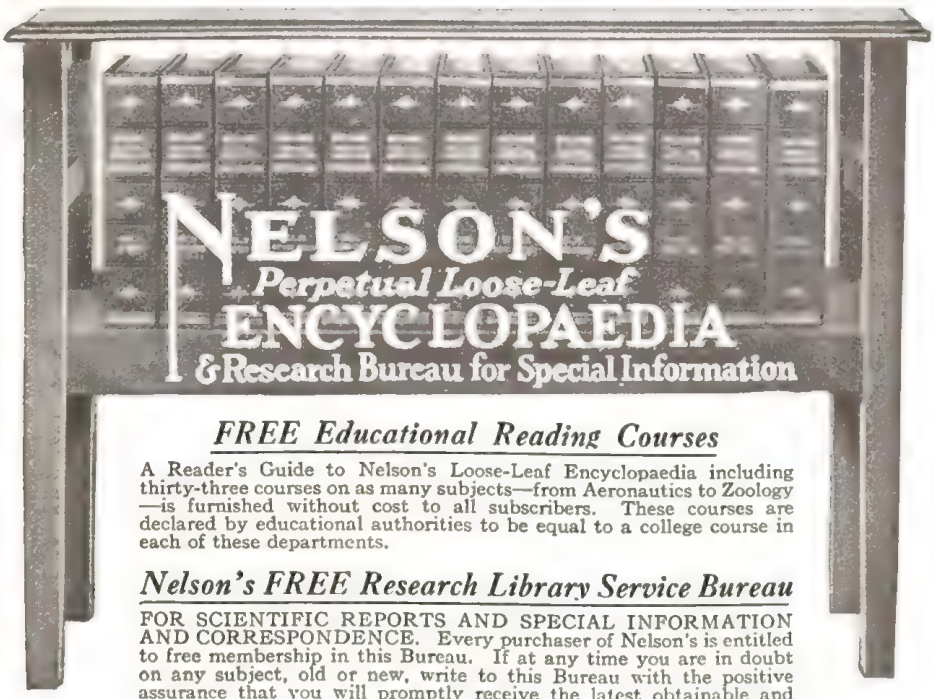

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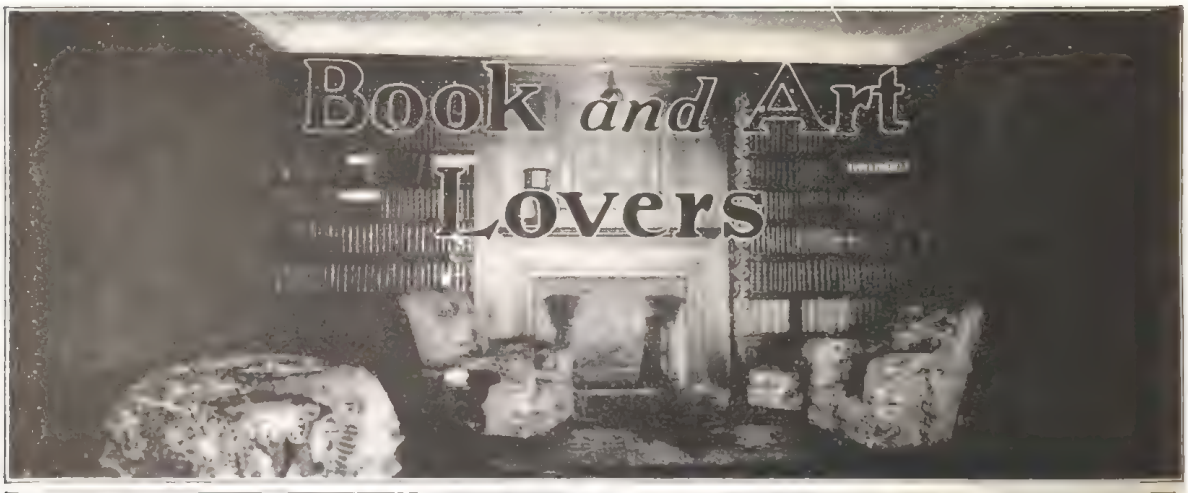

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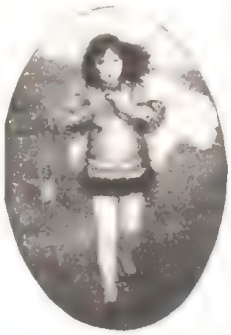

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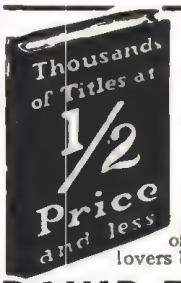

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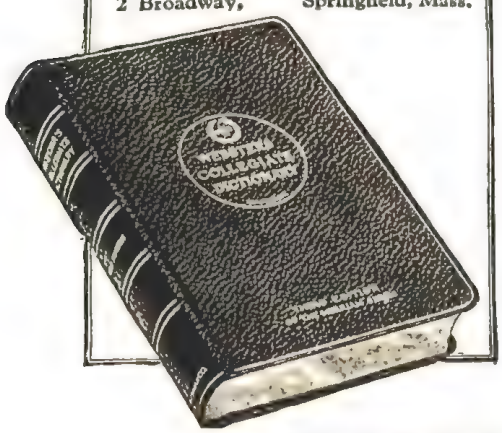

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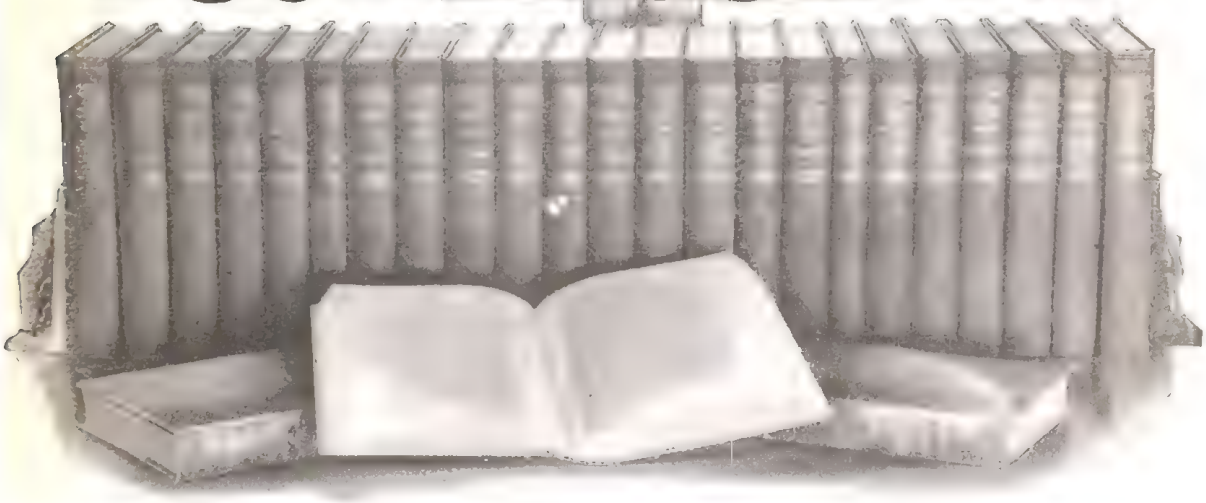

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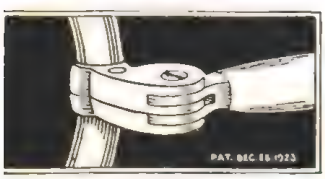

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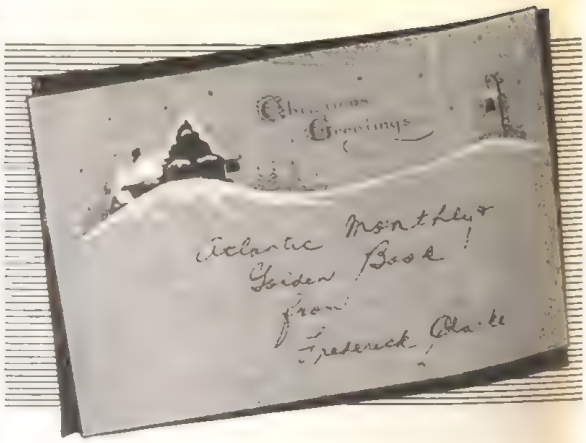

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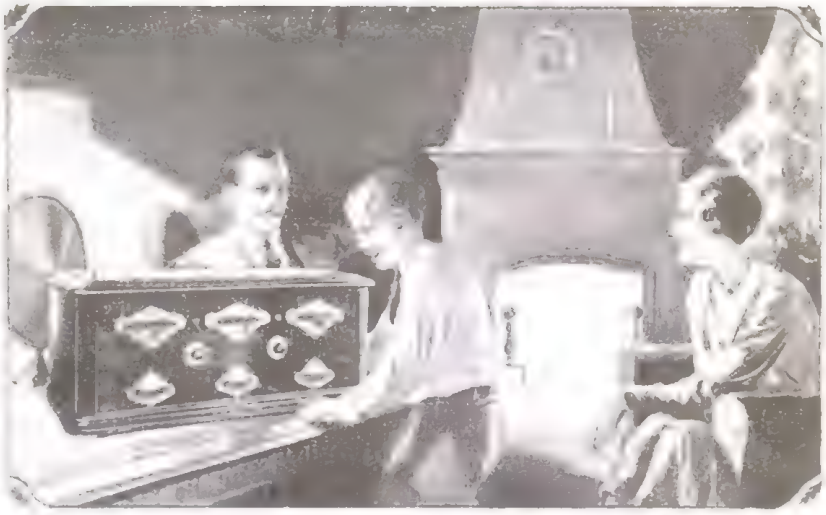

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WHAT greater gift could you give those you love than the joy of awakening Christmas morning to find that the Synchrophase had joined the family circle?

The Synchrophase expresses perfectly the Christmas spirit and will keep it alive for years to come, because of several features which make Grebe reception so unusually satisfactory; for example:

The *Colortone,* which gives the notes of voice or instrument their natural timbre irrespective of the loud speaker; *Binocular Coils,* which pick the station you want, then keep others from interfering.

Send for Booklet G which explains all exclusive Grebe developments. Then ask your dealer to demonstrate.

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gives you control of tone quality independent of the loud speaker.

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bring in the desired station; prevent others from interfering.

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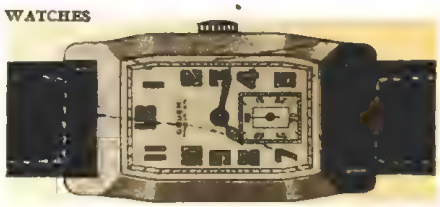
OTHER GRUEN STRAP WATCHES
$250 to $25

The latest Gruen strap (Pat'd), PRECISION, $50



Gruen Quadron (Pat'd), 17 jewel PRECISION *movement, $75. Other Quadrons, $125 to $50*

Gruen Cartouche, 17 jewel PRECISION *movement, $75*

Gruen Cartouche, $35

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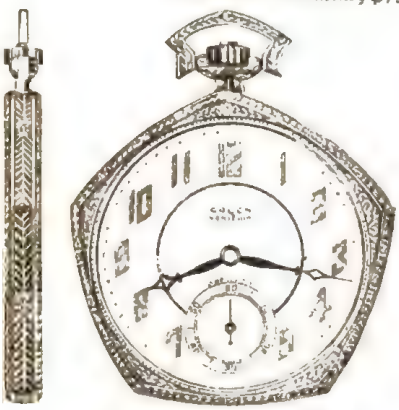

Gruen Pentagon (Pat'd) VeriThin, PRECISION, $75
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You will see this emblem only on jewelry stores of character

Gruen Empire VeriThin, $50. Other Empires, $150 to $60

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From the beauty of its case, from the prestige of the Gruen name upon its dial, from the admiration accorded it wherever it is worn, the person who receives it will derive increasing pride.

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Why not include among your Christmas gifts, one of the Gruen Watches pictured here? The better jewelers near you can show them to you.

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Gruen Cartouche 121, set with 4 diamonds, 2 sapphires, $100. Other paved diamond designs, $15000 to $75

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Engaged in the art of fine watchmaking for more than half a century

GRUEN GUILD WATCHES

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The Idol and the Ass

Henry Wallace Phillips

Drawing by T. S. Sullivant

AN ASS felt it his duty to destroy superstition, so he went up to the brass idol in the market-place and gave it a vigorous kick.

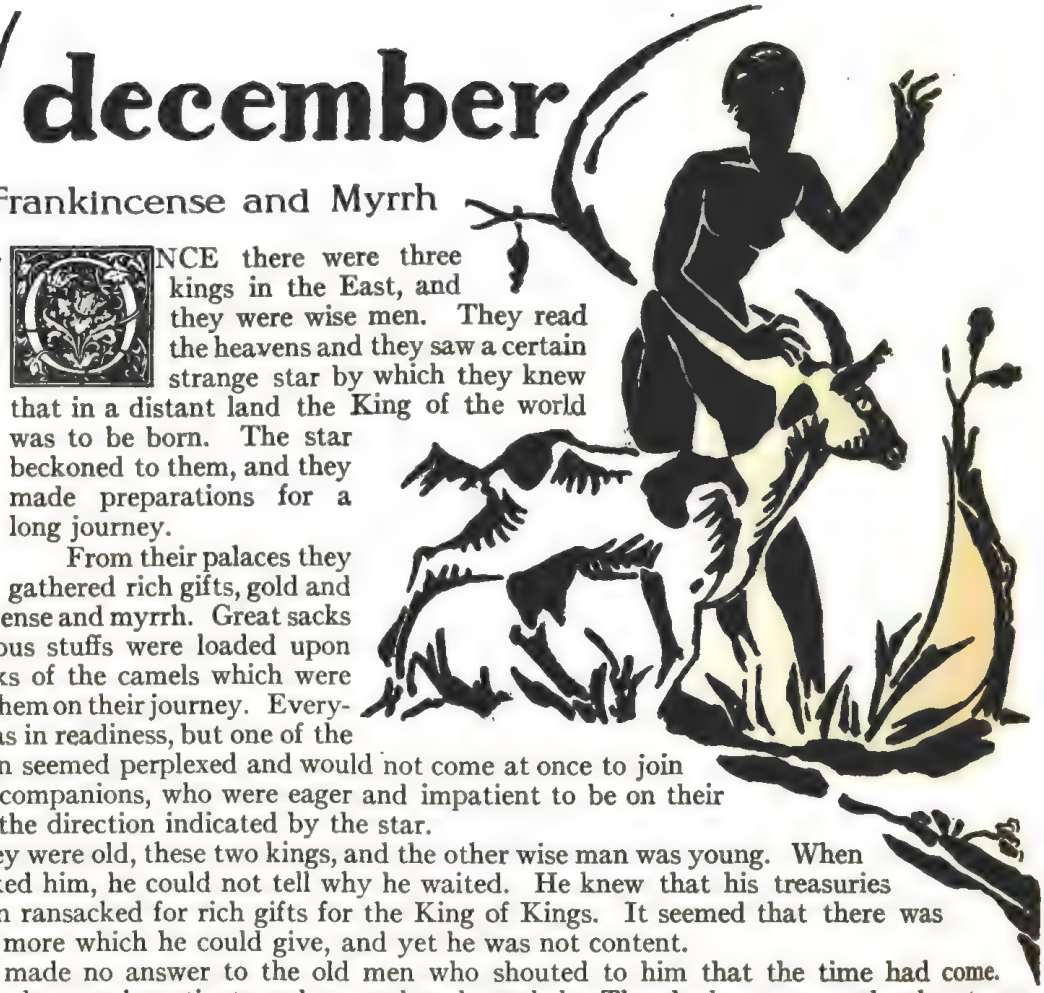
A dog came to him as he lay groaning on the ground, nursing his broken leg, and said, "Well, did you prove anything?"

"Nothing," said the other. "Except that I am an ass."

Deductions to be drawn: Any old thing.

december

Frankincense and Myrrh



ONCE there were three kings in the East, and they were wise men. They read the heavens and they saw a certain strange star by which they knew that in a distant land the King of the world was to be born. The star beckoned to them, and they made preparations for a long journey.

From their palaces they gathered rich gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh. Great sacks of precious stuffs were loaded upon the backs of the camels which were to bear them on their journey. Everything was in readiness, but one of the wise men seemed perplexed and would not come at once to join his two companions, who were eager and impatient to be on their way in the direction indicated by the star.

They were old, these two kings, and the other wise man was young. When they asked him, he could not tell why he waited. He knew that his treasuries had been ransacked for rich gifts for the King of Kings. It seemed that there was nothing more which he could give, and yet he was not content.

He made no answer to the old men who shouted to him that the time had come. The camels were impatient, and swayed and snarled. The shadows across the desert grew longer. And still the young king sat and thought deeply.

At length he smiled, and he ordered his servants to open the great treasure sack upon the back of the first of his camels. Then he went into a high chamber to which he had not been since he was a child. He rummaged about, and presently came out and approached the caravan. In his hand he carried something which glinted in the sun.

The kings thought that he bore some new gift more rare and precious than any which they had been able to find in all their treasure rooms. They bent down to see, and even the camel drivers peered from the backs of the great beasts to find out what it was which gleamed in the sun. They were curious about this last gift for which all the caravan had waited.

And the young king took a toy from his hand and placed it upon the sand. It was a dog of tin, painted white and speckled with black spots. Great patches of paint had worn away and left the metal clear, and that was why the toy shone in the sun as if it had been silver.

The youngest of the wise men turned a key in the side of the little black-and-white dog and then he stepped aside so that the kings and the camel drivers could see. The dog leaped high in the air and turned a somersault. He turned another and another, and then fell over upon his side and lay there with a set and painted grin upon his face.

A child, the son of a camel driver, laughed and clapped his hands, but the kings were stern. They rebuked the youngest of the wise men, and he paid no attention, but called to his chief servant to make the first of all the camels kneel. Then he picked up the toy of tin, and, opening the treasure sack, placed his last gift with his own hands in the mouth of the sack so that it rested safely upon the soft bags of incense.

"What folly has seized you?" cried the eldest of the wise men. "Is this a gift to bear to the King of Kings in a far country?"

And the young man answered and said: "For the King of Kings there are gifts of great richness, gold and frankincense and myrrh.

"But this," he said, "is for the child in Bethlehem!"

HEYWOOD BROUN.

1 This morning, observing some things to be laid up not as they should be by the girl, I took a broom and basted her till she cried extremely, which made me vexed, but before I went out I left her appeased.
PEPYS.

2 These worlds, these stars on which we dwell, need more life of a better quality; great men help God create; a thief is a rat in the granary which holds the seeds of heaven. DON MARQUIS.

3 As she proceeded thus in song, unto her little brat,
Much matter uttered she of weight, in place whereas she sat;
And provéd plain there was no beast nor creature bearing life,
Could well be known to live in love without discord and strife:
Then kisséd she her little babe, and swore by God above,
The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love. RICHARD EDWARDES.

4 To carry off women by violence the Persians think is the act of wicked men, but to trouble one's self about avenging them when so carried off is the act of foolish ones. HERODOTUS.

5 Hark the herald angel sings
Gloomily, because Dean Inge's
Just arrived and seems to be
Bored with immortality.
Harvard Alumni Weekly.

6 Prudence is a wooden Juggernaut before whom Benjamin Franklin walks with the portly air of a high priest. . . . But it is not a deity to cultivate in youth. STEVENSON.

7 The Lion is a kingly beast.
He likes a Hindu for a feast.
And if no Hindu he can get,
The lion-family is upset.
He cuffs his wife and bites her ears
Till she is nearly moved to tears.
Then some explorer finds the den—
And all is family peace again.
VACHEL LINDSAY.

8 It takes two to speak truth—one to speak and another to hear.
THOREAU.

9 A fit of writing classical poetry . . . seized him, in which his Molly figured away as "Maria." The letter was endorsed by her, "Hebrew verses sent me by my honoured husband. I thou't to have had a letter about killing the pig, but must wait."
MRS. GASKELL.

10 Our house shall have a narrow door
That grief and time may not come in,
But friends and laughter, who were thin,
Shall enter, fatten, leave no more.
The Thousand Nights (MATHERS).

11 Liars should have good memories.
MONTAIGNE.

12 If you have not slept . . . or if you have headache, or sciatica, or leprosy, or thunder stroke, I beseech you, by all angels, to hold your peace, and not pollute the morning . . . by corruption and groans.
EMERSON.

13 How then is one to recover courage enough for action? By striving to restore in one's self something of that consciousness, spontaneity, instinct, which reconciles us to earth and makes men useful and relatively happy. AMIEL.

14 Christ . . . must have meant that a man may be pardoned for being unable to believe in the Christian mythology, but that if he made light of that spirit, which the common conscience of all men, whatever their particular creed, recognizes as divine, there was no hope for him. No more there is. SAMUEL BUTLER.

15 "Why should I move about,
or say anything, or be excited?"
mused the oyster;
"Does not the earth support me,
and the great sea labour
to bring me sustenance?"
T. K. HEDRICK.

16 Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures.
DR. JOHNSON.

17 As the Celestial Fire drives away dark spirits, so also this our Fire of Wood doth the same.

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA.

18 The inmates of a house should never be changed. When the first occupants go out, it should be burned, and a stone set up with "Sacred to the Memory of a Home" on it. LOWELL.

19 If it be a natural impediment, as a red nose, squint eyes, crooked legs . . . the best way is to speak of it first thyself, and so thou shalt surely take away all occasions from others to jest at, or contemn, that they may perceive thee to be careless of it. ROBERT BURTON.

20 "I followed aye mine inclination,
By virtue of my constellation."

CHAUCER.

21 To the end that he (Lycurgus) might take away their over-great tenderness and fear of exposure to the air, and all acquired womanishness, he ordered that the young women should go naked in the processions. PLUTARCH.

22 Mr. —— in his poem makes trees coeval with Chaos;—which is next door to Hans Sachse, who in describing chaos, said it was so pitchy dark that even the very *cats* ran against each other!

COLERIDGE.

23 I was shown into a large room, with women and men seated in chairs against the walls, and Victor Hugo at one end throned. No one spoke. At last Hugo raised his voice solemnly, and uttered the words: "*Quant à moi, je crois en Dieu!*" Silence followed. Then a woman responded as if in deep meditation: "*Chose sublime! un Dieu qui croit en Dieu!*"

MONCTON MILNES
(HENRY ADAMS).

24 Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate:
Let the dog wait;
Happy we'll be!
Drink, every one;
Pile up the coals,
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree! THACKERAY.

25 It is a great thing to have one day in the year at least, when you are sure of being welcome wherever you go, and of having, as it were, the world all thrown open to you. IRVING.

26 No more devilish nourisher of pride do we find than in pain voluntarily embraced. MEREDITH.

27 What matters it if one's life is short, provided it has been full of happiness?

MÉRIMÉE.

28 My single affection is not so singly wedded to Snipes; but the curious and Epicurean Eye would also take a pleasure in beholding a delicate and well-chosen assortment of Teals, Ortolans, the unctious and palate-soothing flesh of geese, wild and tame, nightingales' brains, the sensorium of a young sucking-pig, or any other Xmas dish, which I leave to the judgment of you and the Cook of Gonville.

CHARLES LAMB.

29 It is more passion and ever more that we need if we are to undo the work of Hate, if we are to add to the gaiety and splendour of life, to the sum of human achievement, to the aspiration of human ecstasy. HAVELOCK ELLIS.

30 To-night I stay at the Summit Temple.
Here I could pluck the stars with my hand,
I dare not speak aloud in the silence,
For fear of disturbing the dwellers of heaven.

LI PO (OBATA).

31 PROGRESS: Once upon a time there was a little boy who asked his father if Nero was a bad man.

"Thoroughly bad," said his father.

Once upon a time, many years later, there was another little boy who asked his father if Nero was a bad man.

"I don't know that one should exactly say that," replied his father: "We ought not to be quite so sweeping. But he certainly had his less felicitous moments."

The Golden Book Magazine

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Castles Near Spain

By HENRY HARLAND

I

N THAT first morning,—the first after his arrival at Saint-Graal, and the first, also, of the many on which they encountered each other in the forest,—he was bent upon a sentimental pilgrimage to Granjolaye. He was partly obeying, partly seeking, an emotion. His mind, inevitably, was full of old memories; the melancholy by which they were attended he found distinctly pleasant, and was inclined to nurse. To revisit the scene of their boy-and-girl romance, would itself be romantic. In a little while he would come to the park gates, and could look up the long, straight avenue to the château,—there where, when they were children, twenty years ago, he and she had played so earnestly at being married, burning for each other with one of those strange, inarticulate passions that almost every childhood knows; and where now, worse than widowed, she withheld herself, in silent, mysterious, tragical seclusion.

And then he heard the rhythm of a horse's hoofs; and looking forward, down the green pathway, between the two walls of forest, he saw a lady cantering toward him.

In an instant she had passed; and it took a little while for the blur of black and white that she had flashed upon his retina to clear into an image—which even then, from under-exposure, was obscure and piecemeal: a black riding-habit, of some flexile stuff, that fluttered in a multitude of pretty curves and folds; a small black hat, a *toque*, set upon a loosely-fastened mass of black hair; a face intensely white—a softly-rounded face, but intensely white; soft, full lips, singularly scarlet; and large eyes, very dark.

It was not much, certainly, but it persisted. The impression, defective as I give it, had been pleasing; an impression of warm femininity, of graceful motion. It had had the quality, besides, of the unexpected and the fugitive, and the advantage of a sylvan background. Anyhow, it pursued him. He went on to his journey's end; stopped before the great gilded grille, with its multiplicity of scrolls and flourishes, its

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coronets and interlaced initials; gazed up the shadowy aisle of plane trees to the bit of castle gleaming in the sun at the end; remembered the child Hélène, and how he and she had loved each other there, a hundred years ago; and thought of the exiled, worse than widowed woman immured there now: but it was mere remembering, mere thinking, it was mere cerebration. The emotion he had looked for did not come. An essential part of him was elsewhere,—following the pale lady in the black riding-habit, trying to get a clearer vision of her face, blaming him for his inattention when she had been palpable before him, wondering who she was.

"If she should prove to be a neighbour, I shan't bore myself so dreadfully down here after all," he thought. "I wonder if I shall meet her again as I go home." She would very likely be returning the way she had gone. But, though he loitered, he did not meet her again. He met nobody. It was, in some measure, the attraction of that lonely forest lane, that one almost never did meet anybody in it.

II

At Saint-Graal André was waiting to lunch with him.

"When we were children," Paul wrote in a letter to Mrs. Winchfield, "André, our gardener's son, and I were as intimate as brothers, he being the only companion of my sex and age the neighbourhood afforded. But now, after a separation of twenty years, André, who has become our curé, insists upon treating me with distance. He won't waive the fact that I am the lord of the manor, and calls me relentlessly Monsieur. I've done everything to entice him to unbend, but his backbone is of granite. From the merriest of mischief-loving youngsters, he has hardened into the solemnest of square-toes, with *such* a long upper-lip, and manners as stiff as the stuff of his awful best cassock, which he always buckles on prior to paying me a visit. Whatever is a poor young man to do? At our first meeting, after my arrival, I fell upon his neck, and thee-and-thou'd him, as of old time; he repulsed me with a *vous* italicized. At last I demanded reason. 'Why *will* you treat me with this inexorable respect? What have I done to deserve it? What can I do to forfeit it?' *Il devint cramoisi* (in the traditional phrase) and stared.—This is what it is to come back to the home of your infancy."

André, in his awful best cassock, was waiting on the terrace. It was on the terrace that Paul had ordered luncheon to be served. The terrace at Saint-Graal is a very jolly place. It stretches the whole length of the southern façade of the house, and is generously broad. It is paved with great lozenge-shaped slabs of marble, stained in delicate pinks and grays with lichens; and a marble balustrade borders it, overgrown, the columns half uprooted and twisted from the perpendicular, by an aged wistaria-vine, with a trunk as stout as a tree's. Seated there, one can look off over miles of richly timbered country, dotted with white-walled villages, and traversed by the Nive and the Adour, to the wry masses of the Pyrenees, purple curtains hiding Spain.

Here, under an awning, the table was set, gay with white linen and glistening glass and silver, a centerpiece of flowers and jugs of red and yellow wine. The wistaria was in blossom, a world of colour and fragrance, shaken at odd moments by the swift dartings of innumerable lizards. The sun shone hot and clear; the still air, as you touched it, felt like velvet.

"Oh, what a heavenly place, what a heavenly day," cried Paul; "it only needs a woman." And then, meeting André's eye, he caught himself up, with a gesture of contrition. "I beg a thousand pardons. I forgot your cloth. If you," he added, "would only forget it too, what larks we might have together. *Allons, à table.*"

And they sat down.

If Paul had sincerely wished to forfeit André's respect, he could scarcely have employed more efficacious means to do so, than his speech and conduct throughout the meal that followed. You know how flippant, how "fly-away," he can be when the mood seizes him, how whole-heartedly he can play the fool. To-day he really behaved outrageously; and, since the priest maintained a straight countenance, I think the wonder is that he didn't excommunicate him.

"I remember you were a teetotaller, André, when you were young," his host began, pushing a decanter toward him.

"That, monsieur, was because my mother wished it, and my father was a drunkard," André answered bluntly. "Since my father's death, I have taken wine in moderation." He filled his glass.

"I remember once I cooked some chestnuts over a spirit-stove, and you refused to touch them, on the ground that they were alcoholic."

"That would have been from a confusion

of thought," the curé explained, with never a smile. "But it was better to err on the side of scrupulosity than on that of self-indulgence."

"Ah, that depends. That depends on whether the pleasure you got from your renunciation equalled that you might have got from the chestnuts."

"You're preaching pure Paganism."

"Oh, I'm not denying I'm a Pagan—in my amateurish way. Let me give you some asparagus. Do you think a man can be saved who smokes cigarets between the courses?"

"Saved?" questioned André. "What have cigarets to do with a man's salvation?"

"It's a habit I learned in Russia. I feared it might relate itself in some way to the Schism." And he lit a cigaret. "I'm always a rigid Catholic when I'm in France."

"And when you're in England?"

"Oh, one goes in for local colour, for picturesqueness, don't you know. The Church of England's charmingly overgrown with ivy. And besides, they're going to disestablish it. One must make the most of it while it lasts. Tell me—why can you never get decent *brioches* except in Catholic countries?"

"Is that a fact?"

"I swear it."

"It's very singular," said André.

"It's only one of the many odd things a fellow learns from travel.—Hush! Wait a moment."

He rose hastily, and made a dash with his hand at the tail of a lizard, that was hanging temptingly out from a bunch of wistaria leaves. But the lizard was too quick for him. With a whisk, it had disappeared. He sank back into his chair, sighing. "It's always like that. They'll never keep still long enough to let me catch them. What's the use of a university education and a cosmopolitan culture, if you can't catch lizards? Do you think they have eyes in the backs of their heads?"

André stared.

"Oh, I see. You think I'm frivolous," Paul said plaintively. "But you ought to have seen me an hour or two ago."

André's eyes asked, "Why?"

"Oh, I was plunged in all the most appropriate emotions—shedding floods of tears over my lost childhood and my misspent youth. Don't you like to have a good cry now and then? Oh, I don't mean literal tears, of course; only spiritual ones. For the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life. I walked over to Granjolaye."

André looked surprised. "To Granjolaye? Have you—were you——"

He hesitated, but Paul understood. "Have you heard from her? Were you invited?" "Oh, dear, no," he answered. "No such luck. Not to the Château, only to the gates—the East Gate." (The principal entrance to the home park of Granjolaye is the South Gate, which opens upon the Route Départementale.) "I stood respectfully outside, and looked through the grating of the grille. I walked through the forest, by the Sentier des Contrebandiers."

"Ah," said André.

"And on my way what do you suppose I met?"

"A—a viper," responded André. "The hot weather is bringing them out. I killed two in my garden yesterday."

"Oh, you cruel thing! What did you want to kill the poor young creatures for? And then to boast of it!—But no, not a viper. A lady."

"A lady?"

"Yes—a real lady—she wore gloves. She was riding. I hope you won't think I'm asking impertinent questions, but I wonder if you can tell me who she is."

"A lady riding in the Sentier des Contrebandiers?" André repeated incredulously.

"She looked like one. Of course I may have been deceived. I didn't hear her speak. Do you think she was a cook?"

"I didn't know any one ever rode in the Sentier des Contrebandiers."

"Oh, for that, I give you my word of honour. A lady—or say a female—in a black riding-habit; dark hair and eyes; very pale, with red lips and things. Oh, I'm not trying to impose upon you. It was about half a mile this side of where the path skirts the road."

"You might stop in the Sentier des Contrebandiers from January to December and not meet a soul," said André.

"Ah, I see. There's no convincing you. Skeptic! And yet, twenty years ago, you'd have been pretty sure to meet a certain couple of small boys there, wouldn't you?"

"*Si fait*," assented André. "We went there a good deal. But we were privileged. The only boys in this country now are peasants' children, and they have no leisure for wandering in the wood. When they're not at school, they're working in the fields. As for their elders, the path is rough and circuitous; the high road's smoother and shorter, no matter where you're bound. Since our time, I doubt if twenty people have passed that way."

"That argues ill for people's taste. The place is lovely. Underfoot, it's quite overgrown with mosses; and the branches interlace overhead. Where the sun filters through, you get adorable effects of light and shadow. It's fearfully romantic; perfect for making love in, and that sort of thing. Oh, if all the women hereabouts hadn't such hawk-like noses! You see, the Duke of Wellington was here in 1814.—No? He wasn't? I thought I'd read he was.—Ah, well, he was just over the border. But my lady of this morning hadn't a hawk-like nose. I can't quite remember what style of nose she did have, but it wasn't hawk-like. I say, frankly, as between old friends, have you any notion who she was?"

"What kind of horse had she?"

"Ah, there!" cried Paul, with a despairing gesture. "You've touched my vulnerable point. I never shall have any memory for horses. I think it was black—no brown—no, gray—no, green. Oh, what am I saying? I can't remember. Do—do you make it an essential?"

"She might have been from Bayonne."

"Who rides from Bayonne? Fancy a Bayonnaise on a horse! They're all busy in their shops."

"You forget the military. She may have been the wife of an officer."

"Oh, horror! Do you really think so? Then she must have been frowsy and provincial, after all; and I thought her so smart and distinguished-looking and everything."

"Or perhaps an Englishwoman from Biarritz. They sometimes ride out as far as this."

"Dear André, if she were English, I should have known it at a glance—and there the matter would have rested. I have at least a practised eye for English women. I haven't lived half my life in England without learning something."

"Well, there are none but English at Biarritz at this season."

"She was never English. Don't try to bully *me*. Besides, she evidently knew the country. Otherwise, how could she have found the Sentier des Contrebandiers?—She wasn't from Granjolaye?"

"There's no one at Granjolaye save the Queen herself."

"Deceiver! Manuela told me last night. She has her little Court, her maids-of-honour. I think my *inconnue* looked like a maid-of-honour."

"She has her aunt, old Mademoiselle Henriette, and a couple of German women, countesses or baronnesses or something, with unpronounceable names."

"I can't believe she's German. Still, I suppose there are *some* Christian Germans. Perhaps . . ."

"They're both middle-aged. Past fifty, I should think."

"Oh.—Ah, well, that disposes of them. But how do you know her Majesty hasn't a friend, a guest, staying with her?"

"It's possible, but most unlikely, seeing the close retirement in which she lives. She's never once gone beyond her garden, since she came back there, three, four years ago; nor received any visitors. *Personne*—not the Bishop of Bayonne nor the Sous-Préfet, not even *feu* Monsieur le Comte, though they all called, as a matter of civility. She has her private chaplain. If a guest had arrived at Granjolaye, the whole country would know it and talk of it."

"Oh, I see what you're trying to insinuate," cried Paul. "You're trying to insinuate that she came from Château Yroulte." That was the next nearest country-house.

"Nothing of the sort," said André. "Château Yroulte has been shut up and uninhabited these two years—ever since the death of old Monsieur Raoul. It was bought by a Spanish Jew; but he's never lived in it and never let it."

"Well, then, where *did* she come from? Not out of the Fourth Dimension? Who *was* she? Not a wraith, an apparition? Why *will* you entertain such weird conjectures?"

"She must have come from Bayonne. An officer's wife, beyond a doubt."

"Oh, you're perfectly remorseless," sighed Paul, and changed the subject. But he was unconvinced. Officers' wives, in garrison-towns like Bayonne, had, in his experience, always been, as he expressed it, frowsy and provincial.

III

One would think, by this time, the priest, poor man, had earned a moment of mental rest; but Paul's thirst for knowledge was insatiable. He began to ply him with questions about the Queen. And though André could tell him very little, and though he had heard all that the night before from Manuela, it interested him curiously to hear it repeated.

It amounted to scarcely more than a single meager fact. A few months after the divorce, she had returned to Granjolaye,

and she had never once been known to set her foot beyond the limits of her garden from that day to this. She had arrived at night, attended by her two German ladies-in-waiting. A carriage had met her at the railway station in Bayonne, and set her down at the doors of her Château, where her aunt, old Mademoiselle Henriette, awaited her. What manner of life she led there, nobody had the poorest means of discovering. Her own servants (tongue-tied by fear or love) could not be got to speak; and from the eyes of all outsiders she was sedulously screened. Paul could imagine her, in her great humiliation, solitary among the ruins of her high destiny, hiding her wounds; too sensitive to face the curiosity, too proud to brook the pity, of the world. She seemed to him a very grandiose and tragic figure, and he lost himself musing of her—her with whom he had played at being married, when they were children here, so long, so long ago. She was the daughter, the only child and heiress, of the last Duc de la Granjolaye de Ravanches,—the same nobleman of whom it was told that when Louis Napoléon, meaning to be gracious, said to him, "You bear a great name, Monsieur," he had answered sweetly, "The greatest of all, I think." It is certain he was the head of one of the most illustrious houses in the noblesse of Europe, descended directly and legitimately, through the Bourbons, from Saint Louis of France; and, to boot, he was immensely rich, owning (it was said) half the iron mines in the north of Spain, as well as a great part of the city of Bayonne. Paul's grandmother, the Comtesse de Louvance, was his next neighbour. Paul remembered him vaguely as a tall, drab, mild-mannered man, with a receding chin, and a soft, rather piping voice, who used to tip him, and have him over a good deal to stay at Granjolaye.

On the death of Madame de Louvance, the property of Saint-Graal had passed to her son, Edmond,—André's *feu* Monsieur le Comte. Edmond rarely lived there, and never asked his sister or her boy there; whence, twenty years ago, at the respective ages of thirteen and eleven, Paul and Hélène had vanished from each other's ken. But Edmond never married, either; and when, last winter, he died, he left a will making Paul his heir. Of Hélène's later history Paul knew as much as all the world knows, and no more—so much, that is, as one could gather from newspapers and public rumour. He knew of her father's death, whereby she had become absolute mistress of his enormous fortune. He knew of her princely marriage, and of her elevation by the old king to her husband's rank of Royal Highness. He knew of that swift series of improbable deaths which had culminated in her husband's accession to the throne, and how she had been crowned Queen-Consort. And then he knew that three or four years afterwards she had sued for and obtained a Bull of Separation from the Pope, on the plea of her husband's infidelity and cruelty. The infidelity, to be sure, was no more than, as a Royalty, if not as a woman, she might have bargained for and borne with; but everybody remembers the stories of the king's drunken violence that got bruited about at the time. Everybody will remember, too, how, the Papal Separation once pronounced, he had retaliated upon her with a decree of absolute divorce, and a sentence of perpetual banishment, voted by his own parliament. Whither she had betaken herself after these troubles Paul had never heard—until, yesterday, arriving at Saint-Graal, they told him she was living cloistered like a nun at Granjolaye.

News travels fast and penetrates everywhere in that lost corner of garrulous Gascony. The news that Paul had taken up his residence at Saint-Graal could scarcely fail to reach the Queen. Would she remember their childish intimacy? Would she make him a sign? Would she let him see her, for old sake's sake? Oh, in all probability, no. Most certainly, no. And yet—and yet, he couldn't forbid a little furtive hope to flicker in his heart.

IV

It was only April, but the sun shone with midsummer strength.

After André left him, he went down into the garden.

From a little distance the house, against the sky, looked insubstantial, a water-colour, painted in gray and amber on a field of luminous blue. If he had wished it, he could have bathed himself in flowers; hyacinths, crocuses, jonquils, camellias, roses, grew round him everywhere, sending up a symphony of warm odours; further on, in the grass, violets, anemones, celandine; further still, by the margins of the pond, narcissuses, and tall white flowers-de-luce; and, in the shrubberies, satiny azaleas; and overhead, the magnolia trees, drooping with their freight of ivory cups. The glass doors of the orangery stood open, a cloud of

sweetness hanging heavily before them. In the park, the chestnuts were in full leaf; and surely a thousand birds were twittering and piping amongst their branches.

"Oh, bother! How it cries out for a woman," said Paul. "It's such a waste of good material."

The beauty went to one's head. One craved a sympathetic companion to share it with, a woman on whom to lavish the ardours it enkindled. "If I don't look out I shall become sentimental," the lone man told himself. "Nature's so fearfully lacking in tact. Fancy her singing an epithalamium in a poor fellow's ears, when he doesn't know a single human woman nearer than Paris." To make matters worse, the day ended in a fiery sunset, and then there was a full moon; and in the rosery a nightingale performed its sobbing serenade. "Please go out and give that bird a penny, and tell him to go away," Paul said to a servant. It was all very well to jest, but at every second breath he sighed profoundly. I'm afraid he *had* become sentimental. It seemed a serious pity that what his heart was full of should spend itself on the incapable air. His sense of humour was benumbed. And when, presently, the frogs in the pond, a hundred yards away, set up their monotonous plaintive concert, he laid down his arms. "It's no use, I'm in for it," he confessed. After all, he was out of England. He was in Gascony, the borderland between amorous France and old romantic Spain.

I don't know whom his imagination dwelt the more fondly with: the stricken Queen, beyond there, alone in the darkness and the silence, where the night lay on the forest of Granjolaye; or the pale horse-woman of the morning.

But surely, as yet, he had no ghost of a reason for dreaming that the two were one and the same.

V

"Now, let's be logical," he said next morning. "Let's be logical and hopeful—yet not too hopeful, not utopian. Let's look the matter courageously in the face. Since she rode there once, why may she not ride again in the Sentier des Contrebandiers? Why mayn't she ride there often—even daily? I think that's logical. Don't *you* think that's logical?"

The person he addressed, a tall, slender young man, with a fresh-coloured skin, a straight nose, and rather a ribald eye, was vigorously brushing a head of yellowish hair, in the looking-glass before him.

"Tush! But of course *you* think so," Paul went on. "You always think as I do. If you knew how I despise a sycophant! And yet—you're not bad looking. No, I'll be hanged if I can honestly say that you're bad looking. You've got nice hair, and plenty of it; and there's a weakness about your mouth and chin that goes to my heart. I hate firm people.—What? So do you? I thought so.—Ah, well my poor friend, you're booked for a shocking long walk this morning. You must summon your utmost fortitude.—*Under the greenwood tree, who loves to lie with me?*" he carolled forth, to Marzials's tune. "But come! I say! That's anticipating."

And he set forth for the Smugglers' Pathway,—where, sure enough, she rode again. As she passed him, her eyes met his: at which he was conscious of a good deal of interior commotion. "By Jove, she's magnificent, she's really stunning," he exclaimed to himself. He perceived that she was rather a big woman, tall, with finely-rounded, smoothly-flowing lines. Her hair,—velvety blue-black in its shadows,—where the light caught it, was dully iridescent. Her features were irregular enough to give her face a high degree of individuality, yet by no means to deprive it of delicacy or attractiveness. She had a superb white throat, and a soft voluptuous chin; and "As I live, I never saw such a mouth," said Paul.

Where did she come from? Bayonne? Never. André might have been mistaken about Château Yroulte; the Spanish Jew had perhaps sold it, or found a tenant. Or, further afield, there were Châteaux Labenne, Saumuse, d'Orthevielle. Or else, the Queen had a guest.

"Anyhow," he mused, when he got home, "that makes five, six miles that you have tramped, to enjoy an instant's glimpse of her. Fortunately they say walking is good for the constitution. It only shows what extremities a country life may drive one to."

The next day, not only did her eyes meet his, but he could have sworn that she almost smiled. Oh, a very furtive smile, the mere transitory suggestion of a smile. But the inner commotion was more marked.

The next day (the fourth) she undoubtedly did smile, and slightly inclined her head. He removed his hat, and went home, and waited impatiently for twenty-four hours to wear away. "She smiled—she bowed," he

kept repeating. But, alas, he couldn't forget that in that remote countryside it is very much the fashion for people who meet in the roads and lanes to bow as they pass.

On the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth days she bowed and smiled.

"I fairly wonder at myself—to walk that distance for a bow and smile," said Paul. "To-morrow I'm going to speak. *Faut brusquer les choses.*"

And he penetrated into the forest, firmly determined to speak. "Only I can't seem to think of anything very pat to say," he sighed. "Hello! She's off her horse."

She was off her horse, standing beside it, holding the loose end of a strap in her hand.

Providence was favouring him. Here was his obvious chance. Something was wrong. He could offer his assistance. And yet, that inner commotion was so violent, he felt a little bewildered about the *mot juste.* He approached her gradually, trying to compose himself and collect his wits.

She looked up, and said in French, "I beg your pardon. Something has come undone. Can you help me?"

Her voice was delicious, cool and smooth as ivory. His heart pounded. He vaguely bowed, and murmured, "I should be delighted."

She stood aside a little, and he took her place. He bent over the strap that was loose, and bit his lips, and cursed his embarrassments. "Come, I mustn't let her think me quite an ass." He was astonished at himself. That he should still be capable of so strenuous a sensation! "And I had thought I was blasé!" He was intensely conscious of the silence, of the solitude and dimness of the forest, and of their isolation there, so near to each other, that superb pale woman and himself. But his eyes were bent on the misbehaving strap, which he held helplessly between his fingers.

At last he looked up at her. "How warm and beautiful and fragrant she is," he thought. "With her white face, with her dark eyes, with those red lips and that splendid figure—what an heroic looking woman!"

"This is altogether disgraceful," he said, "and I assure you, I'm covered with confusion. But I won't dissemble. I haven't the remotest notion what needs to be done. I'm afraid this is the first time in my life I have ever touched anything belonging to a horse."

He said it with a pathetic drawl, and she laughed.—"And yet you're English."

"Oh, I dare say I'm English enough. Though I don't see how you knew it. Don't tell me you knew it from my accent."

"*Oh, non pas,*" she hastened to protest. "But you're the new owner of Saint-Graal. Everybody of the country knows, of course, that the new owner of Saint-Graal, Mr. Warringwood, is English."

"Ah, then she's of the country," was Paul's mental note.

"And I thought all Englishmen were horsemen," she went on.

"Oh, there are a few bright exceptions—there's a little scattered remnant. It's the study of my life to avoid being typical."

"Ah, well, then give *me* the strap."

He gave her the strap, and in the twinkling of an eye she had snapped the necessary buckle. Then she looked up at him and smiled oddly. It occurred to him that the entire comedy of the strap had perhaps been invented as an excuse for opening a conversation; and he was at once flattered and disappointed. "Oh, if she's that sort . . ." he thought.

"I'm heart-broken not to have been able to serve you," he said.

"You can help me to mount," she answered.

And, before he quite knew how it was done, he had helped her to mount, and she was galloping down the path. The firm grasp of her warm gloved hand on his shoulder accompanied him to Saint-Graal. "It's amazing how she sticks in my mind," he said. He really couldn't fix his attention on any other subject. "I wonder who the deuce she is. She's giving me my money's worth in walking. That business of the strap was really brazen. Still, one mustn't quarrel with the means if one desires the end. I hope she *isn't* that sort."

VI

On the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth days, she passed him with a bow and a good-morning.

"This is too much!" he groaned, in the silence of his chamber. "She's doing it with malice. I'll not be trifled with. I—I'll do something desperate. I'll pretend to faint, and she'll have to get down and bandage up my wounds."

On the thirteenth day, as they met, she stopped her horse.

"You're at least typically English in one respect," she said.

"Oh, unkind lady! To announce it to me in this sudden way. Then my life's a failure."

"I mean in your fondness for long walks."

"Ah, then you're totally in error. I hate long walks."

"But it's a good ten kilometers to and from your house; and you do it every morning."

"That's only because there aren't any omnibuses or cabs or things. And" (he reminded himself that if she was that sort, he might be bold) "I'm irresistibly attracted here."

"It's very pretty," she admitted, and rode on.

He looked after her, grinding his teeth. *Was* she that sort? "One never can tell. Her face is so fine—so noble even."

The next day, "Yes, I suppose it's very pretty. But I wasn't thinking of Nature," he informed her, as she approached.

She drew up.

"Oh, it has its human interest too, no doubt." She glanced in the direction of the Château of Granjolaye.

"The Queen," said he. "But one never sees her."

"That adds the charm of mystery, don't you feel? To think of that poor young exiled woman, after so grand a beginning, ending so desolately—shut up alone in her mysterious castle! It's like a legend."

"Then you're not of her Court?"

"I? Of her Court? *Mais quelle idée!*"

"It was only a hypothesis. Of course, you know I'm devoured by curiosity. My days are spent in wondering who you are."

She laughed. "You must have a care, or you'll be typical," she warned him.

"I never said I wasn't human," he called after her, as she cantered away.

VII

The next day still (the fifteenth), "Haven't I heard you lived at Saint-Graal when you were a child?" she asked.

"If you have, for once in a way rumour has told the truth. I lived at Saint-Graal till I was thirteen."

"Then perhaps you knew her?"

"Her?"

"The Queen. Mademoiselle de la Granjolaye de Ravanches."

"Oh, I knew her very well—when we were children."

"Tell me all about her."

"It would be a long story."

She leaped from her horse; then, raising her riding whip, and looking the animal severely in the eye, "Bézigue! Attention," she said impressively. "You're to stop exactly where you are and not play any tricks. *Entendu? Bien.*" She moved a few steps down the pathway, and stopped at an opening among the trees, where the ground was a cushion of bright green moss. "By Jove, she *is* at her ease," thought Paul, who followed her. "How splendidly she walks—what undulations!" From the French point of view, as she must be aware, the situation gave him all sorts of rights.

She sank softly, gracefully, upon the moss.

"It's a long story. Tell it me," she commanded, and pointed to the earth. He sat down facing her, at a little distance.

"It's odd you should have chosen this place," said he.

"Odd? Why?" She looked at him inquiringly. For a moment their eyes held each other; and all at once the blood swept through him with suffocating violence. She was so beautiful, so sumptuous, so warmly and richly feminine; and surely the circumstances were not anodyne. Her softly rounded face, its very pallor, the curve and colour of her lips, her luminous dark eyes, the smooth modulations of her voice, and then her loose abundance of black hair, and the swelling lines of her breast, the fluent contour of her waist and hips, under the fine black cloth of her dress—all these, with the silence of the forest, the heat of the southern day, the woodland fragrances of which the air was full, and the sense of being intimately alone with her, set up within him a turbulent vibration, half of delight, half of pained suspense. And the complaisant informality with which she met him played a sustaining counterpoint. "What luck, what luck, what luck," were the words which shaped themselves to the strong beating of his pulses. What would happen next? Whither would it lead? He had savoured the bouquet, he was famished to taste the wine. And yet, so complicated are our human feelings, he was obscurely vexed. Only two kinds of woman, he would have maintained yesterday, could conceivably do a thing like this: an *ingénue* or "that sort." She wasn't an *ingénue*. Something, at the same time, half assured him that she wasn't "that sort," either. But—the circumstances! The situation!

"Why odd?" she repeated.

"Oh, I don't want to talk about the Queen," he said, in a smothered voice.

"The oddity relates itself to the Queen?"

"Oh, this is where we used to waste half our lives when we were children. That's all. This was our favourite nook."

"Perfect then for the story you're going to tell me."

"What story?"

"You said it was a long story."

"There's really no story at all." His eyes were fastened upon her hands, small and tapering, in their tan gauntlets. The point of a patent-leather boot glanced from the edge of her skirt. A short gold watch-chain dangled from her breast, a cluster of charms at the end.

"You said it was a long story," she repeated sternly.

"It would be a dull one. We knew each other when we were infants, and used to play together. That is all."

"But what was she like? Describe her to me. I adore *souvenirs d'enfance.*" Her eyes were bright with eagerness.

"Oh, she was very pretty. The prettiest little girl I've ever seen. She had the most wonderful eyes—deep, deep, into which you could look a hundred miles; you know the sort; dreamy, poetical, sad; oh, lovely eyes. And she used to wear her hair down her back; it was very long, and soft—soft as smoke, almost; almost impalpable. She always dressed in white—short white frocks, with broad sashes, red or blue. That was the fashion then for little girls. Perhaps it is still—I've never noticed."

"Yes. Don't stop. Go on."

"Dear me, I don't know what to say. I used to see her a good deal, because they were our neighbours. Her father used to ask me over to stay at Granjolaye. She needed a playmate, and I was the only one available. Sometimes she would come and spend a day at Saint-Graal. Do you know Granjolaye? The castle? It's worth going over. It used to belong to the Kings of Navarre, you know. We used to play together in the great audience chamber, and chase each other through the secret passages in the walls. At Saint-Graal we confined ourselves to the garden. Her head was full of the queerest romantic notions. You couldn't persuade her that the white irises that grew about our pond weren't enchanted princesses. One day we filled a bottle with holy water at the Church, and then she sprinkled them with it, pronouncing an incantation. 'If ye were born as ye are, remain as ye are; but if ye were born otherwise, resume your original shapes.' They remained as they were; but that didn't shake her faith. Something was amiss with the holy water, or with the form of her incantation."

She laughed softly. "Then she was nice? You liked her?" she asked.

"Oh, I was passionately in love with her. All children are passionately in love with somebody, aren't they? A real *grande passion.* It began when I was about ten." He broke off, to laugh. "Do you care for love stories? I'm a weary, wayworn man; but upon my word, I've never in all my life felt any such intense emotion for a woman, anything that so nearly deserved to be called *love,* as I felt for Hélène de la Granjolaye when I was an infant. Night after night I used to lie awake thinking how I loved her—longing to tell her so—planning how I would, next day—composing tremendous declarations—imagining her response—and waiting in a fever of impatience for the day to come. But then, when I met her, I didn't dare. Bless me, how I used to thrill at sight of her, with love, with fear. How I used to look at her face, and pine to kiss her. If her hand touched mine, I almost fainted. It's very strange that children before their 'teens should be able to experience the whole gamut of the spiritual side of love; and yet it's certain."

She was looking at him with intent eyes, her lips parted a little. "But you did tell her at last, I hope?" she said, anxiously.

He had got warmed to his subject, and her interest inspired him. "Oh, at last! It was here—in this very spot. I had picked a lot of celandine, and stuck them about in her hair, where they shone like stars. Oh, the joy of being allowed to touch her hair! It made utterance a necessity. I fumbled and stammered, and blushed and thrilled, and almost choked. And at last I blurted it out. 'I love you so. I love you so.' That—after the eloquent declarations I had composed overnight!"

"And she?"

"She answered simply, 'Et moi, je t'aime tant, aussi.' And then she began to cry. And when I asked her what she was crying for, she explained that I oughtn't to have left her in doubt for so long; she had been so unhappy from fear that I didn't 'love her so.' She was quite unfemininely frank, you see. Oh, the ecstasy of that hour! The ecstasy of our first kiss! From that time on it was 'mon petit mari' and 'ma petite femme.' The greatest joy in life for me, for us, was to sit together, holding each other's hands, and repeating from time to time, 'J' t'aime tant, j' t'aime tant.' Now and then we would vary it with a fugue upon our names—'Hélène!' —'Paul!'" He laughed. "Children, with their total lack of humour, are the drollest of created beings, aren't they?"

"Oh, I don't think it's droll. I know, all children have those desperate love affairs.

But they seem to me pathetic. How did it go on?"

"Oh, for two or three years we lived in Paradise. There were no other boys in the neighbourhood, so she was constant."

"For three years? And then?"

"Then my grandmother died, and I was carried off to Paris. She remained here. And so it ended."

"And when did you meet her next? After you were grown up?"

"I have never met her since."

"You must have followed her career with a special interest, though?"

"*Ah, quant à ça!*"

"Her marriage, her coronation, her divorce. Poor woman! What she must have suffered. Have you made any attempt to see her since you came back to Saint-Graal?"

"*Ah, merci, non!* If she wanted to see me, she'd send for me."

"She sees no one, everybody says. But I should think she'd like to see you—her old playmate. If she *should* send for you—But I suppose I mustn't ask you to tell me about it afterwards? Of course, like everybody else in her neighbourhood, I'm awfully interested in her."

There was a moment's silence. She looked at the moss beneath her, and stroked it lightly with a finger-tip. Paul looked at her.

"You're horribly unkind," he said at last.

"Unkind?" She raised wide eyes of innocent surprise.

"You know I'm in an agony of curiosity."

"About what?"

"About you."

"Me?"

"Yourself."

She lifted the cluster of charms at the end of her watch-chain. One of them was a tiny golden whistle. On this she blew, and Bézigue came trotting up. She mounted him to-day without Paul's assistance. Smiling down on the young man, she said, "Oh, after the reckless way in which I've cast the conventions to the winds, you really can't expect me to give you my name and address." And before he could answer, she was gone.

He walked about for the rest of the day in a great state of excitement. "My dear," he told himself, "if you're not careful, something serious will happen to you."

VIII

When he woke up he saw that it was raining; and in that part of the world it really never does rain but it pours. Needless to touch upon the impatient ennui with which he roamed the house. He sent for André to lunch with him.

"André, can't you do something to stop this rain?" he asked; but André stared. "Oh, I was thinking of the priests of Baal," Paul explained. "I beg your pardon." And after the coffee, "Let's go up and play in the garret," he proposed: at which André stared harder still. "We always used to play in the garret on rainy days," Paul reminded him. "Mais, ma foi, monsieur, nous ne sommes plus des gosses," André answered.

"Is there any news about the Queen?" Paul asked.

"There's never any news from Granjolaye," said André.

"And the lady I met in the forest? Have you any new theory who she is?"

"An officer's wife from Ba——"

"André!" cried Paul. "If you say that again, I shall write to the Pope and ask him to disfrock you."

The next day was fine; but, though he spent the entire morning in the Smuggler's Pathway, he did not meet her. "It's because the ground's still wet," he reasoned. "Oh, why don't things dry quicker?"

The next day he did meet her—and she passed him with a bow. He shook his fist at her unsuspecting back.

The next day he perceived Bézigue riderless near the opening among the trees. The horse neighed, as he drew near. She was seated on the moss. He stood still, and bowed tentatively from the path. "Are you disengaged? May I come in?" he asked.

"Oh, do," she answered. "And—won't you take a seat?"

"Thank you," and he placed himself beside her.

"Tell me about your life afterwards," she said.

"My life afterwards? After what?"

"After you were carried off to Paris."

"What earthly interest can *that* have?"

"I want to know."

"It was the average life of the average youth whose family is in average circumstances."

"You went to school?"

"What makes you doubt it? Do I seem so illiterate?"

"Where? In England? Eton? Harrow?"

"No, in Paris. The Lycée Louis le Grand. Oh, I have received an education—no expense was spared. I forget how many years I passed *à faire mon droit* in the Latin Quarter. You'd be surprised if you were to di-

cover what a lot I know. Shall I prove to you that the sum of the angles of a right-angled triangle is equal to two right angles? Or conjugate the verb *amo?* Or give you a brief summary of the doctrines of Aristotle? Or an account of the life and works of Gustavus Adolphus?"

"When did you go to England?"

"Not till Necessity drove me there. I had to eke out a meager patrimony. I went to England to seek my fortune."

"Did you find it?"

"I never had the knack of finding things. When my father used to send me into the library to fetch a book, or my mother into her dressing-room to fetch her scissors, I could never find them. I looked for it everywhere, but I couldn't find it."

"What did you do?"

"I lived by my wits. *Chevalier d'industrie.*"

"*Ah, non. Je ne crois pas.*"

"You don't believe my wits were sufficient to the task? I was like the London hospitals—practically unendowed; only they wouldn't support me by voluntary contributions. So—I wrote for the newspapers, I'm afraid."

"For the newspapers?"

"Oh, I admit, it's scandalous. But you may as well know the worst. A penny-a-liner! But I shan't do so any more, now that I have stepped into the shoes of my uncle. You'll never catch me fatiguing myself with work, now that I've got enough to live on!"

"Lazy!"

"Oh, I'm everything that's reprehensible."

"And you never married?"

"I don't think so."

"Aren't you sure?"

"As sure as one can be of anything in this doubtful world."

"But why didn't you?"

"*Pas si bête.* Marriage is such a bore. I never met a woman I could bear the thought of passing all my life with."

"Conceited!"

"I daresay. If you like false modesty better, I'll try to meet your wishes. What woman would have had a poor devil like me?"

"Still, marriage is, after all, very much in vogue."

"Yes, but it's mad. Either you must love the woman you marry, or you mustn't love her. But if you marry a woman without loving her, I hope you'll not deny you're doing a very shocking thing. If, on the contrary, you do love her, *raison de plus* for not marrying her. Fancy marrying a woman you love; and then, day by day, watching the beautiful wild flower of love fatten into a domestic cabbage! Isn't that a syllogism?"

"You have been in love then?"

"Never."

"Never?"

"Oh, I've made a fool of myself occasionally, of course. But I've never been in love."

"Except with Hélène de la Granjolaye?"

"Oh, yes, I was in love with her—when I was ten."

"Till you were . . . ?"

"Till I was . . . ?"

"How long did it take you to get over it, I mean?"

"I don't know. It wore away gradually. The tooth of time."

"You're not at all in love with her any more?"

"After twenty years? And she a Queen? I hope I know my place."

"But if you were to meet her again?"

"I should probably suffer a horrible disillusion."

"But you have found, at any rate, that 'first love is best'?"

"First and last. The last shall be first," he said oracularly.

"Don't you smoke?" she asked.

"Oh, one by one you drag my vices from me. Let me own, *en bloc*, that I have them all."

"Then you may light a cigaret and give me one."

He gave her a cigaret, and held a match while she lit it. Then he lit one for himself. Her manner of smoking was leisurely, luxurious. She inhaled the smoke, and let it escape slowly in a slender spiral. He looked at her through the thin cloud, and his heart closed in a convulsion. "How big and soft and rich—how magnificent she is—like some great splendid flower, heavy with sweetness!" he thought. He had to breathe deep to overcome a feeling of suffocation; he was trembling in every nerve, and he wondered if she perceived it. He divined the smooth perfection of her body, through the supple cloth that moulded it; he noticed vaguely that the dress she wore to-day was blue, not black. He divined the warmth of her round white throat, the perfume of her skin. "And how those lips could kiss!" his imagination shouted wildly. Again, the silence, the solitude and dimness of the forest, their intimate seclusion there, the great trees, the sky, the bright green cushion of moss, the few detached sounds,—bird-notes, rustling leaves, snapping twigs,—by which the si-

lence was intensified; again all these lent an acuteness to his sensations. Her dark eyes were smiling lustrously, languidly, at the smoke curling in the air before her, as if they saw a vision in it.

"You're adorable at moments," he said at last.

"At moments! Thank you." She laughed.

"Oh, you can't expect me to pretend that I find you adorable always. There are times when I could fall upon you and exterminate you."

"Why?"

"When you passed me yesterday with a nod."

"'Twas your own fault. You didn't look amusing yesterday."

"When you baffle my perfectly innocent desire to know whom I have the honour of addressing."

"Shall I summon Bézigue?" she asked, touching her bunch of charms.

He acted his despair.

"Besides, what does it matter? I know who *you* are," she went on. "Let that console you."

"Did I say you were adorable? You're hateful."

"What's in a name? Nothing but the power to compromise. Would you have me compromise myself more than I've done already? A woman who makes a man's acquaintance without an introduction, and talks about love, and smokes cigarets, with him!" She gave a little shudder. "How horrible it sounds when you state it baldly."

"One must never state things baldly. One must qualify. It's the difference between Truth and mere Fact. Truth is Fact qualified. You must add that the woman knew the man by common report to be of the highest possible respectability, and that she saw for herself he was (alas!) altogether harmless. And then you must explain that the affair took place in the country, in the spring; and that the cigarets were the properest conceivable sort of cigarets, having been rolled by hand in England."

"You wouldn't believe me if I said I had never done such a thing before? They all say that, don't they?"

"Yes, they all say that. But, oddly enough, I do believe you."

"Then you're not entirely lost to grace, not thoroughly a cynic."

"Oh, there are *some* good women."

"And some good men?"

"Possibly. I've never happened to meet one."

"The eye of the beholder!"

"If you like. But I don't know. There are such things, no doubt, as cynics by temperament; congenital cynics. Then, indeed, you may cry: The eye of the beholder. But others become cynics, are driven into cynicism by sad experience. I started in life with the rosiest faith in my fellow man. If I've lost it, it's because he's always behaved shabbily to me, soon or late; always taking some advantage. The struggle for existence! We're all beasts, who take part in it; we must be, or we're devoured. Women for the most part are out of it. Anyhow, *plus je vois les hommes, plus j'aime les femmes.*"

"Are you a beast too?"

"Oh, yes. But I don't bite. I'm the kind of beast that runs away. I lie by the fire and purr, but at the first sign of trouble I jump for the open door. That's why the other fellows always got the better of me. They knew I was a coward, and profited by the knowledge. If my dear good uncle hadn't died, I don't know how I should have lived."

"I'm afraid you have 'lived' too much."

"That was uncalled for."

"Or else your looks belie you."

"My looks?"

"You're so dissipated-looking."

"Dissipated-looking? I? Horror!"

"You've got such a sophisticated eye, if that suits you better. You look *blasé*."

"You're a horrid, rude, uncomplimentary thing."

"Oh, if you're going to call names, I must summon my natural protector." She blew on her golden whistle, and up trotted the obedient Bézigue.

That evening Paul said to himself, "I vastly fear that something serious *has* happened to you. No, she's everything you like, but she *isn't* that sort."

He was depressed, dejected; the reaction, no doubt, from the excitement of her presence. "She's married, of course; and of course she's got a lover. And of course she'll never care a pin for the likes of me. And of course she sees what's the matter with me, and is laughing in her sleeve. And I had thought myself impervious. Oh, damn all women."

IX

"Don't stop; ride on," he called out to her, next morning. "I shan't be amusing to-day. I'm frightfully low in my mind."

"Perhaps it will amuse me to study you in a new aspect," she said. "You can entertain me with the story of your griefs."

"Bare my wounds to make a lady smile? Oh, anything to oblige you."

She leapt lightly from Bézigue, and sank upon the moss.

"What is it all about?"

"Oh, not what you imagine," said he. "It's about my debts."

"I had hoped it was about your sins."

"*My* sins! I'm kept awake at night by the thought of *yours*."

"Your conscience is too sensitive. Mine are but peccadillos."

"You say that because you've no sense of moral proportion. Are cruelty and dissimulation peccadillos?"

"They may be virtues. It all depends. Discipline and reserve!"

"I'll forgive you everything if you'll tell me your name."

"Oh, I have debts, as well as you."

"What have debts to do with the question?"

"I owe something to my reputation."

"If I were going to consider our reputations, what of mine?"

"Yours has preceded you into the country," she said, and drew from her pocket a small, thin volume, bound in gray cloth, with a gilt design.

"Oh, heavens!" cried Paul. "This is how one's past finds one out."

"Oh, some of them aren't bad," she said. "Wait, I'll read you one."

"Then you know English?"

"A leetle. Bot the one I shall read is in Franch."

And then she read out, in an enchanting voice, one of his own French sonnets. "That isn't bad," she added. "Do you think it hopelessly bad?"

"It shows promise, perhaps—when *you* read it."

"It is strange, though, that it should have been written by a man who had never been in love."

"Imagination! Upon my word, I never had been. Besides, the idea is stolen. It's almost a literal translation from Rossetti. What with a little imagination and a little ingenuity, one can do wonderfully well on other people's experience."

"I don't believe you. You have been in love a hundred times."

"Never."

"Never? Not even with Hélène de la Granjolaye de Ravanches?"

"Oh, I don't count my infancy. Never with anybody else."

"It's very strange," she said. "Tell me some more about her."

"Oh, bother her."

"I suppose when they carried you off to Paris you had a tearful parting? Did you kick and scream and say you wouldn't go?"

"Why do you always make me talk about the Queen?"

"She interests me. And when you talk about the Queen, I rather like you. It is nice to see that there *was* a time when you were capable of an emotion."

"You fancy I'm incapable now?"

"Tell me about your leave-taking, your farewells."

"Bother our farewells."

"They must have been heart-rending?"

"Probably."

"Don't you remember?"

"Oh, yes, I remember."

"Go on. Don't make me drag it from you by inches. Tell it to me in a pretty melodious narrative. Either that, or—" she touched her whistle.

"That's barefaced intimidation."

She raised the whistle to her lips.

"Stay, stay!" he cried. "I yield."

"I wait," she answered.

He bent his brows for an instant, then looked up smiling. "If it puts you to sleep, you'll know whom to blame."

"Yes, yes, go on," she said impatiently.

"Dear me, there's nothing worth telling. It was a few weeks after my grandmother's death. We were going to Paris the next day. Her father drove over, with her, to say good-by. Whilst he was with my people in the drawing-room, she and I walked in the garden.—I say, this is going to become frightfully sentimental, you know. Sure you want it?"

"Go on. Go on."

"Well, we walked in the garden; and she was crying, and I was beseeching her not to cry. She wore one of her white frocks, with a red sash, and her hair fell down her back below her waist. I was holding her hand. 'Don't cry, don't cry. I'll come back as soon as I'm a man, and marry you in real earnest!' I promised her." He paused and laughed.

"Go on. And she?"

"'Oh, aren't we married in real earnest now?' she asked. I explained that we weren't. 'You have to have the Notary over from Bayonne, and go to Church. I know, because that's how it was when my cousin Elodie was married. We're only married in play!' Then she asked if that wasn't just as good. 'Things one does in play are always so much nicer than real things,' she said."

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings! She had a prophetic soul."

"Hadn't she? I admitted that that was true. But I added that perhaps when people were grown up and could do exactly as they pleased, it was different—perhaps real things would come to be pleasant too."

"Have you found them so?"

"I suppose I can't be quite grown-up, for I've never yet had a chance to do exactly as I pleased."

"Poor young man. Go on."

"And, besides, I reminded her, all the married people we knew were really married, my father and mother, André's father and mother, my cousin Elodie. Hélène's mother was dead, so her parents didn't count. And I argued that we might be sure they found it fun to be really married, or else they wouldn't keep it up. 'Oh, well, then, I suppose we'll have to be really married too,' she consented. 'But it seems as though it never could be as nice as this. If only you weren't going away!' Whereupon I promised again to come back, if she'd promise to wait for me, and never love anybody else, and never, never, never allow another boy to kiss her. 'Oh, never, never, never,' she assured me. Then her father called her, and they drove away."

"And you went to Paris and forgot her. Why were you false to your engagement?"

"Oh, she had allowed another boy to kiss her. She had married a German prince. Besides, I received a good deal of discouragement from my family. The next day, in the train, I confided our understanding to my mother. My mother seemed to doubt whether her father would like me as a son-in-law. I was certain he would; he was awfully good-natured; he had given me two louis as a parting tip. 'But do you think he'll care to let his daughter marry a bourgeois?' my mother asked. 'A what?' cried I. 'A bourgeois,' said my mother. 'I ain't a bourgeois,' I retorted indignantly. 'What are you then?' pursued my mother. I explained that my grandmother had been a countess, and my uncle was a count; so how could I be a bourgeois? 'But what is your father?' my mother asked. Oh, my father was 'only an Englishman.' But that didn't make me a bourgeois? 'Yes, it does,' my mother said. 'Just because my father's English?' 'Because he's a commoner, because he isn't noble.' 'But then—then what did you go and marry him for?' I stammered. 'Where would you have been if I hadn't?' my mother inquired. That puzzled me for a moment, but then I answered, 'Well, if you'd married a Frenchman, a Count or a Duke or something, I shouldn't have been a bourgeois'; and my mother confessed that that was true enough. 'I don't care if I *am* a bourgeois,' I said at last. 'When I'm big I'm going back to Saint-Graal; and if her father won't let me really marry her, because I'm a bourgeois, then we'll just go on making believe we're married.'"

She laughed. "And now you are big, and you've come back to Saint-Graal, and your lady-love is at Granjolaye. Why don't you call on her and offer to redeem your promise?"

"Why doesn't she send for me—bid me to an audience?"

"Perhaps her prophetic soul warns her how you'd disappoint her."

"Do you think she'd be disappointed in me?"

"Aren't you disappointed in yourself?"

"Oh, dear, no; I think I'm very nice."

"*I* should be disappointed in myself, if I were a man who had been capable of such an innocent, sweet affection as yours for Hélène de la Granjolaye, and had then gone and soiled myself with the mud of what they call life." She spoke earnestly; her face was grave and sad.

He was surprised, and a little alarmed. "Do you mean by that that you think I'm a bad lot?" he asked.

"You said the other day—yesterday was it?—that you had made a fool of yourself on various occasions."

"Well?"

"Did the process not generally involve making a fool of a woman too?"

"Reciprocity? Perhaps."

"And what was it you always said to them?"

"Oh, I suppose I did."

"You told them you loved them?"

"I'm afraid so."

"And was it true?"

"No."

"Well, then!"

"Ah, but they weren't deceived; they never believed it. That's only a convention of the game, a necessary formula, like the 'Dear' at the beginning of a letter."

"You have 'lived'; you have 'lived.' You'd have been so unique, so rare, so much more interesting, if instead of going and 'living' like other men, you had remained true to the ideal passion of your childhood."

"I had the misfortune to be born into the world, and not into a fairy tale, you see.

But it's a perfectly gratuitous assumption, that I have 'lived.'"

"Can you honestly tell me you haven't?" she asked, very soberly, with something like eagerness; her pale face intent.

"As a matter of fact . . . Oh, the worst of it is . . . I can't honestly say that I've never . . . But then, what do you want to rake up such matters for? It's not my fault if I've accepted the traditions of my century. Well, anyhow, you see I can't lie to you."

"You appear to find it difficult," she assented, rising.

"Well, what do you infer from that?"

She blew her whistle. "That—that you're out of training," she said lightly, as she mounted her horse.

"Oh," he groaned, "you're——"

"What?"

"You beggar language."

She laughed and rode away.

"There, I've spoiled everything," Paul said, and went home, and passed a sleepless night.

X

"I'll bet you sixpence she won't turn up to-day," he said to his friend in the glass, next morning; nevertheless he went into the forest, and there she was. But she did not offer to dismount.

"Isn't there another inference to be drawn from my inability to lie to you?" he asked.

She smiled on him from her saddle. "Oh, perhaps there are a hundred."

"Don't you think a reasonable inference is that—I love you?"

She laughed.

"You know I love you," he persisted.

"Oh, the conventions of the game! the necessary formula, like 'Dear' at the beginning of a letter!' she cried.

"You don't believe me?"

"*Qui m'aime me suive,*" she said, spurring Bézigue into a rapid trot.

XI

But the next day he found her already installed in their nook among the trees.

"I hate people who doubt my word," he said.

"Oh, now you hate me?"

"I love you. I love you."

She drew away a little.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid. I sha'n't touch you. Why won't you believe me?"

"Do men always glare savagely like that at women they love?"

"Why won't you believe me?"

"How long have you known me?"

"All my life. A fortnight—three weeks. But that's a lifetime."

"And what do you know about me?"

"Everything. I know that you're adorable. And I adore you."

"Adorable—at moments. Do you know whether I am—married, for example?"

"I know that if you are, I should like to kill your husband. Are you? Tell me. Put me out of suspense. Let me go home and open a vein."

"Have I the air of a *jeune fille?*"

"Thank goodness, no. But there are such things as widows."

"And what more do you know about me?"

"Tell me—*are* you married?"

"You may suppose that I'm a widow."

"Thank God!"

She laughed.

"Will you marry me?" he asked.

"Oh, marriage is such a bore," she reminded him.

"Will you marry me?"

"No," she said. "But you may give me a cigarette."

And for a while they smoked without speaking.

"I hope at any rate you believe me now," he said.

"Because you've offered to make the crowning sacrifice? By the bye, what is my number?"

"Oh, don't," he cried. "You're the only woman I've ever cared a straw for; and I care so much for you that I'd—I'd—" He stammered, seeking for a thing to say he'd do.

"You'd go to the length of marrying me. Only fancy!"

"Oh, you may laugh. But I love you."

"Do you love me as much as you used to love Hélène?"

"I love you as much as it's possible for a man to love a woman."

"Do you know what I think?"

"No. What?"

"If she were to send for you, one of these days, I think you'd forget me utterly. Your old love would come back at sight of her. They say she's very good-looking."

"Nonsense."

"I should like to try you."

"I shouldn't fear the trial."

"*Il ne faut jamais dire à la fontaine, je ne boirai pas de ton eau.*"

"But when one's thirst is for wine?"

"It shows that there's some relation be-

tween psychology and geography, after all," she said.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, the influence of places. It is here that you and she used to play a fugue on each other's names. The spot raises ghosts. Ghosts of your old emotions. And I'm conveniently at hand."

"If you could see yourself, you'd understand that the influence of places is superfluous. If you could look into my heart you'd recognize that my emotion is scarcely a ghost."

"There's one thing I *should* like to see," she said. "I should very much like to look into your garden at Saint-Graal."

"Would you?" he cried eagerly. "When will you come?"

"Whenever you like?"

"Now. At once."

"No. To-morrow."

"To-morrow morning?"

"Yes. You can await me at your park-gates at eleven.'

"Then you'll lunch with me?"

"No. . . . Perhaps."

"You're an angel!"

And he trudged home on the air. "If a woman will listen!" his heart sang. "If a woman will come to see your garden!"

XII

THAT evening a servant handed him a letter.

"A footman has brought it from Granjolaye, and is waiting for an answer."

The letter ran thus:—

"Monsieur:

"I am directed by Her Majesty the Queen Hélène to request the pleasure of your company at the Château de Granjolaye to-morrow at eleven. Her Majesty desires me to add that she has only to-day learned of your presence in the country.

"Agréez, Monsieur, l'assurance de mes sentiments distingués,

"CTSSSE. DE WOLFENBACH."

"Oh, this is staggering," cried Paul. "What to do?" He walked backwards and forwards, pondering his reply. "I believe the only excuse that will pass with Royalty is illness or death. Shall I send word that I died suddenly this morning. Ah, well, here goes for a thumping lie."

And he wrote: "Madame, I am unspeakably honoured by her Majesty's command, and in despair that the state of my health makes it impossible for me to obey it. I am confined to my bed by a severe attack of bronchitis. Pray express to her Majesty my most respectful thanks as well as my profound regret. I shall hope to be able to leave my room at the week's end, when, if her Majesty can be prevailed upon again to accord me an audience, I shall be infinitely grateful."

"There!" he muttered. "I have perjured my soul for you, and made myself appear ridiculous into the bargain. *Bronchitis!* But—*à demain!* Good—good Lord! if she shouldn't come?"

XIII

SHE came, followed by a groom. She greeted Paul with a smile that made his heart leap with a wild hope. Her groom led Bézigue away to the stables.

"Thank you," said Paul.

"For what?"

"For everything. For coming. For that smile."

"Oh."

They walked about the garden. "It is lovely. The prettiest garden of the neighbourhood," she said. "Show me where the irises grow, by the pond." And when they had arrived there, "They do look like princesses, don't they? Your little friend had some perceptions. Show me where you and she used to sit down. I am tired."

He led her into a corner of the rosery. She sank upon the turf.

"It is nice here," she said, "and quite shut in. One would never know there was a house so near."

She had taken off one of her gloves. Her soft white hand lay languidly in her lap. Suddenly Paul seized it, and kissed it—furiously—again and again. She yielded it. It was sweet to smell, and warm. "My God, how I love you, how I love you!" he murmured.

When he looked up, she was smiling. "Oh, you are radiant! You are divine!" he cried. And then her eyes filled with tears. "What is it? What is it? You are unhappy?"

"Oh, no," she said. "But to think—to think that after all these years of misery, of heartbreak, it should end like this, here."

"Here!" he questioned.

"I am glad your bronchitis is better, but you *can* invent the most awful fibs," she said.

He looked at her, while the universe whirled round him.

"Hélène!"

"Paul!"

XIV

HER divorce didn't carry with it the right to marry again. But she said, "We can go on making believe we're married. Things one does in play are always so much nicer than real things." And when he spoke of the "world," she answered, "I have nothing to fear or to hope from the world. It has done its worst by me already."

As they walked back to the house for luncheon, Paul looked into her face, and said, "I can't believe my eyes, you know."

She smiled and took his arm. "J't' aime tant," she whispered.

"And now I can't believe my ears!"

And this would appear to be the end, but I suppose it can't be, for everybody says nowadays that nothing ever ends happily here below.

A King of Long Ago

By ROBERT BROWNING

Robert Browning

A KING lived long ago,
In the morning of the world,
When earth was nigher heaven than now;
And the king's locks curled,
Disparting o'er a forehead full
As the milk-white space 'twixt horn and horn
Of some sacrificial bull—
Only calm as a babe new-born:
For he was got to a sleepy mood,
So safe from all decrepitude,
Age with its bane, so sure gone by,
(The gods so loved him while he dreamed)
That, having lived thus long, there seemed
No need the king should ever die.

Among the rocks his city was:
Before his palace, in the sun,
He sat to see his people pass,
And judge them every one
From its threshold of smooth stone.

They haled him many a valley-thief
Caught in the sheep-pens, robber-chief
Swarthy and shameless, beggar-cheat,
Spy-prowler, or rough pirate found
On the sea-sand left aground;
And sometimes clung about his feet,
With bleeding lip and burning cheek,
A woman, bitterest wrong to speak
Of one with sullen thickset brows:
And sometimes from the prison-house
The angry priests a pale wretch brought,
Who through some chink had pushed and pressed
On knees and elbows, belly and breast,
Worm-like into the temple,—caught
He was by the very god,
Who ever in the darkness strode
Backward and forward, keeping watch
O'er his brazen bowls, such rogues to catch!
These, all and every one,
The king judged, sitting in the sun.
His councillors, on left and right,
Looked anxious up,—but no surprize
Disturbed the king's old smiling eyes
Where the very blue had turned to white.

'Tis said, a Python scared one day
The breathless city, till he came,
With forky tongue and eyes on flame,
Where the old king sat to judge alway;
But when he saw the sweepy hair
Girt with a crown of berries rare
Which the god will hardly give to wear
To the maiden who singeth, dancing bare
In the altar-smoke by the pine-torch lights,
At his wondrous forest rites,—
Seeing this, he did not dare
Approach that threshold in the sun,
Assault the old king smiling there.
Such grace had kings when the world begun!

The Tenth Muse: *Advertisa*

A SLOGAN THAT COST FRENCH WORKERS MILLIONS OF FRANCS:

"PAY YOUR PIG A SUNDAY-AFTERNOON VISIT AND GROW RICH"

"It is believed the scheme was started honestly, but was turned into a fake after its sensational success. The idea was that an investor would buy a baby pig, which the Porcheries Française fed and kept wallowing in cozy mud and finally marketed at the highest prices. Each pig was numbered, so the owner could watch it grow. The scheme was so successful that a subsidiary company was formed last year."

When the concern was investigated, there were two millions of baby pig assets, and nine millions due confiding "investors."

GLAD TIDINGS

Put it on and rub it in before you start your exercise, whether it be golf, baseball, tennis or swimming. You can wash it out with your shower—or you may leave it on. It has no tar odour. There is no embarrassment from your using it.

—— Mange Medicine has been used for fifty years. It is just as effective as ever. Just as magical in results—but without a suspicion of tar odour. At last you can keep your hair. At last you can use mange medicine.

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED, BUT——

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS—"Evangelist (Fighting Bill) Zook. Despised by booze crowd. Romps on the Devil morning, noon and night, that's Bill's delight. The harder the job, the better. Open for dates beginning October 1st. Until October 1st my address will be Hill City, Kansas. Write me now."

California Christian Advocate.

HELP WANTED—Female office girl with knowledge of bookkeeping. Hub City Laundry.

Colton (Cal.) Daily Courier.

THE millinery department will be on the second floor and the proprietor states that their aim will be to always have the latest and last word in women's hats at appalling prices.

Union City (Ind.) Times.

LADY WISHES EMPLOYMENT for a few hours daily to take out children (or invalid); life experience with all animals and poultry. Write E833.

London (Eng.) Times.

WANTED—Man to milk and drive a Ford car.

Woodlawn (Ill.) Courier.

LOST—Two NO EQUAL silk garments by saleslady, with Mabel inside. Please return to 442 Nat'l. Bank Commerce. Reward.

Nebraska State Journal.

NEW FUNERAL COACH—Schoen & Rockwog, who purchased the furniture and undertaking business from Flock & VanStralen, this week received a new funeral coach. It is manufactured by the Studebaker company and is the latest design manufactured by this company, having been on the market less than a year and a half. It has a wheel base of 158 feet and nothing better can be purchased in the line of funeral coaches.

Milbank (S. Dak.) Herald Advance.

BOYS' TOPCOATS $8.89—Smart new styles that were bought to sell at far less.

Toledo (Ohio) Blade.

FOR SALE—1924 Ford coupe, balloon tires, natural wood wheels; won't last 12 hours.

Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.

JOHN LEVANDER has been granted a patent for a circular swing for children with seats resembling an airplane. *Bristol (Conn.) Press.*

WANTED—A salesman; just an ordinary salesman. If you are not one we will make you one. Inquire 1304 South Brand. 26-Pd.

Gateway Herald (Glendale, Cal.)

One Drop of Moonshine

By JOHN RUSSELL

FALEA found it. But Tumaui paddled the canoe from which Falea found it. And Motui owned the canoe which Tumaui paddled when Falea found it. And old Mata was the respected father of Motui, the canoe-owner, and of Tumaui, the paddler, and of Falea, who found it. . . . There you have the claims in the case and the basis for some very pretty litigation. The trouble was that in the island of Fufuti are no courts and no judges, and the only instrument known to ancient custom for the settlement of legal disputes is a club studded with sharks' teeth.

Tumaui, the giant, was naturally first to recall that primitive fact.

"Then I suppose we shall have to fight for it," he said simply. "That is the quickest way. We can fight, and whoever is not killed can take the pearl."

They were sitting in purple shadow under the low and broad-thatched eaves that made a sort of veranda to their rambling hut; the four of them—old Mata and his three sons. Outward lay the bright white crescent of Fufuti beach—a scythe eternally reaping the roll of the Pacific. Between the sharp tips of its headlands an endless harvest was gathered; torn up in great blue sheaves on the reef, laid over shoreward rank by rank, to fall in rushing windrows of foam. They dwelt on the edge of that silver blade. Its curve was their world; its chord, their horizon; the thunder of its mighty shearing, the common pulse of their lives.

And now all at once it had yielded its chief prize. From the coral caverns it guarded they had plucked this treasure—a talisman that straightway changed every outlook, pushed back every limit and keyed their peaceful tenor to a strange and violent note.

"But still, I found it," insisted Falea.

He was the youngest, a sea-godling with skin the tint of a new-minted penny, with features as delicately chiselled as a shell, and wavy hair sun-crisped and scented in wild orange juice. He kept a little apart from the rest and in the pout of his lip like a petal of scarlet hibiscus was bitterness, the bitterness of frustrate boyish hopes. . . .

"But still, I did find it!" he repeated.

"You have said so ten-ten times," returned Tumaui. "And if you had found it ten-ten times over that would make no difference. It is just as much mine. Who took you to the fishing, pray, and tended the proa while you dived? Who laid out the oysters to rot? . . . I will fight you, if you like, Falea—your claim against my claim."

But Motui chuckled.

"Our brother is anxious to begin the only argument he understands. We others would rather take counsel a little further. I have my own claim, Tumaui. I told you where that deep-water shell-bed lay. I sent you there. Attend me, now. If you force a fight the rest of us could certainly kill you. That would give us your claim to divide among us. One-fourth part—say, four thousand Chili dollars."

They turned with one impulse, and his smirk accepted the tribute. People had another name for Motui—"Sharp-Wit" they called him; the eldest, the smallest and the most cunning of Mata's sons. How far his brethren trusted his quality might have been measured by Tumaui's darker frown, by the godling's uneasiness and by the twinkling suspicion of old Mata himself. Nevertheless they did most strictly attend him.

"How do you know it would be four thousand?" demanded Mata, and Motui made a gesture plausible and confident.

"Many things are known to me. I have been away—out there. I have been to Rarotonga, and to Fiji, and even to Towns-

ville. And to the Paumotus, where they gather pearls in baskets. Who should know but I? Once at Papeete I saw a pearl. It was a size smaller than this of ours. Yes; it was the next small size." (Motui must have been thinking of Petersen's Pale Pills, that potent and patent boon of civilization which has penetrated to every isle of the Southern Seas.) "But the fat French pearl buyer gave sixteen thousand Chili dollars for it," he added.

He did not use a native word for thousands; there is no such word in Fufuti speech. But they were all more or less familiar with pidgin-French symbols of trade. They had the same perception of gigantic wealth, found the same fascination in an actual figure. Hungrily, every eye sought the object again where it lay on the mat beside them, nested in an unrolled wisp of coconut fiber.

It was an amazing pearl, such a one as comes to light now and then from Coromandel or Ceylon, from Thursday Island or the Low Archipelago, to shake the market and set the collectors of the world distracted. Not alone by its size—the equal of a robin's egg,—but this was flawless, uniform in grain and colouring, singly and marvelously perfect, fit to adorn the bosom of Selene, with no more than the merest luminous thought of a blush upon it, like that the pallid goddess betrayed, perhaps, what time she spied the young Endymion. . . .

So it might have seemed to some wandering beach-comber—who, as Tusitala of beloved memory tells us, is often poor relation to the poet—if he had chanced to spy it there.

To others of sober turn it might have been rather a sinister thing, for it was lovelier and far more precious than many a gem for which feuds have been fought and life, honour and tears freely spilled; for which crowns and courtesans have been famed and have earned ill-fame; a deadly concentrate of lust, greed and envy; a fateful corrosive on the minds of men.

To these dwellers by Fufuti Beach—children of the sun, child-eyed and child-hearted survivors in the last, last remnant of an earthly paradise—it meant matters much simpler.

"Sixteen thousand Chili," remarked Mata, "would buy a real white man's house with a tin roof, and pigs and tobacco! Also, maybe, a new shot-gun which we need so badly," he added, nodding toward the ancient, rusted fowling-piece on the wall.

It lay before them as yet unstoried; virgin; vastly potential. And each of the others understood Mata's covetous thrill in reading out its destiny and each did the same for himself, with his own secret amendment, until, while they stared tense and eager, suddenly the dangerous silence was ended by a little quaver of merriment and the pearl itself flashed—presto!—with an effect of magic.

Startled, they saw it caught in slim brown fingers. And then presently they relaxed again. For the clever bit of sleight had been performed by the fifth member of their household, whom they had forgotten, whom they often did forget, so quiet she would keep for hours—Lele, the cripple girl.

She sat propped on her low bedstead, a trundle-bed, in fact, a battered relic of Fufuti's only missionary establishment (lately dispersed) and Lele's own personal and unlucky inheritance. She had leaned from the couch to whip away the strip of coconut fiber and neatly possess herself of their prize. Now she rolled it and tossed it and held it up before the light to show its wan splendour.

"Pretty—it is pretty!" she cried. "But it is sad, too," she added softly to herself. "See how pale and sad. Like moonshine. Like a drop of moonshine!"

She made them smile. Even dark Tumaui and sulky Falea smiled at her whimsy. It was hard not to laugh with Lele, whenever Lele still chose to laugh.

There had been a time of plenteous laughter, of little else but laughter; a time when no other maid in the island could match her spendthrift spirit of youth and health. No other had been so apt to run and play; to chase the rainbow fish a fathom deep through the blued champagne of the lagoon, to ride the roaring surf like a sky-tossed bubble, to dance like a wind-tormented leaf of the passion vine until her lithe and strong young body seemed to melt in the rhythm of the chant.

Aye, she had laughed in those times. And she had sung. And she had had a way of calling folk and things and life itself by all manner of sharp or endearing little names—the way of a bird. And for the rest she had flirted . . . delightfully. Outrageously. With the entire male population; with Mata's three sons in particular. Until the question of her ultimate marriage, and her proper suppression in marriage, had become not so much a public topic as a public issue.

But a day had ended all that. The day, long to be remembered with mingled awe and humour by the easy-going islanders, when the mission of the late Reverend Dinwiddie fell, and great was the fall thereof.

It fell, quite literally, in the first hurricane of its first season; for the Reverend D. neglected to found himself on a rock, and the collapse of all his dreams of an orthodox, converted, flannel-shirted, hymn-singing Fufuti was equally complete with the wreck of beam and roof-tree, of corrugated iron slabs and imported worsted texts that strewed its beach. Nobody would have complained much, except the Reverend himself—nobody else would greatly have bemoaned that obvious rude jest of the old rude gods—if Lele had not happened to be an accidental sacrifice. Lele, the untamed creature marked for a first convert, who was somehow caught in the disaster, pinned down by a settling wall, crushed and maimed for life. . . .

Since then she had come to live with Mata, her half-uncle and the only relative who could find a place for her. She came with her trundle-bed—and in truth she did wonders; kept the house and the hearth, took direction of the two aged cooking-women, wove and sewed and braided sennit, and meanwhile contrived never to be seen off the couch where she reigned. It was her courage and her pride still to reign, an apparent queen; to be freshly garbed and combed and beflowered, with chains of shells and bright berries on her breast, with clusters of starry stephanotis in her glorious hair, to deck her beauty as before. Even though it meant nothing.

For it could mean nothing now to any man.

The three sons of Mata were kind. They were indulgent. They accepted her in fraternal harmony. Never again could she flutter them. Never again in their eyes, nor in any eyes, would she see the quick flame of jealousy and desire for Lele, a cripple girl. . . .

Perhaps that fact like a fixed shadow had deepened her vision in unexpected ways; perhaps that wild young heart, bereft of youth, had gained an understanding and a tenderness of them in their peaceful, contented life together such as they never suspected. She was watching them anxiously from under lowered lashes while she played so lightly with the pearl.

"And yet of itself it is only an old oyster egg," she ventured, at last.

"Oyster egg?" echoed Motui, shocked. "A fine thing to call it! Have you no sense, girl? . . ."

This time they did not smile. The superior male warned her of a limit. They had gone too far toward actual tragedy in this business.

"It is the most wonderful find ever was made on Fufuti," explained Motui. "It is the happiest fortune that could come to us!"

Lele took the pearl in her hollowed hands and held it out before them over her knee like a ball of cold fire in a cup, and so presided quite naturally as stake-holder and umpire.

"It has not made any one very happy yet," she observed. "You still want to fight, Tumaui? Come—tell your plan, and what you would do if you won."

"Hoo!" said Tumaui in his big chest. "I would buy a fast schooner, like white men have, with a brass devil-devil to make it go without wind."

"All for yourself?" asked Lele.

"Of course."

"You would be happy then?"

"Of course!"

"And Mata—what do you say?"

"I say, let us draw lots," returned the old man, sturdily. "It is fair. We put many small pebbles in a bag and draw one by one. He who gets the last pebble gets the pearl."

"For himself?"

"Yes."

"To buy pigs and shot-guns?"

"Yes!"

"That would make you happy?"

"Yes—yes!" nodded Mata.

"And you, Motui?"

Motui was ready. Trust Motui to be ready with a scheme. . . . What they needed to settle the whole difficulty, Motui said, was an able salesman. If they waited for the regular trader to come around next month he would be sure to cheat them. On the other hand if they should delegate one of their own number to visit the far markets—a man skilful, deep and wise—doubtless he would get much more than sixteen thousand; would return triumphant, a sack of silver in either fist, with enough to satisfy everybody!

"I would ask no pay for my trouble," concluded the cunning Motui, modestly.

"Oh-ho!" said Lele. "You are that man?"

"I am the right man."

"To take the pearl away, yourself,

among the white people—you would be happy?"

Motui admitted nothing would make him happier, and Lele came to the youngest son.

"Falea, it is your turn."

Throughout the session Falea had remained mostly a fretful auditor. He still kept to one side of the others. His grievance was heavier than theirs—as his years were lighter—and would allow no compromise, it seemed. For abruptly at Lele's appeal, he kicked the balance sky-high.

"No! I will not have a turn. I will not join to be talked out of it. . . . Thieves!" he cried as he sprang to his feet.

It was the snapping of their tension. Stealthily Motui loosed a knife in his belt. Tumaui rose like a thunder-cloud.

"Who is a thief?"

"You—each of you!" declared Falea. "If I pick a coconut, is it mine? If I find a pearl—can any one take it from me without stealing? Or any part of it?" he added, shouting them down.

A very handsome copper-bronze godling he looked.

"A part of a pearl is no good to me. . . . The pearl itself is the charm—and with it I would be a king! I could go anywhere and have anything," he yearned. "I could see the white men's ports and ride their ships, and white men would wait on me. I could have a pink silk shirt, such as the trader wears; and a gold chain, and rings, and shoes—big yellow shoes. I could have a music-box and bottles of scent and sweet-scented oil, and neckties and a Jew's-harp, and a watch with a bell in it, and a green umbrella, and three kinds of tinned meat for breakfast! . . ."

At every lyric he had sidled a little nearer to Lele's couch, while the others drew together in common cause, intent and furious.

"You think you can get them?" Tumaui was bawling. "Fool! . . ."

"I can try!" said Falea, and with the word, being near enough, made a desperate snatch. They came huddling after and snatched to prevent him. And like him they snatched—the air. . . .

Lele was still presiding. So far as they could see she had not budged. She still held her hands out idly over her knee. But her hands were empty. With a graceful little gesture she showed how entirely empty, and smiled up ever so slightly at their stricken faces. But by magic, or by sleight—the pearl was gone!

It was gone, and the purple shadows seemed to darken about them as they stared and stammered.

"That drop of moonshine?" she answered sweetly. "Oh, it is put away. It is safe. I have decided to keep it for myself."

They gave a four-fold gasp.

"Yes," she said. "Why not? It is the nature of this treasure that every one wants it for himself, alone. I do not notice that any of you thought of me, of Lele.

"*I* long for things, too. *I* would like to be happy, too. Greatly I would like it. . . . I know little of white men or of white men's customs—and what I have learned has not made me very happy." (They should have winced at that.) "But you all believe the white men can sell you some wonderful happiness for your pearl. Very well! I shall keep it until the trader comes, to buy some happiness of my own."

She paused, and of a sudden her glance unveiled, the prisoned soul flamed out at them like a steel blade from a scabbard.

"Unless—you mean to search, to drag and trample me. Do, and I scream for the neighbours, and the pearl you never see again. Never—never, I promise. Not though you kill me. Now, go on," she cried. "Go on and search a poor cripple girl!"

As a matter of fact with their racial handicap at such ungentle business, they hardly knew how to begin. The pearl was hidden. So small a thing she might have concealed anywhere roundabout. Bewildered, angry and distrustful—vainly seeking to meet the inexpugnable feminine injustice to man which men have sought in vain to meet—they edged off into the open and stood for a time with their heads together.

Meanwhile, Lele stayed alone under the deep-thatched eaves. She sank back until she leaned against the wall of the hut; an exhausted and very limp little peacemaker.

She roused from the reverie to find Tumaui standing alone before her on the mat.

"Lele—!" he began, brusquely. He was under some difficulty in speaking; the whole pose and port of that brawny giant had been curiously schooled. "Lele, I have not many words," he said. "Only these. You are very sure of yourself, Lele. But you can not shift alone. You will need protection. . . . I am a strong protector. We would get on very well together—you and I."

She sat up in slow amazement, almost in terror, her fingers spread upon her breast.

"What—what are you trying to say?"

"Will you marry me, Lele?" he blurted.

She gazed incredulous, transfixed

"Oh—Oh—Oh!" she breathed, and then with an effort, "I—I can not tell—I will think of it. . . . Go away, Tumaui."

Like one who discards an irksome part Tumaui seemed to fill out again, so that he bulked over her.

"Very well. I go. But mind, I will not be beaten. If you favour any rival to me—look out! I twist his throat—" his great naked arms knotted "—like the string of an orange! . . . Remember!"

He departed, and she was once more alone with her throbbing heart; alone, until there crept in under the eaves—her highly respected half-uncle, old Mata himself.

"Lele—!" he began. As a man of domestic experience he did this sort of thing rather better; his brown face, wrinkled like a nut, showed nothing but benevolence. "Oh, Lele; what a very wise girl you are! But you can not manage by yourself. You will need a position to maintain you, Lele. I am a high-chief, and if I choose to take another wife she will have authority. . . . We would get on very well together you and I."

"What—what is the talk?"

"I am asking you in marriage, Lele."

She lowered her face in her hands.

"I must think. . . . Go away, Mata."

"Very well," said the old gentleman, crestfallen. "I go. But I do not advise you to listen to any other proposals, my dear. These sons of mine are lively fellows. Nobody could keep them in order for you, save only me. . . . Remember that!"

She never knew how long it was before another voice murmured in her ear—a smooth and luring voice this time.

"Lele—oh, Lele," it began, and she looked up at Motui and his smirk. "Greatly I admire you, Lele. You are very clever. Too clever not to make the most of your chance when I tell you—when I tell you that you need not *always* be a cripple, Lele. I know where you can be cured! . . . We can go to that place together, you and I!"

"What do you mean?" she gasped.

"There is a schooner leaving our harbour to-morrow for Fiji, and at Fiji is a hospital where the great white medicine doctors work their wonderful cures. Will you not be glad to be free again? Will you not rejoice to sport and to run as you used? Then come with me to Fiji!"

She swayed on her couch.

"Only marry me, Lele, and I will have you carried aboard to-night!"

Somehow, suffocated though she was, she found the force to wave him away.

"Very well," he said, spitefully. "I go. But no one can make you any better offer, Lele. No one else could give you such happiness. . . . Mark what I say!"

Yet that was not to be her last trial. That was not to be the top-note plucked upon her tautened soul. For while she lay, poignantly there stole a breath of wild orange, and speech as soft as the music of a windharp caressed her. . . . Falea knelt by her side.

"Lele—oh, Lele. What a brave spirit is yours. How brave you are, Lele!" he whispered. "But do not think to live without love. Great is my love for you, Lele. . . . Let us go far off together, you and I."

Long and long it seemed since any man had spoken to her like that; long and long it was to have been before ever a man spoke to her so again—never in this world.

"Let us wed, Lele!"

With words as sweet as song he wooed her, the way she had been wooed in the time of her strength and beauty and perfection, when as a sea nymph she had sung and danced along the strand and tasted the savour of life.

"Oh, Lele, you are like the flower in tne cool shade! You are like the dew in the moss! Come with me! . . . My canoe lies at the lagoon. I will carry you in my arms and we will go away to some far island where none can find us. There we will be merry all day, and I will keep you and never let you go for great love, Lele!"

An arm came stealing and drawing her close till she fluttered like a netted bird. And in her own heart dwelt a traitor to subdue her; in her own veins beat an answering pulse. She had been a woman, cruelly robbed and deprived. She was a woman still, amazingly and deliriously and beyond all dreaming enriched once more. Men desired her. Men strove for her. Men urged her with promises. With a lover's clasp about her and a lover's importunate murmur at her side, half-swooning, speechless, she had no will to resist. . . .

Her fingers were slyly taken and forced open. A hot and eager hand crept to explore the looped necklaces on her breast and the mats and coverings about her. And she yielded. She was yielding. She was on the very point of yielding, when, through misted eyes she saw the young face so near her own suddenly convulsed with pain—saw a monstrous hand descend and grip the godling by the hair of his head!

"Ha—! Have I caught you, rat?" thundered a raging voice. "After we agreed none should start searching for himself!"

Tumaui, it was! Tumaui, who had stalked to nab Falea unawares. And while they fought, the other two came running from opposite corners of the hut.

"Hold him! Did he get the pearl?" cried Mata, and flung himself into the fray.

"Hold them both! One of them has the pearl!" chattered Motui, as he followed.

"Thieves!" sobbed Falea, half-strangled. "In another minute I would have won the pearl!"

"Come on then, all of you!" roared Tumaui. "Everybody in! This is the time to decide. I fight you all—so—and so—and so! Ho-ho! . . . And the best one shall take the pearl!"

With a blow of his fist he sent Motui's knife spinning like a silver flying-fish. Falea he thrust down between his knees and gathered Motui in his arms to crush him; and so he might have done had not Mata hung like a slug at his mighty neck.

For a wink the forces balanced; they stayed in statued fury, a tangle of writhing limbs.

"Stop! . . . Stop or I fire!"

The cry reached them through their heat of battle. It was the sort of cry to make them heed, and vaguely at first, and then in speedily petrified astonishment, they were aware of Lele. Sitting propped on her couch as before, as always, presiding. And presiding this time with a vengeance. Across her knee she held the rusty family fowling-piece which she had snatched from its nail on the wall behind. . . .

"Stop!" she insisted; and they were anxious so to do. "Stand off!" she warned: and so they did.

"Be careful—it is loaded!" shrilled Mata.

For answer she cocked the weapon deliberately and covered them at pointblank range with its single eye of some ancient, huge caliber. It was a famous institution, that Mata family gun, the only one on the island. Many years had they kept it in deserved respect, and they flinched before its probing, merciless stare. . . . And over it, and with its aid, she probed them as well.

At that instant was given her a final opportunity to read passion and jealousy and thwarted desire in the faces of her suitors—for the sake of Lele, a cripple girl.

"Wicked men!" She passed them in slow review. "Oh, wicked—wicked men!" she said, still shaken with the storm that had swept her so that the necklaces clicked on her heaving bosom. "Liars, every one. . . . It was only the pearl you wanted!"

Their sullen eyes sought the ground, but presently Mata spoke their thought.

"For all that, you will have to choose among us, Lele. You will have to settle this. Pick some one, and give him the gun to defend himself, and you, and the pearl—if you still have the pearl. . . . Buy your own happiness as you will!"

"Yes—yes," they chorused. "Choose!"

"Very well," said Lele, after a pause. "I still have it." Without relinquishing the gun, she made a little flashing gesture of her free hand, and somehow, from somewhere—presto!—the treasure appeared again. She held it up before them to show its loveliness; the wondrous soft radiance of that fateful toy that seemed to light all the shadows. "And I will choose," she added.

"I do not marvel any more why it should be so sad. I know. . . . Because it is so wicked. It made you wicked—Tumaui! Motui! Falea! Mata! Me it made wicked, also. And see how sad we are! . . . Where are peace and content such as we used to know? Where the trust and affection and loving kindness that bound us?"

They hung their heads before her.

"Now, do I remember," she went on, in a kind of mournful exaltation, "now, do I remember the wisdom of the white man! At the missionary's chapel I learned it, and indeed I have paid for it with the life and the hope out of my own body: '*The lust of riches is the seed of evil*,'" she quoted, with the full throat of knowledge and of suffering.

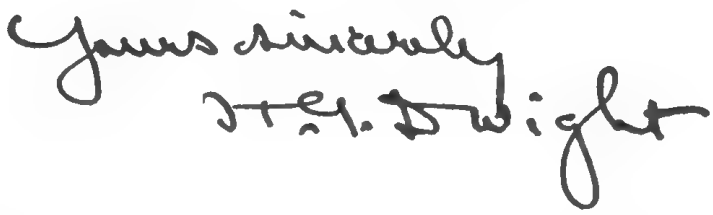
"So they say. So their Book has taught. So they must believe. And it is true! See how this evil seed has grown temptations and selfishness and wickedness in our hearts. Wherever it might go it would grow the same fruit. . . . And so," she said, brooding upon them, yearning over them with great, tender, understanding eyes—child-like and still unfathomable—"and so, if it be mine to buy happiness with, let me buy for you and for the white men, too, by their own wisdom. If I must choose my happiness, let it be what it was and will be for ever——"

Swift as conjuring she slipped that glorious pearl into the muzzle of the gun and aiming well over their heads toward the foaming reefs, while they covered their ears in dismay and awe—fired.

"Only moonshine, after all!"

In the Pasha's Garden

By H. G. DWIGHT



At the old gentleman's side sat a young lady more beautiful than pomegranate blossoms, more exquisite than the first quarter moon viewed at twilight through the tops of oleanders.

—O. Henry: The Trimmed Lamp.

I

AS THE caïque glided up to the garden gate the three boatmen rose from their sheepskins and caught hold of iron clamps set into the marble of the quay. Shaban, the grizzled gatekeeper, who was standing at the top of the water-steps with his hands folded respectfully in front of him, came salaaming down to help his master out.

"Shall we wait, my Pasha?" asked the head *kaikji*.

The Pasha turned to Shaban, as if to put a question. And as if to answer it Shaban said:

"The Madama is up in the wood, in the kiosque. She sent down word to ask if you would go up too."

"Then don't wait." Returning the boatmen's salaam, the Pasha stepped into his garden. "Is there company in the kiosque, or is Madama alone?" he inquired.

"I think no one is there—except Zümbül Agha," replied Shaban, following his master up the long central path of black and white pebbles.

"Zümbül Agha!" exclaimed the Pasha. But if it had been in his mind to say anything else he stooped instead to sniff at a rosebud. And then he asked: "Are we dining up there, do you know?"

"I don't know, my Pasha, but I will find out."

"Tell them to send up dinner anyway, Shaban. It is such an evening! And just ask Moustafa to bring me a coffee at the fountain, will you? I will rest a little before climbing that hill."

"On my head!" said the Albanian, turning off to the house.

The Pasha kept on to the end of the walk. Two big horse-chestnut trees, their candles just starting alight in the April air, stood there at the foot of a terrace, guarding a fountain that dripped in the ivied wall. A thread of water started mysteriously out of the top of a tall marble niche into a little marble basin, from which it overflowed by two flat bronze spouts into two smaller basins below. From them the water dripped back into a single basin still lower down, and so tinkled its broken way, past graceful arabesques and reliefs of fruit and flowers, into a crescent-shaped pool at the foot of the niche.

The Pasha sank down into one of the wicker chairs scattered hospitably beneath the horse-chestnut trees, and thought how happy a man he was to have a fountain of the period of Sultan Ahmed III, and a garden so full of April freshness, and a view of the bright Bosporus and the opposite hills of Europe and the firing West. How definitely he thought it I cannot say, for the Pasha was not greatly given to thought. Why should he be, since he possessed without that trouble a goodly share of what men acquire by taking thought? If he had been lapped in ease and security all his days, they numbered many more, did those days, than the Pasha would have chosen. Still, they had touched him but lightly, merely increasing the dignity of his handsome presence and taking away nothing of his power to enjoy his little walled world.

So he sat there, breathing in the air of the place and the hour, while gardeners came and went with their watering-pots, and birds

twittered among the branches, and the fountain plashed beside him, until Shaban reappeared carrying a glass of water and a cup of coffee in a swinging tray.

"Eh, Shaban! It is not your business to carry coffee!" protested the Pasha, reaching for a stand that stood near him.

"What is your business is my business, *Pasha'm*. Have I not eaten your bread and your father's for thirty years?"

"No! Is it as long as that? We are getting old, Shaban."

"We are getting old," assented the Albanian simply.

The Pasha thought, as he took out his silver cigaret-case, of another Pasha who had complimented him that afternoon on his youthfulness. And, choosing a cigaret, he handed the case to the gatekeeper. Shaban accepted the cigaret and produced matches from his gay girdle.

"How long is it since you have been to your country, Shaban?"

The Pasha, lifting his little cup by its silver *zarf*, realized that he would not have sipped his coffee quite so noisily had his French wife been sitting with him under the horse-chestnut trees. But with his old Shaban he could still be a Turk.

"Eighteen months, my Pasha."

"And when are you going again?"

"In Ramazan, if God wills. Or perhaps next Ramazan. We shall see."

"Allah! Allah! How many times have I told you to bring your people here, Shaban? We have plenty of room to build you a house somewhere, and you could see your wife and children every day instead of once in two or three years."

"Wives, wives—a man will not die if he does not see them every day! Besides, it would not be good for the children. In Constantinople they become rascals. There are too many Christians." And he added hastily: "It is better for a boy to grow up in the mountains."

"But we have a mountain here, behind the house," laughed the Pasha.

"Your mountain is not like our mountains," objected Shaban gravely, hunting in his mind for the difference he felt but could not express.

"And that new wife of yours," went on the Pasha. "Is it good to leave a young woman like that? Are you not afraid?"

"No, my Pasha. I am not afraid. We all live together, you know. My brothers watch, and the other women. She is safer than yours. Besides, in my country it is not as it is here."

"I don't know why I have never been to see this wonderful country of yours, Shaban. I have so long intended to, and I never have been. But I must climb my mountain or they will think I have become a rascal too." And, rising from his chair, he gave the Albanian a friendly pat.

"Shall I come too, my Pasha? Zümbül Agha sent word——"

"Zümbül Agha!" interrupted the Pasha irritably. "No, you needn't come. I will explain to Zümbül Agha."

With which he left Shaban to pick up the empty coffee cup.

II

From the upper terrace a bridge led across the public road to the wood. If it was not a wood it was at all events a good-sized grove, climbing the steep hillside very much as it chose. Every sort and size of tree was there, but the greater number of them were of a kind to be sparsely trimmed in April with a delicate green, and among them were so many twisted Judas trees as to tinge whole patches of the slope with their deep rose bloom. The road that the Pasha slowly climbed, swinging his amber beads behind him as he walked, zigzagged so leisurely back and forth among the trees that a carriage could have driven up it. In that way, indeed, the Pasha had more than once mounted to the kiosque, in the days when his mother used to spend a good part of her summer up there, and when he was married to his first wife. The memory of the two, and of their old-fashioned ways, entered not too bitterly into his general feeling of well-being, ministered to by the budding trees and the spring air and the sunset view. Every now and then an enormous plane tree invited him to stop and look at it, or a semi-circle of cypresses.

So at last he came to the top of the hill where in a grassy clearing a small house looked down on the valley of the Bosporus through a row of great stone pines. The door of the kiosque was open, but his wife was not visible. The Pasha stopped a moment, as he had done a thousand times before, and looked back. He was not the man to be insensible to what he saw between the columnar trunks of the pines, where European hills traced a dark curve against the fading sky, and where the sinuous waterway far below still reflected a last glamour of the day. The beauty of it, and the sharp sweetness of the April air, and the infinitesimal sounds of the wood, and the

half-conscious memories involved with it all, made him sigh. He turned and mounted the steps of the porch.

The kiosque looked very dark and unfamiliar as the Pasha entered it. He wondered what had become of Hélène—if by any chance he had passed her on the way. He wanted her. She was the expression of what the evening roused in him. He heard nothing, however, but the splash of water from a half-invisible fountain. It reminded him for an instant of the other fountain, below, and of Shaban. His steps resounded hollowly on the marble pavement as he walked into the dim old saloon, shaped like a T, with the crossbar longer than the leg. It was still light enough for him to make out the glimmer of windows on three sides and the square of the fountain in the center, but the painted domes above were lost in shadow.

The spaces on either side of the bay by which he entered, completing the rectangle of the kiosque, were filled by two little rooms opening into the cross of the T. He went into the left-hand one, where Hélène usually sat—because there were no lattices. The room was empty. The place seemed so strange and still in the twilight that a sort of apprehension began to grow in him, and he half wished he had brought up Shaban. He turned back to the second, the latticed room—the harem, as they called it. Curiously enough it was Hélène who would never let him Europeanize it, in spite of the lattices. Every now and then he found out that she liked some Turkish things better than he did. As soon as he opened the door he saw her sitting on the divan opposite. He knew her profile against the checkered pallor of the lattice. But she neither moved nor greeted him. It was Zümbül Agha who did so, startling him by suddenly rising beside the door and saying in his high voice:

"Pleasant be your coming, my Pasha."

The Pasha had forgotten about Zümbül Agha; and it seemed strange to him that Hélène continued to sit silent and motionless on her sofa.

"Good evening," he said at last. "You are sitting very quietly here in the dark. Are there no lights in this place?"

It was again Zümbül Agha who spoke, turning one question by another:

"Did Shaban come with you?"

"No," replied the Pasha shortly. "He said he had a message, but I told him not to come."

"A-ah!" ejaculated the eunuch in his high drawl. "But it does not matter—with the two of us."

The Pasha grew more and more puzzled, for this was not the scene he had imagined to himself as he came up through the park in response to his wife's message. Nor did he grow less puzzled when the eunuch turned to her and said in another tone:

"Now will you give me that key?"

The French woman took no more notice of this question than she had of the Pasha's entrance.

"What do you mean, Zümbül Agha?" demanded the Pasha sharply. "That is not the way to speak to your mistress."

"I mean this, my Pasha," retorted the eunuch—"that some one is hiding in this chest and that Madama keeps the key."

That was what the Pasha heard, in the absurd treble of the black man, in the darkening room. He looked down and made out, beside the tall figure of the eunuch, the chest on which he had been sitting. Then he looked across at Hélène, who still sat silent in front of the lattice.

"What are you talking about?" he asked at last, more stupefied than anything else. "Who is it? A thief? Has any one——?" He left the vague question unformulated, even in his mind.

"Ah, that I don't know. You must ask Madama. Probably it is one of her Christian friends. But at least if it were a woman she would not be so unwilling to unlock her chest for us!"

The silence that followed, while the Pasha looked dumbly at the chest, and at Zümbül Agha, and at his wife, was filled for him with a stranger confusion of feelings than he had ever experienced before. Nevertheless he was surprizingly cool, he found. His pulse quickened very little. He told himself that it wasn't true and that he really must get rid of old Zümbül after all, if he went on making such preposterous *gaffes* and setting them all by the ears. How could anything so baroque happen to him, the Pasha, who owed what he was to honourable fathers and who had passed his life honourably and peaceably until this moment? Yet he had had an impression, walking into the dark old kiosque and finding nobody until he found these two sitting here in this extraordinary way—as if he had walked out of his familiar garden, that he knew like his hand, into a country he knew nothing about, where anything might be true. And he wished, he almost passionately wished, that Hélène would say something, would cry out against

Zümbül Agha, would lie even, rather than sit there so still and removed and different from other women.

Then he began to be aware that if it were true—if!—he ought to do something. He ought to make a noise. He ought to kill somebody. That was what they always did. That was what his father would have done, or certainly his grandfather. But he also told himself that it was no longer possible for him to do what his father and grandfather had done. He had been unlearning their ways too long. Besides, he was too old.

A sudden sting pierced him at the thought of how old he was, and how young Hélène. Even if he lived to be seventy or eighty she would still have a life left when he died. Yes, it was as Shaban said. They were getting old. He had never really felt the humiliation of it before. And Shaban had said, strangely, something else—that his own wife was safer than the Pasha's. Still, he felt an odd compassion for Hélène, too—because she was young, and it was Judas-tree time, and she was married to gray hairs. And although he was a Pasha, descended from great Pashas, and she was only a little French girl *quelconque*, he felt more afraid than ever of making a fool of himself before her—when he had promised her that she should be as free as any other European woman, that she should live her life. Besides, what had the black man to do with their private affairs?

"Zümbül Agha," he suddenly heard himself harshly saying, "is this your house or mine? I have told you a hundred times that you are not to trouble the Madama, or follow her about, or so much as guess where she is and what she is doing. I have kept you in the house because my father brought you into it; but if I ever hear of you speaking to Madama again, or spying on her, I will send you into the street. Do you hear? Now get out!"

"*Aman*, my Pasha! I beg you!" entreated the eunuch. There was something ludicrous in his voice, coming as it did from his height.

The Pasha wondered if he had been too long a person of importance in the family to realize the change in his position, or whether he really——

All of a sudden a checkering of lamplight flickered through the dark window, touched the Negro's black face for a moment, traveled up the wall. Silence fell again in the little room—a silence into which the fountain dropped its silver patter. Then steps mounted the porch and echoed in the other room, which lighted in turn, and a man came in sight, peering this way and that, with a big white accordeon lantern in his hand. Behind the man two other servants appeared, carrying on their heads round wooden trays covered by figured silks, and a boy tugging a huge basket. When they discovered the three in the little room they salaamed respectfully.

"Where shall we set the table?" asked the man with the lantern.

For the Pasha the lantern seemed to make the world more like the place he had always known. He turned to his wife, apologetically.

"I told them to send dinner up here. It has been such a long time since we came. But I forgot about the table. I don't believe there is one here."

"No," uttered Hélène from her sofa, sitting with her head on her hand.

It was the first word she had spoken. But, little as it was, it reassured him, like the lantern.

"There is the chest," hazarded Zümbül Agha.

The interruption of the servants had for the moment distracted them all. But the Pasha now turned on him so vehemently that the eunuch salaamed in haste and went away.

"Why not?" asked Hélène, when he was gone. "We can sit on the cushions."

"Why not?" echoed the Pasha. Grateful as he was for the interruption, he found himself wishing, secretly, that Hélène had discouraged his idea of a picnic dinner. And he could not help feeling a certain constraint as he gave the necessary orders and watched the servants put down their paraphernalia and pull the chest into the middle of the room. There was something unreal and stage-like about the scene, in the uncertain light of the lantern. Obviously the chest was not light. It was an old cypresswood chest that they had always used in the summer to keep things in, polished a bright brown, with a little inlaid pattern of dark brown and cream colour running around the edge of each surface, and a more complicated design ornamenting the center of the cover. He vaguely associated his mother with it. He felt a distinct relief when the men spread the cloth. He felt as if they had covered up more things than he could name. And when they produced candlesticks and candles, and set them on the improvised table and in the niches beside the door, he

seemed to come back again into the comfortable light of common sense.

"This is the way we used to do when I was a boy," he said with a smile, when he and Hélène established themselves on sofa cushions on opposite sides of the chest. "Only then we had little tables six inches high, instead of big ones like this."

"It is rather a pity that we have spoiled all that," she said. "Are we any happier for perching on chairs around great scaffoldings, and piling the scaffoldings with so many kinds of porcelain and metal? After all, they knew how to live—the people who were capable of imagining a place like this. And they had the good taste not to fill a room with things. Your grandfather, was it?"

He had had a dread that she would not say anything, that she would remain silent and impenetrable as she had been before Zümbül Agha, as if the chest between them were a barrier that nothing could surmount. His heart lightened when he heard her speak. Was it not quite her natural voice?

"It was my great-grandfather, the Grand Vizier. They say he did know how to live—in his way. He built the kiosque for a beautiful slave of his, a Greek, whom he called Pomegranate."

"Madame Pomegranate! What a charming name! And that is why her cipher is everywhere. See?" She pointed to the series of cupboards and niches on either side of the door, dimly painted with pomegranate blossoms, and to the plaster reliefs around the hooded fireplace, and to the cluster of pomegranates that made a center to the gilt and painted latticework of the ceiling. "One could be very happy in such a little house. It has an air—of being meant for moments. And you feel as if they had something to do with the wonderful way it has faded." She looked as if she had meant to say something else, which she did not. But after a moment she added: "Will you ask them to turn off the water in the fountain? It is a little chilly, now that the sun has gone, and it sounds like rain—or tears."

The dinner went, on the whole, not so badly. There were dishes to be passed back and forth. There were questions to be asked or comments to be made. There were the servants to be spoken to. Yet, more and more, the Pasha could not help wondering. When a silence fell, too, he could not help listening. And least of all could he help looking at Hélène. He looked at her, trying not to look at her, with an intense curiosity, as if he had never seen her before, asking himself if there were anything new in her face, and how she would look if—— Would she be like this? She made no attempt to keep up a flow of words, as if to distract his attention. She was not soft, either; she was not trying to seduce him. And she made no show of gratitude toward him for having sent Zümbül Agha away. Neither did she by so much as an inflection try to insinuate or excuse or explain. She was what she always was, perfect—and evidently a little tired. She was indeed more than perfect, she was prodigious, when he asked her once what she was thinking about and she said Pandora, tapping the chest between them. He had never heard the story of that other Greek girl and her box, and she told him gravely about all the calamities that came out of it, and the one gift of hope that remained behind.

"But I cannot be a Turkish woman long!" she added inconsequently with a smile. "My legs are asleep. I really must walk about a little."

When he had helped her to her feet she led the way into the other room. They had their coffee and cigarets there. Hélène walked slowly up and down the length of the room, stopping every now and then to look into the square pool of the fountain and to pat her hair.

The Pasha sat down on the long low divan that ran under the windows. He could watch her more easily now. And the detachment with which he had begun to look at her grew in spite of him into the feeling that he was looking at a stranger. After all, what did he know about her? Who was she? What had happened to her, during all the years that he had not known her, in that strange free European life which he had tried to imitate, and which at heart he secretly distrusted? What had she ever really told him, and what had he ever really divined of her? For perhaps the first time in his life he realized how little one person may know of another, and particularly a man of a woman. And he remembered Shaban again, and that phrase about his wife being safer than Hélène. Had Shaban really meant anything? Was Hélène "safe"? He acknowledged to himself at last that the question was there in his mind, waiting to be answered.

Hélène did not help him. She had been standing for some time at an odd angle to the pool, looking into it. He could see her face there, with the eyes turned away from him.

"How mysterious a reflection is!" she said. "It is so real that you can't believe it disappears for good. How often Madame Pomegranate must have looked into this pool, and yet I can't find her in it. But I feel she is really there, all the same—and who knows who else?"

"They say mirrors do not flatter," the Pasha did not keep himself from rejoining, "but they are very discreet. They tell no tales!"

Hélène raised her eyes. In the little room the servants had cleared the improvised table and had packed up everything again except the candles.

"I have been up here a long time," she said, "and I am rather tired. It is a little cold, too. If you do not mind I think I will go down to the house now, with the servants. You will hardly care to go so soon, for Zümbül Agha has not finished what he has to say to you."

"Zümbül Agha!" exclaimed the Pasha. "I sent him away."

"Ah, but you must know him well enough to be sure he would not go. Let us see." She clapped her hands. The servant of the lantern immediately came out to her. "Will you ask Zümbül Agha to come here?" she said. "He is on the porch."

The man went to the door, looked out, and said a word. Then he stood aside with a respectful salaam, and the eunuch entered. He negligently returned the salute and walked forward until his air of importance changed to one of humility at sight of the Pasha. Salaaming in turn, he stood with his hands folded in front of him.

"I will go down with you," said the Pasha to his wife, rising. "It is too late for you to go through the woods in the dark."

"Nonsense!" She gave him a look that had more in it than the tone in which she added: "Please do not. I shall be perfectly safe with four servants. You can tell them not to let me run away." Coming nearer, she put her hand into the bosom of her dress, then stretched out the hand toward him. "Here is the key—the key of which Zümbül Agha spoke—the key of Pandora's box. Will you keep it for me, please? *Au revoir.*"

And making a sign to the servants she walked out of the kiosque.

III

THE Pasha was too surprized, at first, to move—and too conscious of the eyes of servants, too uncertain of what he should do, too fearful of doing the wrong, the un-European, thing. And afterward it was too late. He stood watching until the flicker of the lantern disappeared among the dark trees. Then his eyes met the eunuch's.

"Why don't you go down, too?" suggested Zümbül Agha. The variable climate of a great house had made him too perfect an opportunist not to take the line of being in favour again. "It might be better. Give me the key and I will do what there is to do. But you might send up Shaban."

Why not, the Pasha secretly asked himself? Might it not be the best way out? At the same time he experienced a certain revulsion of feeling, now that Hélène was gone, in the way she had gone. She really was prodigious! And with the vanishing of the lantern that had brought him a measure of reassurance he felt the weight of an uncleared situation, fantastic but crucial, heavy upon him. And the Negro annoyed him intensely.

"Thank you, Zümbül Agha," he replied, "but I am not the nurse of Madama, and I will not give you the key."

If he only might, though, he thought to himself again!

"You believe her, this Frank woman whom you had never seen five years ago, and you do not believe me, who have lived in your house longer than you can remember!"

The eunuch said it so bitterly that the Pasha was touched in spite of himself. He had never been one to think very much about minor personal relations, but even at such a moment he could see—was it partly because he wanted more time to make up his mind?—that he had never liked Zümbül Agha as he liked Shaban, for instance. Yet more honour had been due, in the old family tradition, to the former. And he had been associated even longer with the history of the house.

"My poor Zümbül," he uttered musingly "you have never forgiven me for marrying her."

"My Pasha, you are not the first to marry an unbeliever, nor the last. But such a marriage should be to the glory of Islam, and not to its discredit. Who can trust her? She is still a Christian. And she is too young. She has turned the world upside down. What would your father have said to a daughter-in-law who goes shamelessly into the street without a veil, alone, and who receives in your house men who are no relation to you or to her? It is not right. Women understand only one

thing—to make fools of men. And they are never content to fool one."

The Pasha, still waiting to make up his mind, let his fancy linger about Zümbül Agha. It was really rather absurd, after all, what a part women played in the world, and how little it all came to in the end! Did the black man, he wondered, walk in a clearer, cooler world, free of the clouds, the iridescences, the languors, the perfumes, the strange obsessions, that made others walk so often like madmen? Or might some tatter of preposterous humanity still work obscurely in him? Or a bitterness of not being like other men? That perhaps was why the Pasha felt friendlier toward Shaban. They were more alike.

"You are right, Zümbül Agha," he said. "The world is upside down. But neither the Madama nor any of us made it so. All we can do is to try and keep our heads as it turns. Now, will you please tell me how you happened to be up here? The Madama never told you to come. You know perfectly well that the customs of Europe are different from ours, and that she does not like to have you follow her about."

"What woman likes to be followed about?" retorted the eunuch with a sly smile. "I know you have told me to leave her alone. But why was I brought into this house? Am I to stand by and watch dishonour brought upon it simply because you have eaten the poison of a woman?"

"Zümbül Agha," replied the Pasha sharply, "I am not discussing old and new, or this and that, but I am asking you to tell me what all this speech is about."

"Give me that key and I will show you what it is about," said the eunuch, stepping forward.

But the Pasha found he was not ready to go so directly to the point.

"Can't you answer a simple question?" he demanded irritably, retreating to the farther side of the fountain.

The reflection of the painted ceiling in the pool made him think of Hélène—and Madame Pomegranate. He stared into the still water as if to find Hélène's face there. Was any other face hidden beside it, mocking him?

But Zümbül Agha had begun again, doggedly:

"I came here because it is my business to be here. I went to town this morning. When I got back they told me that you were away and that the Madama was up here, alone. So I came. Is this a place for a woman to be alone in—a young woman, with men working all about, and I don't know who, and a thousand ways of getting in and out from the hills, and ten thousand hiding places in the woods?"

The Pasha made a gesture of impatience, and turned away. But after all, what could one do with old Zümbül? He had been brought up in his tradition. The Pasha lighted another cigaret to help himself think.

"Well, I came up here," continued the eunuch, "and as I came I heard Madama singing. You know how she sings the songs of the Franks."

The Pasha knew. But he did not say anything. As he walked up and down, smoking and thinking, his eye caught in the pool a reflection from the other side of the room, where the door of the latticed room was and where the cypress-wood chest stood as the servants had left it in the middle of the floor. Was that what Hélène had stood looking at so long, he asked himself? He wondered that he could have sat beside it so quietly. It seemed now like something dark and dangerous crouching there in the shadow of the little room.

"I sat down, under the terrace," he heard the eunuch go on, "where no one could see me, and I listened. And after she had stopped I heard——"

"Never mind what you heard," broke in the Pasha. "I have heard enough."

He was ashamed—ashamed and resolved. He felt as if he had been playing the spy with Zümbül Agha. And after all there was a very simple way to answer his question for himself. He threw away his cigaret, went forward into the little room, bent over the chest, and fitted the key into the lock.

Just then a nightingale burst out singing, but so near and so loud that he started and looked over his shoulder. In an instant he collected himself, feeling the black man's eyes upon him. Yet he could not suppress the train of association started by the impassioned trilling of the bird, even as he began to turn the key of the chest where his mother used to keep her quaint old silks and embroideries. The irony of the contrast paralyzed his hand for a strange moment, and of the difference between this spring night and other spring nights when nightingales had sung. And what if, after all, only calamity were to come out of the chest, and he were to lose his last gift of hope! Ah! He knew at last what he would do! He quickly withdrew the key from the lock, stood up straight again, and looked at Zümbül Agha.

"Go down and get Shaban," he ordered, "and don't come back."

The eunuch stared. But if he had anything to say he thought better of uttering it. He saluted silently and went away.

IV

THE Pasha sat down on the divan and lighted a cigaret. Almost immediately the nightingale stopped singing. For a few moments Zümbül Agha's steps could be heard outside. Then it became very still. The Pasha did not like it. Look which way he would he could not help seeing the chest —or listening. He got up and went into the big room, where he turned on the water of the fountain. The falling drops made company for him, and kept him from looking for lost reflections. But they presently made him think of what Hélène had said about them. He went out to the porch and sat down on the steps. In front of him the pines lifted their great dark canopies against the stars. Other stars twinkled between the trunks, far below, where the shore lights of the Bosphorus were. It was so still that water sounds came faintly up to him, and every now and then he could even hear nightingales on the European side. Another nightingale began singing in his own woods —the nightingale that had told him what to do, he said to himself. What other things the nightingales had sung to him, years ago! And how long the pines had listened there, still strong and green and rugged and alive, while he, and how many before him, sat under them for a little while and then went away!

Presently he heard steps on the drive and Shaban came, carrying something dark in his hand.

"What is that?" asked the Pasha, as Shaban held it out.

"A pistol, my Pasha. Zümbül Agha told me you wanted it.

The Pasha laughed curtly.

"Zümbül made a mistake. What I want is a shovel, or a couple of them. Can you find such a thing without asking any one?"

"Yes, my Pasha," replied the Albanian promptly, laying the revolver on the steps and disappearing again. And it was not long before he was back with the desired implements.

"We must dig a hole, somewhere, Shaban," said his master in a low voice. "It must be in a place where people are not likely to go, but not too far from the kiosque."

Shaban immediately started toward the trees at the back of the house. The Pasha followed him silently into a path that wound through the wood. A nightingale began to sing again, very near them—*the* nightingale, thought the Pasha.

"He is telling us where to go," he said.

Shaban permitted himself a low laugh.

"I think he is telling his mistress where to go. However, we will go, too." And they did, bearing away to one side of the path till they came to the foot of a tall cypress.

"This will do," said the Pasha, "if the roots are not in the way."

Without a word Shaban began to dig. The Pasha took the other spade. To the simple Albanian it was nothing out of the ordinary. What was extraordinary was that his master was able to keep it up, soft as the loam was under the trees. The most difficult thing about it was that they could not see what they were doing, except by the light of an occasional match. But at last the Pasha judged the ragged excavation of sufficient depth. Then he led the way back to the kiosque.

They found Zümbül Agha in the little room, sitting on the sofa with a pistol in either hand.

"I thought I told you not to come back!" exclaimed the Pasha sternly.

"Yes," faltered the old eunuch, "but I was afraid something might happen to you. So I waited below the pines. And when you went away into the woods with Shaban, I came here to watch." He lifted a revolver significantly. "I found the other one on the steps."

"Very well," said the Pasha at length, more kindly. He even found it in him at that moment to be amused at the picture the black man made, in his sedate frock coat, with his two weapons. And Zümbül Agha found no less to look at, in the appearance of his master's clothes. "But now there is no need for you to watch any longer," added the latter. "If you want to watch, do it at the bottom of the hill. Don't let any one come up here."

"On my head," said the eunuch. He saw that Shaban, as usual, was trusted more than he. But it was not for him to protest against the ingratitude of masters. He salaamed and backed out of the room.

When he was gone the Pasha turned to Shaban:

"This box, Shaban—you see this box? It has become a trouble to us, and I am going to take it out there."

The Albanian nodded gravely. He took hold of one of the handles, to judge the weight of the chest. He lifted his eyebrows.

"Can you help me put it on my back?" he asked.

"Don't try to do that, Shaban. We will carry it together." The Pasha took hold of the other handle. When they got as far as the outer door he let down his end. It was not light. "Wait a minute, Shaban. Let us shut up the kiosque, so that no one will notice anything." He went back to blow out the candles. Then he thought of the fountain. He caught a play of broken images in the pool as he turned off the water. When he had put out the lights and had groped his way to the door he found that Shaban was already gone with the chest. A last drop of water made a strange echo behind him in the dark kiosque. He locked the door and hurried after Shaban, who had succeeded in getting the chest on his back. Nor would Shaban let the Pasha help him till they came to the edge of the wood. There, carrying the chest between them, they stumbled through the trees to the place that was ready.

"Now we must be careful," said the Pasha. "It might slip or get stuck."

"But are you going to bury the box too?" demanded Shaban, for the first time showing surprize.

"Yes," answered the Pasha. And he added: "It is the box I want to get rid of."

"It is a pity," remarked Shaban regretfully. "It is a very good box. However, you know. Now then!"

There was a scraping and a muffled thud, followed by a fall of earth and small stones on wood. The Pasha wondered if he would hear anything else. But first one and then another nightingale began to fill the night air with their April madness.

"Ah, there are two of them," remarked Shaban. "She will take the one that says the sweetest things to her."

The Pasha's reply was to throw a spadeful of earth on the chest. Shaban joined him with such vigour that the hole was very soon full.

"We are old, my Pasha, but we are good for something yet," said Shaban. "I will hide the shovels here in the bushes," he added, "and early in the morning I will come again, before any of those lazy gardeners are up, and fix it so that no one will ever know."

There, at least, was a person of whom one could be sure! The Pasha realized that gratefully, as they walked back through the park. He did not feel like talking, but at least he felt the satisfaction of having done what he had decided to do. He remembered Zümbül Agha as they neared the bottom of the hill. The eunuch had not taken his commission more seriously than it had been given, however, or he preferred not to be seen. Perhaps he wanted to reconnoiter again on top of the hill.

"I don't think I will go in just yet," said the Pasha, as they crossed the bridge into the lower garden. "I am rather dirty. And I would like to rest a little under the chestnut trees. Would you get me an overcoat, please, Shaban, and a brush of some kind? And you might bring me a coffee, too."

How tired he was! And what a short time it was, yet what an eternity, since he last dropped into one of those wicker chairs! He felt for his cigarets. As he did so he discovered something else in his pocket, something small and hard that at first he did not recognize. Then he remembered the key—the key. . . . He suddenly tossed it into the pool beside him. It made a sharp little splash, which was reëchoed by the dripping basins. He got up and felt in the ivy for the handle that shut off the water. At the end of the garden the Bosphorus lapped softly in the dark. Far away, up in the wood the nightingales were singing.

Life

By MILDRED MASSON

I'VE seen funny pictures,
And they've made me laugh.
I've seen funny people,
And they've made me sorry.
I've heard funny jokes,
And they've left me puzzled.
Why is it that when Life is funniest,
I should want to cry?

The Pope's Mule

By ALPHONSE DAUDET

Translated by Katharine P. Wormeley

OF ALL the pretty sayings, proverbs, adages, with which our Provençal peasantry decorate their discourses, I know of none more picturesque, or more peculiar than this:—for fifteen leagues around my mill, when they speak of a spiteful and vindictive man, they say: "That fellow! distrust him! he's like the Pope's mule who kept her kick for seven years."

I tried for a long time to find out whence that proverb came, what that Pope's mule was, and why she kept her kick for seven years. No one could give me any information on the subject, not even Francet Mamaï, my old fife-player, though he knows his Provençal legends to the tips of his fingers. Francet thought, as I did, that there must be some ancient chronicle of Avignon behind it, but he had never heard of it otherwise than as a proverb.

"You won't find it anywhere except in the Grasshoppers' Library," said the old man, laughing.

The idea struck me as a good one; and as the Grasshoppers' Library is close at my door, I shut myself up there for over a week.

It is a wonderful library, admirably stocked, open to poets night and day, and served by little librarians with cymbals who make music for you all the time. I spent some delightful days there, and after a week of researches (on my back) I ended by discovering what I wanted, namely: the story of the mule and that famous kick which she kept for seven years. The tale is pretty, though rather naïve, and I shall try to tell it to you just as I read it yesterday in a manuscript coloured by the weather, smelling of good dried lavender and tied with the Virgin's threads—as they call gossamer in these parts.

Whoso did not see Avignon in the days of the Popes has seen nothing. For gayety, life, animation, the excitement of festivals, never was a town like it. From morning till night there was nothing but processions, pilgrimages, streets strewn with flowers, draped with tapestries, cardinals arriving by the Rhone, banners in the breeze, galleys dressed in flags, the Pope's soldiers chanting Latin on the squares, and the tinkling rattle of the begging friars; while from garret to cellar of houses that pressed, humming, round the great papal palace like bees around their hive, came the tick-tack of lace-looms, the to-and-fro of shuttles weaving the gold thread of chasubles, the tap-tap of the goldsmith's chasing-tools tapping on the chalices, the tuning of choir-instruments at the lutemaker's, the songs of the spinners at their work; and above all this rose the sound of bells, and always the echo of certain tambourines coming from away down there on the bridge of Avignon. Because, with us, when the people are happy they must dance—they must dance; and as in those days the streets were too narrow for the *farandole*, fifes and tambourines posted themselves on the bridge of Avignon in the fresh breeze of the Rhone, and day and night folks danced, they danced. Ah! the happy times! the happy town! Halberds that did not wound, prisons where the wine was put to cool; no hunger, no war. That's how the Popes of the Comtat governed their people; and that's why their people so deeply regretted them.

There was one Pope especially, a good old man called Boniface. Ah! that one, many were the tears shed in Avignon when he was dead. He was so amiable, so affable a prince! He laughed so merrily on the back of his mule! And when you passed him, were you only a poor little gatherer of madder-roots, or the grand provost of the town, he gave you his benediction so

politely! A real Pope of Yvetot, but an Yvetot of Provence, with something delicate in his laugh, a sprig of sweet marjoram in his cardinal's cap, and never a Jeanneton,—the only Jeanneton he was ever known to have, that good Father, was his vineyard, his own little vineyard which he planted himself, three leagues from Avignon, among the myrtles of Château-Neuf.

Every Sunday, after vespers, the good man paid court to his vineyard; and when he was up there, sitting in the blessed sun, his mule near him, his cardinals stretched out beneath the grapevines, he would order a flask of the wine of his own growth to be opened,—that beautiful wine, the colour of rubies, which is now called the *Château-Neuf des Papes*, and he sipped it with sips, gazing at his vineyard tenderly. Then, the flask empty, the day fading, he rode back joyously to town, the Chapter following; and when he crossed the bridge of Avignon through the tambourines and the *farandoles*, his mule, set going by the music, paced along in a skipping little amble, while he himself beat time to the dance with his cap, which greatly scandalized the cardinals but made the people say: "Ah! the good prince! Ah! the kind Pope!"

What the Pope loved best in the world, next to his vineyard of Château-Neuf, was his mule. The good man doted on that animal. Every evening before he went to bed he went to see if the stable was locked, if nothing was lacking in the manger; and never did he rise from table without seeing with his own eyes the preparation of a great bowl of wine in the French fashion with sugar and spice, which he took to his mule himself, in spite of the remarks of his cardinals. It must be said that the animal was worth the trouble. She was a handsome black mule, with reddish points, sure-footed, hide shining, back broad and full, carrying proudly her thin little head decked out with pompons and ribbons, silver bells and streamers; gentle as an angel withal, innocent eyes, and two long ears, always shaking, which gave her the look of a down-right good fellow. All Avignon respected her, and when she passed through the streets there were no civilities that the people did not pay her; for every one knew there was no better way to stand well at court, and that the Pope's mule, for all her innocent look, had led more than one man to fortune,—witness Tistet Védène and his amazing adventure.

This Tistet Védène was, in point of fact, an impudent young rogue, whom his father, Guy Védène, the goldsmith, had been forced to turn out of his house, because he would not work and only debauched the apprentices. For six months Tistet dragged his jacket through all the gutters of Avignon, but principally those near the papal palace; for the rascal has a notion in his head about the Pope's mule, and you shall now see what mischief was in it.

One day when his Holiness was riding all alone beneath the ramparts, behold our Tistet approaching him and saying, with his hands clasped in admiration:

"Ah! *mon Dieu*, Holy Father, what a fine mule you are riding! Just let me look at her. Ah! Pope, what a mule! The Emperor of Germany hasn't her equal."

And he stroked her and spoke to her softly as if to a pretty young lady:

"Come here, my treasure, my jewel, my pearl——"

And the good Pope, quite touched, said to himself:

"What a nice young fellow; how kind he is to my mule!"

And the next day what do you think happened? Tistet Védène changed his yellow jacket for a handsome lace alb, a purple silk hood, shoes with buckles; and he entered the household of the Pope, where no one had ever yet been admitted but sons of nobles and nephews of cardinals. That's what intriguing means! But Tistet was not satisfied with that.

Once in the Pope's service, the rascal continued the game he had played so successfully. Insolent to every one, he showed attentions and kindness to none but the mule, and he was always to be met with in the courtyards of the palace with a handful of oats, or a bunch of clover, shaking its pink blooms at the window of the Holy Father as if to say: "Hein! who's that for, hey?" Time and again this happened, so that, at last, the good Pope, who felt himself getting old, left to Tistet the care of looking after the stable and of carrying to the mule his bowl of wine,—which did not cause the cardinals to laugh.

Nor the mule either. For now, at the hour her wine was due she beheld half a dozen little pages of the household slipping hastily into the hay with their hoods and their laces; and then, soon after, a good warm smell of caramel and spices pervaded the stable, and Tistet Védène appeared bearing carefully the bowl of hot wine. Then the poor animal's martyrdom began.

That fragrant wine she loved, which kept her warm and gave her wings, they had the cruelty to bring it into her stall and let her smell of it; then, when her nostrils were full of the perfume, away! and the beautiful rosy liquor went down the throats of those young scamps! And not only did they steal her wine, but they were like devils, those young fellows, after they had drunk it. One pulled her ears, another her tail. Quiquet jumped on her back, Béluguet put his hat on her head, and not one of the rascals ever thought that with one good kick of her hind-legs the worthy animal could send them all to the polar star, and farther still if she chose. But no! you are not the Pope's mule for nothing—that mule of benedictions and plenary indulgences. The lads might do what they liked, she was never angry with them; it was only Tistet Védène whom she hated. He, indeed! when she felt him behind her, her hoofs itched; and reason enough too. That good-for-nothing Tistet played her such villainous tricks. He had such cruel ideas and inventions after drinking.

One day he took it into his head to make her go with him into the belfry, high up, very high up, to the peak of the palace! What I am telling you is no tale; two hundred thousand Provençal men and women saw it. Imagine the terror of that unfortunate mule, when, after turning for an hour, blindly, round a corkscrew staircase and climbing I don't know how many steps, she found herself all of a sudden on a platform blazing with light, while a thousand feet below her she saw a diminutive Avignon, the booths in the market no bigger than nuts, the Pope's soldiers moving about their barracks like little red ants, and down there, bright as a silver thread, a microscopic little bridge on which they were dancing, dancing. Ah! poor beast! what a panic! At the cry she gave, all the windows of the palace shook.

"What's the matter? what are they doing to my mule?" cried the good Pope, rushing out upon his balcony.

Tistet Védène was already in the courtyard, pretending to weep and tear his hair.

"Ah! great Holy Father, what's the matter, indeed! *Mon Dieu!* what will become of us? There's your mule gone up to the belfry."

"All alone?"

"Yes, great Holy Father, all alone. Look up there, high up. Don't you see the tips of her ears pointing out—like two swallows?"

"Mercy!" cried the poor Pope, raising his eyes. "Why, she must have gone mad! She'll kill herself! Come down, come down, you luckless thing!"

Pécaïre! she wanted nothing so much as to come down; but how? which way? The stairs? not to be thought of; they can be mounted, those things; but as for going down! why, they are enough to break one's legs a hundred times. The poor mule was in despair, and while circling round and round the platform with her big eyes full of vertigo she thought of Tistet Védène.

"Ah! bandit, if I only escape—what a kick to-morrow morning!"

That idea of a kick put some courage into her heart; without it she never could have held good.

At last, they managed to save her, but it was quite a serious affair. They had to get her down with a derrick, ropes, and a sling. You can fancy what humiliation it was for a Pope's mule to see herself suspended at that height, her four hoofs swimming in the void like a cockchafer hanging to a string. And all Avignon looking at her!

The unfortunate beast could not sleep at night. She fancied she was still turning round and round that cursèd platform while the town laughed below, and again she thought of the infamous Tistet and the fine kick of her heels she would let fly at him next day. Ah! friends, what a kick! the dust of it would be seen as far as Pampérigouste.

Now, while this notable reception was being made ready for him in the Pope's stable, what do you think Tistet Védène was about? He was descending the Rhone on a papal galley, singing as he went his way to the Court of Naples with a troop of young nobles whom the town of Avignon sent every year to Queen Jeanne to practise diplomacy and fine manners. Tistet Védène was not noble; but the Pope was bent on rewarding him for the care he had given to his mule, and especially for the activity he displayed in saving her from her perilous situation.

The mule was the disappointed party on the morrow!

"Ah! the bandit! he suspected something," she thought, shaking her silver bells. "No matter for that, scoundrel; you'll find it when you get back, that kick; I'll keep it for you!"

And she kept it for him.

After Tistet's departure, the Pope's mule returned to her tranquil way of life and her usual proceedings. No more Quiquet,

no more Béluguet in the stable. The good old days of the spiced wine came back, and with them good-humour, long siestas, and the little gavotte step as she crossed the bridge of Avignon. Nevertheless, since her adventure a certain coldness was shown to her in the town. Whisperings were heard as she passed, old people shook their heads, children laughed and pointed to the belfry. The good Pope himself no longer had quite the same confidence in his friend, and when he let himself go into a nice little nap on her back of a Sunday, returning from his vineyard, he always had this thought latent in his mind: "What if I should wake up there on the platform!" The mule felt this, and she suffered, but said nothing; only, whenever the name of Tistet Védène was uttered in her hearing, her long ears quivered, and she struck the iron of her shoes hard upon the pavement with a little snort.

Seven years went by. Then, at the end of those seven years, Tistet Védène returned from the Court of Naples. His time was not yet finished over there, but he had heard that the Pope's head mustard-bearer had died suddenly at Avignon, and as the place seemed a good one, he hurried back in haste to solicit it.

When this intriguing Védène entered the palace the Holy Father did not recognize him, he had grown so tall and so stout. It must also be said that the good Pope himself had grown older, and could not see much without spectacles.

Tistet was not abashed.

"What, great Holy Father! you don't remember me? It is I, Tistet Védène."

"Védène?"

"Why, yes, you know the one that took the wine to your mule."

"Ah! yes, yes,—I remember. A good little fellow, that Tistet Védène! And now, what do you want of me?"

"Oh! very little, great Holy Father. I came to ask—By the bye, have you still got her, that mule of yours? Is she well? Ah! good! I came to ask you for the place of the chief mustard-bearer who lately died."

"Mustard-bearer, you! Why you are too young. How old are you?"

"Twenty-two, illustrious pontiff; just five years older than your mule. Ah! palm of God, what a fine beast she is! If you only knew how I love her, that mule,—how I pined for her in Italy! Won't you let me see her?"

"Yes, my son, you shall see her," said the worthy Pope quite touched. "And as you love her so much I must have you live near her. Therefore, from this day I attach you to my person as chief mustard-bearer. My cardinals will cry out, but no matter! I'm used to that. Come and see me to-morrow, after vespers, and you shall receive the insignia of your rank in presence of the whole Chapter, and then I will show you the mule and you shall go to the vineyard with us, hey! hey!"

I need not tell you if Tistet Védène was content when he left the palace, and with what impatience he awaited the ceremony of the morrow. And yet, there was one more impatient and more content than he; it was the mule. After Védène's return, until vespers on the following day that terrible animal never ceased to stuff herself with oats, and practise her heels on the wall behind her. She, too, was preparing for the ceremony.

Well, on the morrow, when vespers were said, Tistet Védène made his entry into the papal courtyard. All the grand clergy were there; the cardinals in their red robes, the devil's advocate in black velvet, the convent abbots in their small miters, the wardens of Saint-Agrico, the violet hoods of the Pope's household, the lower clergy also, the Pope's guard in full uniform, the three penitential brotherhoods, the hermits of Mont-Ventoux, with their sullen faces, and the little clerk who walks behind them with a bell, the flagellating friars naked to the waist, the ruddy sextons in judge's gowns, all, all, down to the givers of holy water, and the man who lights and him who puts out the candles—not one was missing. Ah! it was a fine ordination! Bells, fire-crackers, sunshine, music, and always those frantic tambourines leading the *farandole* over there, on the bridge.

When Védène appeared in the midst of this great assembly, his fine bearing and handsome face sent a murmur of admiration through the crowd. He was truly a magnificent Provençal; but of the blonde type, with thick hair curling at the tips, and a dainty little beard, that looked like slivers of fine metal fallen from the chisel of his father, the goldsmith. The rumour ran that the fingers of Queen Jeanne had sometimes played in the curls of that golden beard; and, in truth, the Sieur de Védène had the self-glorifying air and the abstracted look of men that queens have loved. On this day, in order to do honour to his native town, he had substituted for his Neapolitan clothes a tunic edged with pink, *à la Provençale*, and in his hood there quivered a tall feather of the Camargue ibis.

As soon as he entered the new official bowed with a gallant air, and approached the high portico where the Pope was waiting to give him the insignias of his rank, namely, a wooden spoon and a saffron coat. The mule was at the foot of the steps, saddled and bridled, all ready to go to the vineyard; as he passed beside her, Tistet Védène smiled pleasantly, and stopped to give her a friendly pat or two on the back, glancing, as he did so, out of the corner of his eye to see if the Pope noticed it. The position was just right,—the mule let fly her heels.

"There, take it, villain! Seven years have I kept it for thee!"

And she gave him so terrible a kick,—so terrible that even at Pampérigouste the smoke was seen, a whirlwind of blonde dust, in which flew the feather of an ibis, and that was all that remained of the unfortunate Tistet Védène!

Mule kicks are not usually so destructive; but this was a papal mule; and then, just think! she had kept it for him for seven years. There is no finer example of ecclesiastical rancour.

A Ballade of Evolution

By GRANT ALLEN

IN the mud of the Cambrian main
Did our earliest ancestor dive:
From a shapeless albuminous grain
We mortals our being derive.
He could split himself up into five,
Or roll himself round like a ball;
For the fittest will always survive,
While the weakliest go to the wall.

II

As an active ascidian again
Fresh forms he began to contrive,
Till he grew to a fish with a brain,
And brought forth a mammal alive.
With his rivals he next had to strive
To woo him a mate and a thrall;
So the handsomest managed to wive,
While the ugliest went to the wall.

III

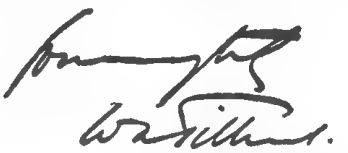
At length as an ape he was fain
The nuts of the forest to rive,
Till he took to the low-lying plain,
And proceeded his fellows to knive.
Thus did cannibal men first arrive
One another to swallow and maul;
And the strongest continued to thrive
While the weakliest went to the wall.

ENVOY

Prince, in our civilized hive,
Now money's the measure of all;
And the wealthy in coaches can drive
While the needier go to the wall.

Sweethearts

By WILLIAM SCHWENCK GILBERT



CHARACTERS

MR. PERRY SPREADBROW.
WILCOX (*a Gardener*).
MISS JENNY NORTHCOTT.
RUTH (*her Maid Servant*).

ACT I

DATE-1844

SCENE.—*The Garden of a pretty Country Villa. The house is new, and the garden shows signs of having been recently laid out; the shrubs are small, and the few trees about are moderate in size; small creepers are trained against the house; an open country in the distance; a little bridge,* L. U. E., *over a stream, forms the entrance to the garden; music in orchestra at rise of curtain*—"Love's Young Dream."

WILCOX *is discovered seated on edge of garden wheelbarrow up stage,* L., *preparing his "bass" for tying up plants. He rises and comes down with sycamore sapling in his hand; it is carefully done up in matting, and has a direction label attached to it.*

WILCOX (*reading the label*)—"For Miss Northcott, with Mr. Spreadbrow's kindest regards." "*Acer Pseudo Plantanus.*" Aye, aye! sycamore, I suppose, though it ain't genteel to say so. Humph! sycamores are common enough in these parts; there ain't no call, as I can see, to send a hundred and twenty mile for one. Ah, Mr. Spreadbrow, no go—no go; it ain't to be done with "*Acer Pseudo Plantanuses.*" Miss Jenny's sent better men nor you about their business afore this, and as you're agoin' about your'n of your own free will to-night, and a good long way too, why I says, no go, no go! If I know Miss Jenny, she's a good long job, and you've set down looking at your work too long, and now that it's come to going, you'll need to hurry it, and Miss Jenny ain't a job to be hurried over, bless her. Take another three months, and I don't say there mightn't be a chance for you, but it'll take all that—ah, thank goodness, it'll take all that!—(*Enter* JENNY *from behind the house,* R. U. E., *prepared for gardening.*)

JENNY—Well, Wilcox, what have you got there? (*He touches his forehead and gives her the sycamore.*) Not my sycamore?

WILCOX—Yes, Miss. Mr. Spreadbrow left it last night as the mail passed.

JENNY—Then he's returned already? Why, he was not expected for a week, at least.

WILCOX—He returned quite sudden last night, and left this here plant with a message that he would call at twelve o'clock to-day, Miss.

JENNY—I shall be very glad to see him. So this is really a shoot of the dear old tree!

WILCOX—Come all the way from Lunnon, too. There's lots of 'em hereabouts, Miss; I could ha' got you a armful for the asking.

JENNY—Yes, I daresay; but this comes from the dear old house at Hampstead.

WILCOX—Do it, now?

JENNY—You remember the old sycamore on the lawn where Mr. Spreadbrow and I used to sit and learn our lessons years ago?—well, this is a piece of it. And as Mr. Spreadbrow was going to London, I asked him to be so kind as to call, and tell the new people, with his compliments, that he wanted to cut a shoot from it for a young lady who had a very pleasant recollection of many very happy hours spent under it. It was an awkward thing for a nervous young gentleman to do, and it's very kind of him to have done it. (*Gives back the plant, which he places against upper porch of house,* L.) So he's coming this morning?

WILCOX—Yes, Miss, to say good-by.

JENNY (*crosses to* L. *and busies herself at stand of flowers*)—"Good-by?" "How d'ye do," you mean.

WILCOX—No, Miss, "good-by." I hear Mr. Spreadbrow's off to Injy.

JENNY—Yes; I believe he is going soon.

WILCOX—Soon? Ah, soon enough! He joins his ship at Southampton to-night—so he left word yesterday.

JENNY—To-night? No; not for some weeks yet. (*Alarmed.*)

WILCOX—To-night, Miss. I had it from his own lips, and he's coming to-day to say good-by.

JENNY (*aside*)—To-night!

WILCOX—And a good job too, say I, though he's a nice young gentleman, too.

JENNY—I don't see that it's a good job.

WILCOX—I don't want no young gentlemen hanging about here, Miss. I know what they comes arter;—they comes arter the flowers.

JENNY—The flowers? What nonsense!

WILCOX—No, it ain't nonsense. The world's a hap-hazard garden where common vegetables like me, and hardy annuals like my boys, and sour crabs like my old 'ooman, and pretty delicate flowers like you and your sisters grow side by side. It's the flowers they come arter.

JENNY—Really, Wilcox, if papa don't object I don't see what you have to do with it.

WILCOX—No, your pa' don't object; but I can't make your pa' out, Miss. Walk off with one of his tuppenny toolips and he's your enemy for life. Walk off with one of his darters and he settles three hundred a year on you. Tell'ee what, Miss: if I'd a family of grown gals like you, I'd stick a conservatory label on each of them—"Please not to touch the specimens!"—and I'd take jolly good care they didn't.

JENNY—At all events, if Mr. Spreadbrow is going away to-night you need not be alarmed on my account. I am a flower that is not picked in a minute.

WILCOX—Well said, Miss! And as he *is* going, and as you won't see him no more, I don't mind saying that a better spoken young gentleman I don't know. (*Approaching* JENNY, *who is now seated in chair* L. *of table.*) A good, honest, straight-for'ard young chap he is—looks you full in the face with eyes that seem to say, "I'm an open book—turn me over—look me through and through—read every page of me, and if you find a line to be ashamed on, tell me of it, and I'll score it through."

JENNY (*demurely*)—I daresay Mr. Spreadbrow is much as other young men are.

WILCOX—As other young men? No, no—Lord forbid, Miss! Come—say a good word for him, Miss, poor young gentleman. He's said many a good word of you, I'll go bail.

JENNY—Of me?

WILCOX—(*takes ladder which is leaning against the house and places it against upper porch of house, and, going a little way up it, speaks this speech from it*—JENNY *remains seated* L. *of table, taking off her garden gloves and looking annoyed. She takes off her hat and places it on back of* R. *chair by table*)—Aye. Why, only Toosday, when I was at work again the high road, he rides up on his little bay 'oss, and he stands talking to me over the hedge and straining his neck to catch a sight of you at a window. That was Toosday. "Well, Wilcox," says he, "it's a fine day!"—it rained hard Toosday, but it's always a fine day with him. "How's Miss Northcott?" says he. "Pretty well, sir," says I. "Pretty she always is; and well she ought to be, if the best of hearts and the sweetest of natures will do it!" Well, I knew *that*, so off I goes to another subject, and tries to interest him in drainage and subsoils and junction pipes, but no, nothin' would do for him but he must bring the talk back to *you*. So at last I gets sick of it, and I up and says: "Look'ye here, Mr. Spreadbrow," says I, "I'm only the gardener. This is Toosday and Miss Northcott's pa's in the study, and I dessay *he'll* be happy to hear what you've got to say about *her*." Lord, it'd ha' done your heart good to see how he flushed up as he stuck his spurs into the bay, and rode off fifteen miles to the hour! (*Laughing.*) That was Toosday.

JENNY (*very angrily*)—He had no right to talk about me to a servant.

WILCOX (*coming down from ladder*)—But bless you, don't be hard on him; he couldn't help it, Miss. But don't you be alarmed: he's going away to-night, for many and many a long year, and you won't never be troubled with him again. He's going with a heavy heart, take my word for it, and I see his eyes all wet, when he spoke about sayin' good-by to you; he'd the sorrow in his throat, but he's a brave lad, and he gulped it down, though it was as big as an apple. (*Ring.*) There he is. (*Going.*) Soothe him kindly, Miss—don't you be afraid; you're safe enough now—he's a good lad, and he can't do no harm now. (*Exit.* WILCOX, L. U. E., *over bridge.*)

JENNY—What does he want to go to-day for? He wasn't going for three months. He

could remain if he liked; India has gone on very well without him for five thousand years, it could have waited three months longer; but men are always in such a hurry. He might have told me before—he *would* have done so, if he really, really liked me! I wouldn't have left *him*—yes I would,—but then that's different. Well, if some people can go, some people can remain behind, and some other people will be only too glad to find *some people* out of their way! (*Enter* SPREADBROW, *followed by* WILCOX, L. U. E.) (JENNY *suddenly changes her manner, rises and crosses to* R.) Oh, Mr. Spreadbrow, how-d'ye do? Quite well? I'm so glad! Sisters quite well? That's right—how kind of you to think of my tree! So you are really and truly going to India to-night? That *is* sudden!

SPREAD.—Yes, very sudden—terribly sudden. I only heard of my appointment two days ago, in London, and I'm to join my ship to-night. It's very sudden, indeed—and—and I've come to say good-by.

JENNY—Good-by. (*Offering her hand.*)

SPREAD.—Oh, but not like that, Jenny! Are you in a hurry?

JENNY—Oh, dear no, I thought you were; won't you sit down? (*They sit*—JENNY, R., SPREADBROW, L. *of table.*) And so your sisters are quite well?

SPREAD.—Not very; they are rather depressed at my going so soon. It may seem strange to you, but they will miss me.

JENNY—I'm sure they will. I should be terribly distressed at your going—if I were your sister. And you're going for so long!

SPREAD.—I'm not likely to return for a great many years.

JENNY (*with a little suppressed emotion*). I'm so sorry we shall not see you again. Papa will be very sorry.

SPREAD.—More sorry than you will be?

JENNY—Well, no, I shall be very sorry, too—very, *very* sorry—there!

SPREAD.—How very kind of you to say so.

JENNY—We have known each other so long—so many years, and we've always been good friends, and it's always sad to say good-by for the last time (*he is delighted*) to anybody! (*He relapses.*) It's so very sad when one knows for certain that it *must* be the last time.

SPREAD.—I can't tell you how happy I am to hear you say it's so sad. But (*hopefully*) my prospects are not altogether hopeless; there's one chance for me yet. I'm happy to say I'm extremely delicate, and there's no knowing: the climate may not agree with me, and I may be invalided home? (*Very cheerfully.*)

JENNY—Oh! but that would be very dreadful.

SPREAD.—Oh yes, of course it would be dreadful, in one sense; but it—it would have its advantages. (*Looking uneasily at* WILCOX, *who is hard at work.*) Wilcox is hard at work, I see.

JENNY—Oh, yes, Wilcox is hard at work. He is very industrious.

SPREAD.—Confoundedly industrious! He is working in the sun without his hat. (*Significantly.*)

JENNY—Poor fellow.

SPREAD.—Isn't it injudicious, at his age?

JENNY—Oh, I don't think it will hurt him.

SPREAD.—I really think it will. (*He motions to her to send him away.*)

JENNY—Do you? Wilcox, Mr. Spreadbrow is terribly distressed because you are working in the sun.

WILCOX—That's mortal good of him. (*Aside, winking.*) They want me to go. All right; he can't do much harm now. (*Aloud.*) Well, sir, the sun is hot, and I'll go and look after the cucumbers away yonder, right at the other end of the garden. (WILCOX *going,* SPREADBROW *is delighted.*)

JENNY—No, no, no!—don't go away! Stop here; only, put on your hat. That's what Mr. Spreadbrow meant. (WILCOX *puts on his hat.*) There, *now* are you happy? (*To* SPREADBROW, *who looks miserable.*)

SPREAD.—I suppose it will soon be his dinner time?

JENNY—Oh, he *has* dined. You *have* dined, haven't you, Wilcox?

WILCOX—Oh, yes, Miss, *I've* dined, thank'ye kindly.

JENNY—Yes; he has dined! Oh! I quite forgot!

SPREAD.—What?

JENNY—I must interrupt you for a moment, Wilcox; I quite forgot that I promised to send some flowers to Captain Dampier this afternoon. Will you cut them for me?

WILCOX—Yes, Miss. (*Knowingly.*) Out of the conservatory, I suppose, Miss? (WILCOX *going,* SPREADBROW *again delighted.*)

JENNY—No, these will do. (*Pointing to open-air flower beds*—SPREADBROW *again disappointed.*) Stop, on second thought, perhaps you *had* better take them out of the conservatory; and cut them carefully—there's no hurry.

WILCOX (*aside*)—*I* understand! Well,

poor young chap, let him be, let him be; he's going to be turned off to-night, and his last meal may as well be a hearty one. (*Exit*, R. I E.)

SPREAD. (*rises in great delight*)—How good of you—how very kind of you!

JENNY—To send Captain Dampier some flowers?

SPREAD. (*much disappointed*)—Do you really want to send that fellow some flowers?

JENNY—To be sure I do. (*Crosses*, L.) Why should I have asked Wilcox to cut them?

SPREAD.—I thought—I was a great fool to think so—but I thought it might have been because we could talk more pleasantly alone.

JENNY—I really wanted some flowers; but as you say, we certainly can talk more pleasantly alone. (*Crosses*, R., *she busies herself with preparing the sycamore.*)

SPREAD.—I've often thought that nothing is such a check on—pleasant conversation—as the presence of—of—a gardener—who is not interested in the subject of conversation.

JENNY (*gets the tree and cuts off the matting with which it is bound, with garden scissors which she has brought with her from the table*)—Oh, but Wilcox is very interested in everything that concerns you. Do let me call him back. (*About to do so.*)

SPREAD.—No, no; not on my account!

JENNY—He and I were having quite a discussion about you when you arrived. (*Digging a hole for tree.*)

SPREAD.—About me?

JENNY—Yes; indeed we almost quarrelled about you.

SPREAD.—What, was he abusing me, then?

JENNY—Oh, no; he was speaking of you in the highest terms.

SPREAD. (*much taken aback*)—Then—*you* were abusing me!

JENNY—N—no, not exactly *that;* I—I didn't agree with all he said—(*he is much depressed, she notices this*) at least, not openly.

SPREAD. (*hopefully*)—Then you did it secretly?

JENNY—I sha'n't tell you.

SPREAD.—Why?

JENNY—Because it will make you dreadfully vain. There!

SPREAD. (*delighted*)—Very—very dreadfully vain? (*He takes her hand.*)

JENNY—Very dreadfully vain indeed. Don't! (*Withdraws her hand—during this she is digging the hole, kneeling on the edge of the flower bed, he advances to her and kneels on edge of bed near her.*)

SPREAD.—Do you know, it's most delightful to hear you say that? It's without exception the most astonishingly pleasant thing I've ever heard in the whole course of my life! (*Sees the sycamore.*) Is that the tree I brought you? (*Rises from his knees.*)

JENNY—Yes. I'm going to plant it just in front of the drawing-room window, so that I can see it whenever I look out. Will you help me? (*He prepares to do so—she puts it into the hole.*) Is that quite straight? Hold it up, please, while I fill in the earth. (*He holds it while she fills in the earth—gradually his hand slips down till it touches hers.*) It's no use, Mr. Spreadbrow, our both holding it in the same place! (*He runs his hand up the stem quickly.*)

SPREAD.—I beg your pardon—very foolish of me.

JENNY—Very.

SPREAD.—I'm very glad there will be something here to make you think of me when I'm many, many thousand miles away, Jenny. For I shall be always thinking of *you.*

JENNY—Really, now that's very nice! It will be so delightful, and so odd to know that there's somebody thinking about me right on the other side of the world!

SPREAD. (*sighing*)—Yes. It *will* be on the other side of the world!

JENNY—But that's the delightful part of it—right on the other side of the world! It will be such fun!

SPREAD.—Fun!

JENNY—Of course, the farther you are away the funnier it will seem. (*He is approaching her again.*) Now keep on the other side of the world. It's just the distance that gives the point to it. There are dozens and dozens of people thinking of me close at hand. (*She rises.*)

SPREAD. (*taking her hand*)—But not as I think of you, Jenny—dear, dear Jenny, not as I've thought of you for years and years, though I never dared tell you so till now. I can't bear to think that anybody else is thinking of you kindly, earnestly, seriously, as I think of you.

JENNY (*earnestly*)—You may be quite sure, Harry, quite, quite sure that you will be the only one who is thinking of me kindly, seriously, and earnestly (*he is delighted*) in India. (*He relapses—she withdraws her hand.*)

SPREAD.—And when this tree, that we have planted together, is a big tree, you must promise me that you will sit under it every day, and give a thought now and

then to the old playfellow who gave it to you.

JENNY—A big tree! Oh, but this little plant will never live to be a big tree, surely?

SPREAD.—Yes, if you leave it alone, it grows very rapidly.

JENNY—Oh, but I'm not going to have a big tree right in front of the drawing-room window! It will spoil the view; it will be an eyesore. We had better plant it somewhere else.

SPREAD. (*bitterly*)—No, let it be, you can cut it down when it becomes an eyesore. It grows very rapidly, but it will, no doubt, have lost all interest in your eyes long before it becomes an eyesore.

JENNY—But Captain Dampier says that a big tree in front of a window checks the current of fresh air.

SPREAD.—Oh, if Captain Dampier says so, remove it.

JENNY—Now don't be ridiculous about Captain Dampier; I've a very great respect for his opinion on such matters.

SPREAD.—I'm sure you have. You see a great deal of Captain Dampier, don't you?

JENNY—Yes, and we shall see a great deal more of him; he's going to take the Grange next door.

SPREAD. (*bitterly*)—That will be very convenient.

JENNY (*demurely*)—Very.

SPREAD. (*jealously*)—You seem to admire Captain Dampier very much.

JENNY—I think he is very good-looking. Don't you?

SPREAD.—He's well enough—for a small man.

JENNY—Perhaps he'll grow.

SPREAD.—Is Captain Dampier going to live here always?

JENNY—Yes, until he marries.

SPREAD. (*eagerly*)—Is—is he likely to marry?

JENNY—I don't know. (*Demurely.*) Perhaps he may.

SPREAD.—But whom—whom?

JENNY (*bashfully*)—Haven't you heard? I thought you knew!

SPREAD. (*excitedly*)—No, no, I don't know; I've heard nothing. Jenny—dear Jenny—tell me the truth, don't keep anything from me, don't leave me to find it out; it will be terrible to hear of it out there; and, if you have ever liked me, and I'm sure you have, tell me the whole truth at once!

JENNY (*bashfully*)—Perhaps, as an old friend, I ought to have told you before; but indeed, indeed I thought you knew. Captain Dampier is engaged to be married to—to—my cousin Emmie.

SPREAD. (*intensely relieved*)—To your cousin Emmie. Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you! Oh, my dear, dear Jenny, do—do let me take your hand. (*Takes her hand and shakes it enthusiastically.*)

JENNY—Are you going?

SPREAD.—No. (*Releasing it—much cast down.*) I was going to ask you to do me a great favour, and I thought I could ask it better if I had hold of your hand. I was going to ask you if you would give me a flower—any flower, I don't care what it is.

JENNY (*affecting surprize*)—A flower? Why, of course I will. But why?

SPREAD. (*earnestly*)—That I may take a token of you and of our parting wherever I go, that I may possess an emblem of you that I shall never—never part with, that I can carry about with me night and day wherever I go, throughout my whole life.

JENNY (*apparently much affected, crosses slowly to* R., *stoops and takes up large geranium in pot*)—Will this be too big?

SPREAD. (*disconcerted*)—But I mean a flower—only a flower.

JENNY—Oh, but do have a bunch! Wilcox shall pick you a beauty.

SPREAD.—No, no; I want you to pick it for me. I don't care what it is—a daisy will do—if *you* pick it for me!

JENNY—What an odd notion! (*Crossing to flower stand,* L., *and picking a piece of mignonette—he puts down flower pot by bed,* R.) There! (*picking a flower and giving it to him*) will that do?

SPREAD.—I can't tell you how inestimably I shall prize this flower. I will keep it while I live, and whatever good fortune may be in store for me, nothing can ever be so precious in my eyes.

JENNY—I had no idea you were so fond of flowers. Oh, do have some more!

SPREAD.—No, no—but—you must let me give you this in return; I brought it for you, Jenny dear—dear Jenny! Will you take it from me? (*Takes a rose from his buttonhole, and offers it.*)

JENNY (*amused and surprized*)—Oh yes! (*Takes it and puts it down on the table carelessly—he notices this with much emotion.*)

SPREAD.—Well, I've got to say good-by; there's no reason why it shouldn't be said at once. (*Holding out his hand.*) Good-by, Jenny!

JENNY (*cheerfully*)—Good-by! (*He stands for a moment with her hand in his—she crosses to porch,* R.)

SPREAD.—Haven't — haven't you anything to say to me?

JENNY (*after thinking it over*)—No, I don't think there's anything else. No—nothing. (*She leans against the porch—he stands over her.*)

SPREAD.—Jenny, I'm going away to-day, for years and years, or I wouldn't say what I'm going to say—at least not yet. I'm little more than a boy, Jenny; but if I were eighty, I couldn't be more in earnest—indeed I couldn't! Parting for so many years is like death to me; and if I don't say what I'm going to say before I go, I shall never have the pluck to say it after. We were boy and girl together, and—and I loved you then—and every year I've loved you more and more; and now that I'm a man, and you are nearly a woman, I—I, Jenny dear—I've nothing more to say!

JENNY—How you astonish me!

SPREAD.—Astonish you? Why, you know that I loved you.

JENNY—Yes, yes; as a boy loves a girl—but now I am a woman it's impossible that you can care for me.

SPREAD.—Impossible—because you are a woman!

JENNY—You see it's so unexpected.

SPREAD.—Unexpected?

JENNY—Yes. As children it didn't matter, but it seems so shocking for grown people to talk about such things. And then, not gradually, but all at once—in a few minutes. It's awful!

SPREAD.—Oh, Jenny, think. I've no time to delay—my having to go has made me desperate. One kind word from you will make me go away happy: without that word, I shall go in unspeakable sorrow. Jenny, Jenny, say one kind word!

JENNY (*earnestly*)—Tell me what to say?

SPREAD.—It must come from you, my darling; say whatever is on your lips—whether for good or ill—I can bear it now.

JENNY—Well, then: I wish you a very very pleasant voyage—and I hope you will be happy and prosperous—and you must take great care of yourself—and you can't think how glad I shall be to know that you think of me, now and then, in India. There!

SPREAD.—Is that all?

JENNY—Yes, I think that's all. (*Reflectively.*) Yes—that's all.

SPREAD.—Then — (*with great emotion which he struggles to suppress*) there's nothing left but to say good-by—(*Music in orchestra till end of Act, "Good-by, Sweetheart"*) and I hope you will always be happy, and that, when you marry, you will marry a good fellow who will—who will—who will—good-by! (*Exit, rapidly. JENNY watches him out—sits down, leaving the gate open—hums an air gaily—looks round to see if he is coming back—goes on humming—takes up the flower he has given her—plays with it—gradually falters, and at last bursts into tears, laying her head on the table over the flower he has given her, and sobbing violently as the Curtain falls.*)

ACT II

SCENE.—*The same as in Act I, with such additions and changes as may be supposed to have taken place in thirty years. The house, which was bare in Act I, is now entirely covered with Virginia and other creepers; the garden is much more fully planted than in Act I, and trees that were small in Act I are tall and bushy now; the general arrangement of the garden is the same, except that the sycamore planted in Act I has developed into a large tree, the boughs of which roof in the stage; the landscape has also undergone a metamorphosis, inasmuch as that which was open country in Act I is now covered with picturesque semi-detached villas, and there are indications of a large town in the distance. The month is September, and the leaves of the Virginia creepers wear their Autumn tint. Music in orchestra for rise of curtain.*

JENNY *discovered seated on a bench at the foot of the tree, and* RUTH *is standing by her side, holding a skein of cotton, which* JENNY *is winding.* JENNY *is now a pleasant-looking middle-aged lady.*

JENNY—Have you any fault to find with poor Tom?

RUTH—No, Miss, I've no fault to find with Tom. But a girl can't marry every young man she don't find fault with, can she now, Miss?

JENNY—Certainly not, Ruth. But Tom seems to think you have given him some cause to believe that you are fond of him.

RUTH (*bridling up*)—It's like his impudence, Miss, to say so! Fond of *him*, indeed!

JENNY—He hasn't said so, Ruth, but I'm quite sure he thinks so. I have noticed of late that you have taken a foolish pleasure in playing fast and loose with poor Tom, and this has made him very unhappy, very unhappy indeed, so much so that I think it is very likely that he will make up his mind to leave my service altogether.

RUTH (*piqued*)—Oh, Miss, if Tom can make up his mind to go, I'm sure *I* wouldn't stand in his way for worlds.

JENNY—But I think you would be sorry if he did.

RUTH—Oh yes, Miss, I should be sorry to part with Tom!

JENNY—Then I think it's only right to tell you that the foolish fellow talks about enlisting for a soldier, and if he does it at all, he will do it to-night.

RUTH (*with some emotion*)—Oh, Miss, for that, I do like Tom very much indeed; but if he wants to 'list, of course he's his own master, and, if he's really fond of me what does he want to go and 'list for? (*Commencing to cry.*) One would think he would like to be where he could talk to me, and look at me—odd times! I'm sure I don't want Tom to go an 'list!

JENNY—Then take the advice of an old lady, who knows something of these matters, and tell him so before it's too late—you foolish—foolish girl. Ah, Ruth, I've no right to be hard on you! I've been a young and foolish girl like yourself in my time, and I've done many thoughtless things that I've learnt to be very sorry for. I'm not reproaching you—but I'm speaking to you out of the fulness of my experience, and take my word for it, if you treat poor Tom lightly, you may live to be very sorry for it too! (*Taking her hand.*) There, I'm not angry with you, my dear, but if I'd taken the advice I'm giving you, I shouldn't be a lonely old lady at a time of life when a good husband has his greatest value. (*Ring.*) Go and see who's at the gate! (*Exit* JENNY—RUTH *goes to the gate, wiping her eyes on her apron—she opens it. Enter* SPREADBROW—*now* SIR HENRY—, L. U. E.)

SPREAD.—My dear, is this Mr. Braybrook's?

RUTH—Yes, sir.

SPREAD.—Is he at home?

RUTH—No, sir, he is not; but mistress is.

SPREAD.—Will you give your mistress my card? (*Feeling for his card case.*) Dear me, I've left my cards at home—never mind—will you tell your mistress that a gentleman will be greatly indebted to her, if she will kindly spare him a few minutes of her time? Do you think you can charge yourself with that message?

RUTH—Mistress is in the garden, sir; I'll run and tell her if you'll take a seat. (*Exit* RUTH, R. U. E.)

SPREAD.—That's a good girl. (*He sits on a seat.*) I couldn't make up my mind to pass the old house without framing an excuse to take a peep at it. (*Looks round.*) Very nice—very pretty—but, dear me, on a very much smaller scale than I fancied. Remarkable changes in thirty years! (*Rises and walks round tree, looking about and finishing his speech down stage,* L. C.) Why, the place is a town, and a railway runs right through it! And this is really the old garden in which I spent so many pleasant hours? Poor little Jenny!—I wonder what's become of her? Pretty little girl, but with a tendency to stoutness; if she's alive, I'll be bound she's fat. So this is Mr. Braybrook's, is it? I wonder who Braybrook is—I don't remember any family of that name hereabouts. (*Looking off.*) This, I suppose, is Mrs. Braybrook. Now, how in the world am I to account for my visit? (*Enter* JENNY—*she curtseys formally, he bows.*) I beg your pardon, I hardly know how to explain this intrusion. Perhaps I had better state my facts, they will plead my apology:—I am an old Indian civilian, who, having returned to England after many years' absence, is whiling away a day in his native place, and amusing himself with polishing old memories—bright enough once, but sadly tarnished—sadly tarnished!

JENNY—Indeed? May I hope that you have succeeded?

SPREAD.—Indifferently well — indifferently well. The fact is, I hardly know where I am, for all my old landmarks are swept away; I assure you I am within the mark, when I say that this house is positively the only place I can identify.

JENNY—The town has increased very rapidly of late.

SPREAD.—Rapidly! When I left, there were not twenty houses in the place, but (*politely*) that was long before your time. I left a village, I find a town—I left a beadle, I find a mayor and corporation—I left a pump, I find a statue to a borough member. The inn is a "Palace Hotel Company—" the almshouse a county jail—the pound is a police station, and the Common a colony of semi-detached bungalows! Everything changed, including myself—everything new, except myself—ha, ha!

JENNY—I shall be glad to offer you any assistance in my power. I should be a good guide, for I have lived here thirty-two years!

SPREAD.—Thirty-two years! Is it possible? Then surely I ought to know you? (*He feels for his glasses.*) My name is Spreadbrow—Sir Henry Spreadbrow!

JENNY—Spreadbrow! (*Putting on spectacles.*) Is it possible? Why, my very dear old friend (*offering both her hands*) don't you recollect me?

SPREAD. (*he puts on his double eye-glass,*

takes both her hands)—God bless me!—is it possible!—and this is really you!—you don't say so! Dear me, dear me! Well, well, well! I assure you I am delighted, most unaffectedly delighted, to renew our friendship! (*Shaking hands again—they sit under tree,* C.—*look at each other curiously.*)

SPREAD. (L.)—Not changed a bit. My dear Jane, you really must allow me. (*They shake hands again.*) And now tell me, how is Mr. Braybrook?

JENNY (R., *rather surprized*)—Oh, Mr. Braybrook is very well; I expect him home presently; he will be very glad to see you, for he has often heard me speak of you.

SPREAD.—Has he indeed? It will give me the greatest—the very greatest possible pleasure, believe me (*very emphatically*) to make his acquaintance.

JENNY (*still surprized at his emphatic manner*)—I'm sure he will be delighted.

SPREAD.—Now tell me all about yourself. Any family?

JENNY (*puzzled*)—I beg your pardon?

SPREAD.—Any family?

JENNY—Mr. Braybrook?

SPREAD.—Well—yes——

JENNY—Mr. Braybrook is a bachelor.

SPREAD.—A bachelor? Then let me understand—am I not speaking to Mrs. Braybrook?

JENNY—No, indeed you are not! Ha, ha! (*Much amused.*) Mr. Braybrook is my nephew; the place belongs to him now.

SPREAD.—Oh! Then, my dear Jane, may I ask who you are?

JENNY—I am not married——

SPREAD.—Not married!

JENNY—No; I keep house for my nephew.

SPREAD.—Why, you don't mean to sit there and look me in the face and tell me, after thirty years, that you are still Jane Northbrook?

JENNY (*rather hurt at the mistake*)—Northcott.

SPREAD.—Northcott, of course. I beg your pardon—I should have said Northcott. And you are not Mrs. Braybrook? You are not even married! Why, what were they about—what were they about? Not married! Well, now, do you know, I am very sorry to hear that. I am really more sorry and disappointed than I can tell you. (*She looks surprized and rather hurt.*) You'd have made an admirable wife, Jane, and an admirable mother. I can't tell you how sorry I am to find that you are still Jane Northbrook—I should say, Northcott.

JENNY—The same in name — much changed in everything else. (*Sighing.*)

SPREAD.—Changed? Not a bit—I won't hear of it. I knew you the moment I saw you? We are neither of us changed. Mellowed, perhaps—a little mellowed, but what of that? Who shall say that the blossom is pleasanter to look upon than the fruit? Not I for one, Jane—not I for one.

JENNY—Time has dealt very kindly with us, but we're old folks now, Henry Spreadbrow. (*Rises and goes down a little,* R.)

SPREAD.—I won't allow it, Jane—I won't hear it. (*Rises.*) What constitutes youth? A head of hair? Not at all; I was as bald as an egg at five-and-twenty—babies are always bald. Eyesight? Some people are born blind. Years? Years are an arbitrary impertinence. Am I an old man, or you an old woman, because the earth contrives to hurry round the sun in three hundred and sixty-five days? Why, Saturn can't do it in thirty years. If I had been born on Saturn I should be two years old, ma'am—a public nuisance in petticoats. Let us be thankful that I was not born on Saturn. No—no, as long as I can ride to cover twice a week, walk my five-and-twenty miles without turning a hair, go to bed at twelve, get up at six, turn into a cold tub and like it, I'm a boy, Jane—a boy—a boy!

JENNY—And you are still unmarried.

SPREAD.—I? Oh dear, yes—very much so. No time to think of marriage. Plenty of opportunity, mind, but no leisure to avail myself of it. I've had a bustling time of it I assure you, Jane, working hard at the Bar and on the Bench, with some success—with some success; (*sits again*) and now that I've done my work, I throw myself back in my easy chair, fold my hands, cross my legs, and prepare to enjoy myself. Life is before me, and I'm going to begin it. Ha, ha! And so we are really Jane Northcott still?

JENNY—Still Jane Northcott.

SPREAD.—I'm indignant to hear it—I assure you that I am positively indignant to hear it. You would have made some fellow so infernally happy; (*rises*) I'm sorry for that fellow's sake; I don't know him, but still I am sorry. Ah, I wish I had remained in England. I do wish, for the very first time since I left it, that I had remained in England.

JENNY—Indeed! And why!

SPREAD.—Why? Because I should have done my best to remove that reproach from society. I should indeed, Jane! Ha, ha! After all, it don't much matter, for you wouldn't have had me. Oh, yes! you had no idea of it; but, do you know, I've a great

mind to tell you—I *will* tell you. Do you know I was in love with you at one time? Boy and girl, you know—boy and girl. Ha, ha! *you'd* no idea of it, but I was!

JENNY (*in wonder*)—Oh, yes; I knew it very well.

SPREAD. (*much astonished*)—You knew it? You knew that I was attached to you!

JENNY—Why, of course I did!

SPREAD.—Did you, indeed! Bless me, you don't say so! Now that's amazingly curious. Leave a woman alone to find *that* out! It's instinctive, positively instinctive. Now, my dear Jane, I'm a very close student of human nature, and in pursuit of that study I should like above all things to know by what signs you detected my secret admiration for you. (*Takes her hand.*)

JENNY—Why, bless the man! There was no mystery in the matter! You told me all it!

SPREAD.—I told you all about it?

JENNY—Certainly you did—here in this garden.

SPREAD.—That I admired you—loved you?

JENNY—Most assuredly! Surely you've not forgotten it. (*He drops her hand.*) *I* haven't.

SPREAD.—I remember that I had the impertinence to be very fond of you. I forgot that I had the impertinence to tell you so. I remember it now. I made a fool of myself. I remember it by that. I told you that I adored you, didn't I?—that you were as essential to me as the air I breathed—that it was impossible to support existence without you—that your name should be the most hallowed of earthly words, and so forth. Ha, ha! my dear Jane, before I'd been a week on board I was saying the same thing to a middle-aged governess whose name has entirely escaped me. (*She has exhibited signs of pleasure during the earlier part of this speech, and disappointment at the last two lines.*) What fools we make of ourselves!

JENNY—And of others!

SPREAD.—Oh, I meant it, Jane; I meant every word I said to you.

JENNY—And the governess?

SPREAD.—And the governess! I would have married you, Jane.

JENNY—And the governess?

SPREAD.—And the governess! I'd have married *her*, if she had accepted me—but she didn't. Perhaps it was as well—she was a widow with five children—I cursed my destiny at the time, but I've forgiven it since; I talked of blowing out my brains. I'm glad I didn't do it, as I've found them useful in my profession. Ha! ha! (*Looking round, crossing to* R.—JENNY *stands* C., *watching him, her back to the audience.*) The place has changed a good deal since my time—improved—improved—we've all three improved. I don't quite like this tree though—it's in the way. What is it? A kind of beech, isn't it?

JENNY—No, it's a sycamore.

SPREAD.—Ha! I don't understand English trees—but it's a curious place for a big tree like this, just outside the drawing-room window. Isn't it in the way?

JENNY—It *is* rather in the way.

SPREAD.—I don't like a tree before a window, it checks the current of fresh air—don't you find that?

JENNY—It *does* check the current of fresh air.

SPREAD.—Then the leaves blow into the house in Autumn, and that's a nuisance—and besides, it impedes the view.

JENNY—It is certainly open to those objections.

SPREAD.—Then cut it down, my dear Jane. (*Crossing round behind tree to* L.) Why don't you cut it down?

JENNY—Cut it down! I wouldn't cut it down for worlds. That tree is identified in my mind with many happy recollections. (*Sits.*)

SPREAD.—Remarkable, the influence exercised by associations over a woman's mind. Observe—you take a house, mainly because it commands a beautiful view. You apportion the rooms principally with reference to that view. You lay out your garden at great expense to harmonize with that view, and, having brought that view into the very best of all possible conditions for the full enjoyment of it, you allow a gigantic and wholly irrelevant tree to block it all out for the sake of the sentimental ghost of some dead-and-gone sentimental reality! Take my advice and have it down. If I had had anything to do with it, you would never have planted it. I shouldn't have allowed it!

JENNY—You had so much to do with it that it was planted there at your suggestion.

SPREAD.—At mine? Never saw it before in my life.

JENNY—We planted it together thirty years ago—the day you sailed for India.

SPREAD.—It appears to me that that was a very eventful day in my career. We planted it together? I have no recollection of having ever planted a gigantic sycamore anywhere. And we did it together! Why, it would take a dozen men to move it.

JENNY—It was a sapling then—you cut it for me.

SPREAD. (*suddenly and with energy*)—From the old sycamore in the old garden at Hampstead! Why, I remember; I went to London expressly to get it for you. (*Laughing—sitting on her left.*) And the next day I called to say good-by, and I found you planting it, and I helped; and as I was helping I found an opportunity to seize your hand. (*Does so.*) I grasped it—pressed it to my lips—(*does so*) and said: "My dear, dear Jenny," (*he drops her hands suddenly*) and so forth. Never mind *what* I said—but I meant it—I meant it! (*Laughs heartily—she joins him, but her laughter is evidently forced—eventually she shows signs of tears which he doesn't notice.*) It all comes back with a distinctness which is absolutely photographic. I begged you to give me a flower—you gave me one—a sprig of geranium.

JENNY—Mignonette.[1]

SPREAD.—*Was* it mignonette? I think you're right—it was mignonette. I seized it—pressed it to my trembling lips—placed it next my fluttering heart, and swore that come what might I would never never part with it! I wonder what I did with that flower!—and then I took one from my button hole—begged you to take it—you took it, and—ha, ha, ha!—you threw it down carelessly on the table, and thought no more about it, you heartless creature—ha, ha, ha! Oh, I was very angry! I remember it perfectly; it was a camellia.

JENNY (*half crying—aside*)—Not a camellia, I think.

SPREAD.—Yes, a camellia, a large white camellia.

JENNY—I don't think it was a camellia; I rather think it was a rose.

SPREAD.—Nonsense, Jane—come, come, you hardly looked at it, miserable little flirt that you were; and you pretend, after thirty years, to stake your recollection of the circumstance against mine? No, no, Jane, take my word for it, it was a camellia.

JENNY—I'm sure it was a rose!

SPREAD.—No, I'm sure it was a camellia.

JENNY (*in tears*)—Indeed—indeed it was a rose. (*Produces a withered rose from a pocket-book—he is very much impressed—looks at it and at her, and seems much affected.*)

SPREAD.—Why, Jane, my dear Jane, you don't mean to say that this is the very flower?

JENNY—That is the very flower! (*Rising.*)

SPREAD.—Strange! You seemed to attach no value to it when I gave it to you, you threw it away as something utterly insignificant; and when I leave, you pick it up, and keep it for thirty years! (*Rising.*) My dear Jane, how like a woman!

JENNY—And you seized the flower I gave you—pressed it to your lips, and swore that wherever your good or ill-fortune might carry you, you would never part with it; and—and you quite forget what became of it! My dear Harry, how like a man!

SPREAD.—I was deceived, my dear Jane—deceived! I had no idea that you attached so much value to my flower.

JENNY—We were both deceived, Henry Spreadbrow.

SPREAD.—Then is it possible that in treating me as you did, Jane, you were acting a part?

JENNY—We were both acting parts—but the play is over, and there's an end of it. (*With assumed cheerfulness, crossing to* L.) Let us talk of something else.

SPREAD.—No, no, Jane, the play is *not* over—we will talk of nothing else—the play is not nearly over. (*Music in orchestra, "John Anderson, My Jo."*) My dear Jane—(*rising, and taking her hand*) my very dear Jane—believe me, for I speak from my hardened old heart: so far from the play being over, the serious interest is only just beginning. (*He kisses her hand—they walk towards the house.*)

SLOW CURTAIN

THE BANKER'S BURDEN

Delight thy soul by borrowing, and leave to the lenders the cramp they get in their fingers by bending them to handle the reckoning counters.

Greek Anthology.

Gifts

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON

NOW that Christmas and New Year are at a safe distance, and one can speak without suspicion of personality, I have a word to say of gifts. It is said, that the world is in a state of bankruptcy, that the world owes the world more than the world can pay, and ought to go into chancery, and be sold. I do not think this general insolvency which involves in some sort all the population, the reason of the difficulty annually or oftener experienced in bestowing gifts; since it is always so pleasant to be generous, but very vexatious to pay debts. But the obstacle lies in the difficulty of choosing; if at any time it comes to me with force that a present is due from me to somebody, I am puzzled what to give, until the opportunity is gone. Flowers and fruits are always fit presents; flowers, because they are a proud assertion that a ray of beauty outvalues all the utilities of the world; and fruits, because they are the flower of commodities, and at once admit of fantastic values being attached to them.

If a man should send to me to come a hundred miles to visit him, and should set before me a basket of fine summer fruit, I should think there was some proportion between the labour and the reward. For common gifts, necessity makes pertinences and beauty every day, and one is thankful when an imperative leaves him no option, since if the man at the door have no shoes, you have not to think whether you could procure him a paint-box. And as it is always pleasing to see a man eat bread or drink water in the house or out of doors, so it is always a great satisfaction to supply these first wants. Necessity does everything well. Also I have heard a friend say, that the rule for a gift was, to convey to some person that which properly belonged to their character, and was easily associated with them in thought. But our tokens of compliment and love are for the most part barbarous.

Rings and jewels are not gifts, but apologies for gifts. The only gift is a portion of thyself. Thou must bleed for me. Therefore the poet brings his poem; the shepherd his lamb; the farmer, corn; the miner, a stone; the painter, his picture; the girl, a handkerchief of her own sewing. This is right, and we feel a profound pleasure, for it restores society in so far to its primary basis, when a man's biography is conveyed in his gift, and every man's wealth is an index of his merit. But it is a cold, lifeless business when you go to the shops to buy me something which does not represent your life and talent to me, but a goldsmith's. This is fit for kings, and rich men who represent kings, and a false state of property, to make presents of gold and silver stuffs, as a kind of symbolical sin-offering and payment of tribute.

But this matter of gifts is delicate, and requires careful sailing, or rude boats. It is not the office of a man to receive gifts. How dare you give them? We ask to be self-sustained, nothing less; we hate to receive a gift. We hate the hand that feeds us; we can receive anything from love, for that is a way of receiving it from ourselves, but not from any one who assumes to bestow. We hate the animal food which we eat, because there seems something of degrading dependence in living by it.

"Brother, if Jove to thee a present make,
Take heed that from his hands thou nothing take."

We ask all; nothing less than all will content us. We quarrel with society, and rightfully, as we think, if it do not give us love also, love and reverence and troops of friends.

Who is up so high as to receive a gift well? We are either glad or sorry at a gift, and both emotions are unbecoming. Some violence I think is done, some degradation borne, when I rejoice or grieve at a gift. I am sorry when my independence is invaded, or when a gift comes from such as

do not know my spirit, and so the act is not supported; and if the gift pleases me overmuch, then I should be ashamed that the donor should read my heart, and see that I love his commodity and not him. The gift to be true must be the flowing of the giver unto me, correspondent to my flowing unto him. When the waters are at level, then my goods pass to him, and his to me. All his are mine, all mine his. I say to him, How can you give me this pot of oil, or this flagon of wine, when all your oil and wine is mine, which belief of mine this gift of yours seems to deny? Hence the fitness of beautiful, not useful things for gifts.

This giving is flat usurpation, and therefore when the beneficiary is ungrateful, as all beneficiaries hate all Timons, not at all considering the value of the gift, but looking back to the greater store it was taken from, I rather sympathize with the beneficiary than with the anger of my Lord Timon. For the expectation of gratitude is mean, and is continually punished by total insensibility. And truly considered, it is a great happiness to get off without injury and heart-burning from one who has had the ill luck to be served by you. It is very onerous business, this of being served, and the debtor naturally wishes to give you a slap. A golden text for these gentlemen is that which I so admire in the Buddhist, who never thanks, and who says, "Do not flatter your benefactors."

But the reason of these discords I take to be that there is no commensurability between a man and any gift. You cannot give anything to a magnanimous person. After you have served him, he at once puts you in debt by his magnanimity. The service a man renders his friend is trivial and selfish, compared with the service he knows his friend stood in readiness to yield him, alike before he had begun to serve his friend and now also. Compared with that great good-will I bear my friend, the benefit it is in my power to render him seems small. Besides, our action on each other, good as well as evil, is so random and remote. We can seldom hear the acknowledgments of any person who would thank us for a benefit, without some shame and humiliation, for we feel that it was not direct, but incidental. We can seldom strike a direct stroke, but must be content with an oblique one; I mean, we seldom have the satisfaction of yielding a direct benefit, which is directly received. But rectitude scatters favours all around without knowing it, and receives with wonder the thanks of people.

I like to see that we cannot be bought and sold. The best of hospitality and of generosity is also not in the will, but in fate. I find that I am not much to you; you do not need me; you do not feel me; then am I thrust out of doors, though you proffer me house and lands. No services are of any value, but likeness only. When I have attempted to join myself to others by services, it proved an intellectual trick, no more. They eat your services like apples, and leave you out. But love them, and they feel you, and delight in you all the time.

Night and Morning

THE great brightness of the burning of the stars,
Little frightened love,
Is like your eyes,
When in the heavy dusk
You question the dark blue shadows,
Fearing an evil.

Below the night
The one clear line of dawn;
As it were your head
Where there is one golden hair,
Though your hair is very brown.

Arabic School of Ebn-el-Moatlaz (9th century). MATHERS.

So They Say

Ex-Marine Insurance Sales-Agent:
wiring his office from Miami after the September hurricane

"Three of our sea-sleds sunk. Two off the breakwater and one on display in the window of Pearse's salesroom, Main Street."

Mal Daugherty:
when asked, in the trial of the ex-Attorney General, if the former "storekeeper", Jess W. Smith, was really a politician

"He done everything needed."

Giulio Gatti-Cassaza:
General Manager, Metropolitan Opera House, when asked if he would put on a special opera production for Queen Marie of Rumania

"Any performance at the Metropolitan Opera House is good enough for any Queen."

Jane T. Stoddart:
Assistant Editor, British Weekly

"Personally, I should never regard any woman as a Christian citizen who was not punctual in the settlement of tradesmen's bills."

A Woman Bridge-player:
confides her method

"When I have a good hand I bid 'no-trumps'; but when it isn't so good I make it 'without'."

Very Rev. William Ralph Inge:
Dean of St. Paul's—who declares England has for a hundred years "stood between America and any project of European coalition"

"If the British flag was hauled down on the North American continent, it is more than possible that the nations of Europe, enraged by the bloated prosperity and airs of superiority of 'the man who won the war,' would combine to draw Shylock's teeth."

George Fitzgeorge:
cousin of the Prince of Wales, who retired from the British Navy as a Lieut.-Commander after fifteen years' service, and opened a dressmaking shop in London—where he made $15,000 the first year

"Of course, life is different in a dressmaker's shop from that on a battleship. Discipline, for instance, is not the same."

Edward F. Miller:
Professor, Mechanical Engineering, Mass. Institute of Technology

"It seems likely that within a few years cool rooms, in which to work and live in hot weather, will be considered just as much a necessity as warm homes and buildings are in winter."

Rev. Henry A. Coolidge:
distant cousin of the President; Congregational minister of Union, Conn.,—who runs a garage, mends clocks and sewing-machines, and, in emergencies, pulls teeth

"Instead of making a (pastoral) call and saying nice things, I work when I can. What's the use of getting up in the pulpit and preaching something I can't do myself? I preach with my hands."

Timothy A. Smiddy:
Irish Free State Minister to the United States

"It is wrong to think of the Ireland of to-day as the sad land of two decades ago. She is no longer a sad country, but a happy one—as happy and contented as any country in Europe."

CHAMPION TALK

"BOBBY" JONES:
Losing to Von Elm in the Nat. Amateur golf tournament—though he had won the open and the English Championships

"I learned how to get used to those things."

W. T. TILDEN, JR.:
After losing to Cochet in the National Tennis Championship—when he had been champion of the world since 1920

"We all get it."

MILLE GADE CORSON:
"The only mother to swim the English Channel"

"I was thinking of how many dishes I'd have to wash if I didn't make it."

GENE TUNNEY:
New heavyweight "champ"

"I'd heard a lot about Dempsey as a killer but . . . I'd never seen any graveyard he had helped to fill."

RICHARD BUHLIG:
American pianist

"The test of an artist to-day is in Berlin and New York. These are the two most hard-boiled publics."

SIR OLIVER LODGE:
British scientist and spiritualist

"Whatever aspects the universe may have, it does not seem to suffer from dulness."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH:
author, editor, professor, lecturer

"There is no such thing as a 'dangerous' woman; there are only susceptible men."

CALVIN COOLIDGE:
President of the United States

"Our first duty is to ourselves."

FRANK BRANCH RILEY:
of Oregon; traveler and lecturer

"In New England, where the universities rub elbows, . . . I find that the very first question asked you is, 'What do you know?' . . . Then we go into the South, the romantic South of colour and cotton, manners and hospitality, and I find the first question of importance is 'Who are you?' In New York it is, 'How much have you got?' But out here in my West and yours the eager question is, 'What can you do?'"

LEE K. FRANKEL:
Health, charities and insurance expert

"I predict that within the next ten or twenty years we shall see no need for relief for destitution, with industrial conditions as they are at present, and with every able-bodied person able to earn a living at good wages."

RT. REV. WILLIAM T. MANNING:
P. E. Bishop of New York,—returning after having looked over St. Paul's, Chartres, Amiens and all the "principal cathedrals of England, France, Italy and Switzerland"

"Marvelous as the cathedrals of the old world are, I believe the Cathedral of St. John the Divine will be one of the most glorious of them all."

AKIO KASAMO:
Former High Commissioner from Japan at Constantinople

"No other country nas changed so radically since the Great War as have Turkey and Russia."

ABIE BROMFIELD:
Eskimo dog-driver, on his first visit to New York, considers our women

"Don't they get enough to eat?
"So beautiful as I never saw before, but oh, my! so thin, like hungry Eskimo boys . . . maybe I like to marry a New York girl,—but I take her one year first, you bet you, and I give her plenty fried pork to eat. I fatten her up so she's dam fat and a good wife for the best dog-driver this side of the North Pole."

REV. H. F. B. MACKAY:
Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral

"The family of the lower middle class is now being reduced to one child and a motor-car."

LUIS ANGEL FIRPO:
Argentine heavyweight prize-fighter

"I know enough for prize-fighting. I know how to say a thousand dollars in ten languages."

REBECCA WEST:
Irish novelist, in "Harper's"

"Sexual and economic problems are the natural diet of the soul of man."

HON. MR. JUSTICE EVE:
Judge of Chancery Division, High Court, London—trying a case of disputed copyright on a book produced by a medium in "automatic writing" at "spirit dictation"

"I have no jurisdiction beyond the country in which we live; and as the parties in this case seem honestly to believe the true originator of the writings in question was one who is no longer an inhabitant of this world" (the spirit author), "I am unable to include him in the copyright."

ERICH VON STROHEIM:
German motion-picture director

"When I saw how the censors mutilated my picture, 'Greed,' which I did really with my entire heart, I abandoned all my ideals to create real art pictures. I make films to order from now on. . . . If a picture is liked by the majority of the public, it is proof to me that this picture is bad."

VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN:
Russian pianist, who has been playing in concerts for fifty-seven years

"When I was young, I was an earnest student of mineralogy. . . . For a long time I carried the gem stones about with me, spreading them on the piano, and trying to translate their sparkle and brilliance into terms of sound."

J. R. MILES:
Prosperous California rancher, who went to prison rather than send his children to high school—which he said taught them drinking, gambling and other vices

"All right, Judge. But you might just as well send me now, because I'll never let my sons go to high school under present conditions."

JACQUES DEVAL:
French writer

"New York is the saddest and most exhausting city in the world . . . no birds on the roofs, no dogs in the street, no cats in the doorways, no flowers in the windows, no smiles on the faces of the inhabitants. . . . Women pass by who are beautiful, accompanied by men young and handsome, but the Latin anxiety to please at any cost does not exist."

REV. WILLIAM NORMAN GUTHRIE:
Rector of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouverie, returning from the Holy Land

"A River Jordan Shepherd gave me some interesting facts, though, to be sure, he stole my overcoat. But the three words of Aramaic I got from him gave me a new insight into the Shepherd Christ, and were worth the price."

CAPTAIN A. MURDOCK:
A London arbiter of fashions for men

"Men's excursions into the field of colour will be strictly confined to daytime clothes, since women will never sanction men's wearing bright colours in the evening. Men must remain in their black evening clothes—the frame, as it were, to the conglomeration of colour which is the privilege of the fair sex.
"Silver-blue, tan and cedar will be big colours this season in worsted and cashmere for lounge suits, while Eton grays and Harrow blue will be strong in flannels."

DOROTHY DIX:
Journalist and author

"No woman is called upon to make a life-saving station of herself for any man."

J. J. CORNELIUS:
Former professor of philosophy, Lucknow University, India

"We have just enough religion to hate each other devoutly, but not enough to love."

ROSA PONSELLE:
dramatic soprano, explains that, so far as marriage is concerned, she is waiting for "Mr. Right Man"

"He must be an American and a business man. There is something about the American business man that is very fetching. And he must be romantic and an ardent lover of music and beauty."

THOMAS A. EDISON:
The "Grand Old Man" of Electrical development

"Radio is a highly complicated machine in the hands of people who know nothing about it."

HENRY KELLAR MURPHY:
Architect, after visiting Peking

"I feel that the Forbidden City is the finest group of buildings in the world."

SAMUEL MCGOWAN:
Chief Highway Commissioner of South Carolina

"Unofficial signs placed along the roadside either attract attention or they do not. If they do not, they are useless. If they do, they are dangerous, because every driver needs to have his time and attention and thought and eyesight all concentrated on the one idea of proceeding safely."

LEWIS W. FLAUNLACHER:
Real-estate operator of New York

"Uncanny as it may seem, I firmly believe that we shall see, in this wonderful mid-town section of Manhattan, buildings erected that will be one hundred stories high."

REV. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK:
Pastor of the Park Ave. Baptist Church, N. Y., returning from travels in the Near East

"The impossibility of deliberate propaganda for Christianity (under the new Turkish laws) and the confining of the work of the colleges to teaching curriculum subjects, while religious influence is spread by diffusion rather than by proselytism, has in the end worked benefit rather than harm."

JOHN W. HAHN:
Secretary of Garment Retailers' Association

"More than fifty per cent. of the women patrons of the ready-to-wear departments have the curves that were popular a generation ago, and they don't want the flapper stuff at all."

L. P. JACKS:
Author; Principal of Manchester College, Oxford

"Will the time ever come when man has no more questions to ask, and when the note of interrogation will retire universally in favour of the full-stop?"

RAYMOND PEARL:
Professor of biology, Johns Hopkins Medical School; author, lecturer, editor, statistician

"The moderate drinker has a slightly better expectation of life than the total obstainer."

AMANDA HEPPNER:
Dean of women, University of Nebraska, asked about "moral menaces"

"Drinking causes all the other troubles" (in such a co-educational institution).

MAXIMILIAN TOCH:
Hon. professor industrial chemistry, Peking Technical College

"Chinese students are a splendid type of youth, and I would say from my own observations of a higher average than the college students of America."

PHILIP TOBIN:
Adds a new plea when arraigned in a Long Island City court for speeding

"I was going fast because my corns hurt.
"Whenever it's going to rain, my corns hurt—and I wanted to beat the rain home."

LILLIAN HUSTEIN:
Co-chairman of the Charm School in Chicago Trade Union College

"Lectures will be given on charm in dress, charm in interior decoration. Charm in budgeting an income, in good literature, in health, and friendship."

VISCOUNT GREY:
Former British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs

"The man who gets as a basis a good general education, is the man who will make the best specialist later."

GEORGE B. SEITZ:
Canadian cinema director

"France passed a law some time ago limiting rent increases to 100 per cent., except in the case of foreigners, who might be legally charged any rent the landlord pleased. But, she soon had to repeal this . . . for French landlords would rent to foreigners and nobody else."

MARIA BAZZI:
Italian actress and producer, who read Mussolini's play, "Gentlemen, We Begin"

"I sent it back to the Premier to be rewritten—the last act was terrible."

The Real Birthday of Dorante

By ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY

Yours Sincerely
Arthur Sherburne Hardy

IT WAS the 15th of November. A fine rain had been falling all day, filling the hollows of the asphalt with shining pools and covering the sidewalks with a glistening surface of reflected lights. On account of this rain Inspector Joly had ordered a cab, for Madame Joly was wearing her best dress, it being the anniversary of their marriage, which they always observed by dining at the Fountain of Health. Twenty years before, on the 15th of November, the rain fell as it was falling to-night. It had not mattered then and it did not matter now, the 15th of November being still a door through which Madame Joly passed in a kind of trance, indifferent to the weather.

As it was always possible that some professional duty should interfere with this annual pilgrimage to the Fountain of Health, Madame Joly heard with relief her husband's key turning in the lock, as usual, at six o'clock. But at seven, as she was drawing on her gloves and M. Joly was about to put out the lights, the tinkle of the doorbell and a note left by a messenger filled her with alarm.

For three months M. Joly had been engaged in a relentless search for a band of counterfeiters who had given the Bank of France no small concern. Only the week before had he succeeded in locating their workshop in the cellar of the Restaurant des Tournelles, Place des Vosges; but as the chief of this band was absent from Paris, the execution of the plan formed for their capture was awaiting the information of his return. As luck would have it, this information arrived on the evening of the 15th of November, precisely as M. Joly was extinguishing the gas.

The note read as follows:—

He has returned, and can be taken to-night at a rendezvous in the Restaurant des Tournelles—which is being watched. PICHON.

They were standing in the vestibule. The cab was at the door. It had been impossible for Madame Joly not to see the word "Urgent" written on the corner of the envelope, as it was impossible for M. Joly not to see that the unconcern with which she waited while he was breaking the seal was really the heroic determination to endure disappointment without complaint. She was looking exceedingly pretty in her new furs; a little less slender, but otherwise exactly like the woman of twenty years ago. One would as soon strike an angel from God as disappoint a woman waiting to be loved. One of the reasons for adoring this woman was her forbearance under circumstances which would have justified one of less patience and confidence in asking questions.

M. Joly folded the note, tucked it carefully in the pocket of his white waistcoat, and said:—

"Come, let us be going."

At the foot of the three long flights of winding stairs, as he was holding the umbrella over Madame Joly while she was crossing the sidewalk to the cab, a passing policeman, his short cape dripping in the rain, recognized him and touched his hat. This simple gesture was like a hand placed upon his shoulder. Instantly awoke in him the instinct of the inspector, and under the uncontrollable impulse born of this sudden apparition of the symbol of authority and duty, he said to the driver:—

"Restaurant des Tournelles, Place des Vosges."

Even before he had taken his seat this

impulse, as short-lived as it had been strong, vanished, and he realized that he, Inspector Joly, the man of method and resource, had lost his head. In the vestibule he had put inclination before duty, for the sake of a woman. On the sidewalk he had put duty before inclination, at the expense of one. These two irreconcilable acts plunged him in the depths of contradiction and indecision. If the first was a crime, the second was a folly. He was too gallant to lay upon the woman beside him the blame for yielding to inclination. He was too just to hold his innocent subordinate responsible for entangling her in the meshes of duty.

"The devil!" he said to himself, "I have made a mess of it."

Before turning into Rue Saint-Jacques it became evident to Madame Joly that he was thinking profoundly of something—and again she refrained. She also was thinking of something, and it was pleasant to believe that that something which absorbed him was the same memory which quickened the beating of her own heart. But when, after crossing the Pont d'Arcole, the cab turned along the quays to the right, she murmured:—

"He is taking the wrong direction."

M. Joly was at that instant on the verge of confession. He was saying to himself: "After all, a date has no real importance. Why be a slave to a calendar? The year has three hundred and sixty-five days, but the three-hundred-and-sixty-fifth has no value not possessed by the others. Besides, there is leap-year, which disarranges everything. We might have been married on the 29th of February! Decidedly, anniversaries should be regulated by sentiment, not by Pope Gregory XIII." He remembered also that Madame Joly was as reasonable as she was pretty.

If she had remained silent a second longer, purpose would have been converted into action, and he would have confided to her these reflections. Unfortunately her interruption, in itself so natural and so innocent, like an unexpected jolt deranged so completely his mental process that he followed mechanically the direction of the cab instead of his thought, and said:—

"We are going to another place."

Much to the dismay of the curé of Saint-Médard, M. Joly had always contended that in order thoroughly to realize the meaning of any commandment of the Decalogue one must first break it. He now perceived that this reasoning applied also to proverbs. He saw clearly why the first step is so costly; "and the second," he thought, "is still more so—to a certain extent it is also imperative. In the automatism of the brain there is a kind of blundering logic——"

The cab had stopped.

"It is here," he said.

As Madame Joly stepped out under the arcade of the Place des Vosges, above the three lighted windows she read the words *Bibeault—Restaurant des Tournelles*. There was no doorway on the street, the entrance being through a side corridor, where she waited for her husband, who was paying for the cab.

"Ah," said M. Joly, to a man who stepped out from the shadow of a pillar, "it is you, Pichon."

"He is inside," whispered the agent. "We have four of ours within call."

"Four! It is a small army you have." M. Joly counted out the exact fare, added fifty centimes, and dismissed the driver. "Pichon, if I tap once on the window you will know he is coming out. But do your work quietly. I am dining with my wife. Afterward, when I tap twice, you will come in."

"The old fox!" muttered the agent, "to bring his wife with him!"

When Madame Joly, on opening the door of her apartment, saw the messenger, she said to herself, "Something has occurred—our evening is ruined." But the words, "Come, let us be going," reassured her, and her fears vanished. At the Pont d'Arcole, however, her first conviction returned. The cab was taking the wrong direction. "I was right," she thought. "Something has occurred." Standing in the corridor waiting for her husband, she was now asking herself, "Why, since for some reason he is not dining with me at the Fountain of Health, am I dining with him at the Restaurant des Tournelles?" Yet once more she refrained. Nothing in all the twenty years justified the supposition that the reason was a bad one.

"It is disgraceful," said M. Joly, rejoining her. "The moment one puts one's hand in one's pocket a beggar appears."

"He seemed to me a very well-dressed one," she replied. "You did well to give him nothing."

In the Fountain of Health there was a little cabinet, always reserved for them on the 15th of November. On entering it Madame Joly invariably experienced that same delicious sensation she had known

when in this very room she found herself for the first time alone with her husband. Behind the door was a hook, on which M. Joly had hung, first, her cloak, and then his coat; and this coat, thus deposited over her own garment, had been a symbol of possession, of something strange but infinitely dear, of something immediately realized in a more definite form when, between the closing of the door and the appearance of the waiter with the menu, she had abandoned herself to two protecting arms in a manner she had never dreamed possible.

There was no cabinet in the Restaurant des Tournelles. The iron stand on which the waiter hung the new furs was a poor substitute for the hook in the Fountain of Health. Nevertheless, the room was a pleasant one, resembling more an inn in the country than a restaurant of the capital. A fire was burning on the hearth, before which a little girl, with brown hair drawn smooth above her temples, was turning a spit. More critical than on that night when she first dined tête-à-tête with her husband, Madame Joly noted with satisfaction that the linen was spotless and the glasses bright. She noted also with relief the presence of several of her own sex.

M. Joly chose a table near the window and began to study the menu. Always at the Fountain of Health he ordered the dinner which inaugurated their married life—a *pâté d'Italie*, *sole au vin blanc*, capon with water-cress, an *omelette au confiture*, and a bottle of Burgundy, followed by biscuit, cream-cheese, and green chartreuse, which latter Madame Joly had learned to sip with more confidence than she had exhibited on that evening when for the first time in her life she discovered the immense difference between vin ordinaire and Romanée. It was not because there was no *pâté d'Italie* on the menu that M. Joly ordered a *potage Julienne*. Madame Joly accepted this substitution without surprize. It would have been a sacrilege to eat the dinner of the Fountain of Health in the Restaurant des Tournelles. At the same time her curiosity redoubled. But pride had now come to the assistance of confidence, and again she refrained. M. Joly saw this acquiescence, but not the curiosity. While completing his order he observed her attentively. To all appearance she was quite at ease. This tranquillity increased his admiration of her and also his irritation at himself. It would require all his skill to extricate himself from his dilemma without losing her confidence or his own self-respect. For confession of some sort, though postponed, was inevitable. He had already admitted that in ordering the *potage Julienne*. He decided, however, contrary to the practice of the curé of Saint-Médard, to eat his dinner first and make his confession afterward. It would certainly be easier after the Burgundy than before the soup. Moreover, between the soup and the Burgundy something might happen.

"My dear," he began, protecting the wide expanse of his shirt from mishap with his napkin, "we dine to-night on the spot where Henri II lost his life in a tournament, and the three favourites of Guise had an argument of swords with the minions of his brother, Henri III. In that house over there died Rachel, and in this square lived Victor Hugo."

M. Joly had two manners of speaking, which his wife had long since learned to distinguish. One was his professional manner, in which he now addressed her, and which she loved because it differentiated so completely the outside world from their own; the other recalled the Fountain of Health, and had not changed in tenderness or deference since his coat embraced her cloak on the hook behind the door of the *cabinet particulier*.

"What you say is most interesting," she replied, looking out into the square through the muslin curtain.

"Few people think of the past amid whose memorials they live," pursued M. Joly. "Like Montaigne, I love this city of Paris—even to the spots and blemishes on her fair body."

His voice had fallen into its second manner, and Madame Joly suddenly afflicted with a fit of shyness, kept her eyes steadily fixed on the house of Rachel.

"One would not suppose this melancholy square, with its low arcade and red-brick houses, was once the court end of town. It is true, at that time it did not exist. Formerly there stood here that famous Palais des Tournelles, so called because of its vast assemblage of turrets, constructed under Charles V. But that palace was destroyed by Catharine de Medici in 1565. Not till 1604 was the present square begun by Henri IV."

Madame Joly was well aware of her husband's passion for history, but never before on the 15th of November had he conversed upon so remote a past. The description of the masquerade which nearly proved fatal to Charles VI interested her but moderately. To the account of the

tournament held in honour of the marriage of Elizabeth with Philip II of Spain she listened more attentively, for a marriage always excited her sympathies. The glimpse of a white dress in a carriage on its way to the Mairie always caused her to stop, and she followed its occupant in thought far beyond the point where the carriage passed from sight. But the little girl with the brown hair, who, released from her duties at the spit, was gazing wistfully at the basket of fruit on the table, interested her still more. Having no children, she had accumulated a store of affection which overflowed at the slightest provocation. She had even suggested to M. Joly the project of adopting what nature had not supplied. He also adored children, but the question which nature decides so arbitrarily had thus far proved an obstacle, the relative advantages of the sexes being still under discussion. Nevertheless, the project had not been abandoned, and in that suburban retreat of Monrepos which they had planned for their old age, and of which they dreamed at night before falling asleep, playing in the imaginary paths between the imaginary flowerbeds was an imaginary child of undetermined sex.

In one of the pauses of her husband's narration, Madame Joly beckoned the child nearer. In the pale-blue eyes was that devouring look which the sight of the forbidden engenders in one who is hungry. Madame Joly saw this look and made a second sign. The act which for the mother becomes commonplace, even irksome, was for her a precious opportunity.

"Would you like a peach?" she said to the small figure advancing timidly with a shy air of inquiry.

A peach, in November! Equivalent, as stated on the menu, to a whole franc. Casting a quick look behind her, the child held out her hand, seized the proffered treasure, and hid it in some mysterious place under her apron.

"You love peaches?" said M. Joly, encircling the slender waist with his arm and drawing the child to his knee.

A nod for answer.

"They do not grow on the trees of Paris," he added encouragingly.

The child shook her head. Then, gaining confidence, "They grow in Cormontreuil."

"Ah, you are from Cormontreuil. I suppose, then, since peaches grow in Cormontreuil, you love Cormontreuil better than Paris?"

Another nod of assent, and after another silence, "In Paris there are no orchards."

"But," remonstrated M. Joly, "Paris is so gay, with people and lights."

The small fingers were playing with the curious pendant on his watch-chain—a Japanese gold coin set with green garnets.

"There are more lights in Paris, monsieur, but not so many stars."

"That is true," admitted M. Joly. "I had not thought of that."

"Run away, Dorante," said the host, serving the coffee in person; "you annoy monsieur."

"On the contrary, she amuses me," said M. Joly. "Have a care, Mademoiselle Dorante, I am about to strike a match."

The child retreated to the skirts of Madame Joly, from which safe retreat she watched the short puffs of smoke from M. Joly's newly lighted cigar.

"It seems you adore Molière, since you name your daughter Dorante," he said, addressing the host.

"Pardon, monsieur, she does not belong to me, but to my wife's brother—who is dead," he added.

"Ah, that makes a difference."

It not being clear what difference was referred to, the man was silent.

"More probably, then," pursued M. Joly reflectively, "it was a whim of the mother."

"There is no mother," was the curt reply.

"So much the better," said M. Joly.

This time the man thought he understood. "You are right, monsieur," he said, turning away. "One mouth to feed is enough."

Madame Joly had lifted Dorante to her lap. Her husband's remark astonished her. To be an orphan, when there existed people who were childless, was a provision of Providence which tormented her.

"Poor little one!" she murmured, resting her cheek on the brown hair.

M. Joly moved his cup to one side and, leaning forward, crossed his arms on the table. Madame Joly in no wise resembled the Madonna of Botticelli in the Louvre, yet it was of this picture that he was thinking. Through the smoke of his cigar he saw a little girl with brown hair playing among the parterres of Monrepos.

"Marie," he said softly, for Dorante's eyes were growing heavy, "you have been wondering why we are dining in the Restaurant des Tournelles."

Madame Joly looked up and smiled.

"I knew very well there was some reason," she said.

"Ah, you knew that?"

"Certainly. That note—it was so evident."

"To be sure. I had forgotten. And so you thought——"

"That some duty interfered. It could be nothing else."

"And you were not disappointed?"

"I did not say that."

"Well, what did you say?"

"I said what I have just told you, that only some duty——"

"But," interposed M. Joly, "on this occasion might I not have set this duty aside? A woman loves the sacrifice, even of honour, for her sake."

"She forgives it, but she does not love it. Besides, you are incapable——"

"Let that pass," interrupted M. Joly quickly. "The question is: Why are you here? Have you asked yourself that?"

Madame Joly smiled again.

"Undoubtedly. But you could not imagine. Well, I am going to tell you. There are two men at the table behind you—do not move—you will wake Dorante—look in the glass above my head—the one with the monocle and the white hands. Those hands are clever ones. They have accomplished a miracle—since they have reproduced a note of the Bank of France, which experts have always declared impossible. Thanks to the amiability of the uncle of Dorante, this miracle takes place beneath our feet, perhaps on the very spot where a queen of France of whom I was just speaking consulted the oracles of the astrologers. Well, those white hands will wear to-night an ornament not made in the Rue de la Paix. Wait; he is going."

The two men had risen and were putting on their coats.

M. Joly tapped once on the window.

On reaching the door the man with the monocle passed out first.

"Monsieur," said M. Joly, crossing the room quickly and touching his companion on the shoulder, "you have dropped your change." In his hand was a two-franc piece.

"You are mistaken," said the man. "I have lost nothing."

"Pardon me, but I saw it roll under my chair."

"Come on; what are you waiting for?" cried a voice from the hall.

"In a minute—I am coming. Thanks, but I repeat, you are mistaken."

"I insist only because I saw," said M. Joly politely.

"Really, monsieur," said the man, who was beginning to be irritated, "you insist too much. I tell you it is not mine."

In his embarrassment M. Joly blocked the passage to the door.

"But you must admit that this silver belongs to some one."

"Oh, go to the devil with your silver and let me pass. I am in haste—my friend is waiting," cried the man, brushing his tormentor aside and slamming the door behind him.

M. Joly shrugged his shoulders.

"If I am not mistaken," he said, resuming his seat, "and if that beggar, Pichon, who is outside, acts with his customary promptness, the gentleman will not overtake his friend this evening. Marie, Pichon will never get over it—to be mistaken for a beggar!"

Madame Joly, jealous of her husband's reputation for sagacity, refrained again.

"It is now the turn of M. Bibeault. Marie,"—his voice fell again into its second manner,—"does it not seem to you that for a man who is about to lodge at the expense of the State a child is a superfluity?"

Madame Joly's eyes opened wide. She understood, but she refused to believe. At the same time her arms tightened about Dorante.

M. Joly waited patiently.

"You do not mean—" she could not go on—it was too incredible.

"Why not?" said her husband.

Why not! Because it was so contrary to all she had imagined. Not in this manner had she thought to select the heir to Monrepos. For this selection she had prescribed certain conditions, and it was not in the Restaurant des Tournelles that one would look for their fulfillment. If Dorante had been brought to her for approval, she would assuredly have examined her critically. She would have required answers to a thousand questions. But Dorante was sleeping peacefully and wisely in her arms. A thrill akin to that which the mother knows when she first feels the touch of the morsel of humanity which the nurse lays at her side wrought in her a strange contentment and peace. Conditions, even the question of sex, were forgotten.

She made a feeble effort to protest.

"But we know nothing about her," she gasped.

"What does one ever know about a child until it is grown up?" said M. Joly.

Far beyond the need of argument or persuasion, Madame Joly was not listening. In truth she did not know of what she was

thinking. Visions were succeeding one another, strange, incredible visions, and momentous problems—of what colours were becoming to brown hair, of what room Dorante was to occupy, and before the rising tide of this new life and joy, she forgot also to refrain.

"And this is why I am here—you planned this beforehand——"

"Marie," said M. Joly diplomatically, "more is accomplished in this world by grasping an opportunity than by foreseeing one."

The room was empty. A solitary waiter, yawning, was leaning against the desk where Madame Bibeault was casting up her accounts.

"Monsieur Bibeault, the bill if you please."

"Instantly; I am coming."

"Monsieur Bibeault," said M. Joly, scanning the bill, "I see that you are a man of heart."

The man looked at him inquiringly.

"Since you provide for those in need," explained M. Joly, designating the sleeping Dorante.

"Dame! Monsieur," with a shrug of the shoulders, "one does what one must."

"Fortunately, you have here a good business.

"By no means, monsieur. I have on my hands a bad affair. The situation is impossible. No one frequents this square but nursery-maids and babies."

M. Joly, thoughtful, leaned back in his chair.

"Why, then, do you not find some benevolent person to whom God has denied the blessing of children?"

The man laughed. "Such customers do not come to the Restaurant des Tournelles," he said laconically.

M. Joly pulled a chair from a neighbouring table.

"Sit down, Monsieur Bibeault. I wish to talk with you. I am such a person."

The man gazed at this singular customer good-naturedly. The joke was a good one.

"Naturally you are surprized. You do not know me. Here is my card and address. You will make inquiries at your leisure. This child pleases us. She is a burden to you. We offer to relieve you of this burden."

M. Joly had a way of forcing a conclusion.

"Monsieur—" the man stammered, dumfounded.

"But on certain conditions," continued M. Joly imperturbably. "It is necessary that Dorante should be happy. Let us suppose that she remains with us for a week. At the end of that time, if she is contented, if she continues to please us, we will see. There will be some legal formalities."

M. Bibeault had ceased smiling. It was impossible to misconceive the seriousness of this proposal.

"It is true, monsieur, I admit," he said, holding the card in his hand, "the child is a burden, but——"

"Go consult your wife," said M. Joly peremptorily.

Madame Joly listened to this business-like conversation in a kind of stupour. Its rapid march brought her back from dreams to reality. She had been living in unreality ever since the cab had turned in the wrong direction. She hovered now between the two, oppressed by a twofold anxiety—doubtful of her happiness and fearful of its loss.

The man returned with his wife.

"What is this nonsense my husband is telling me?" she said.

At the sound of her voice Dorante awoke.

M. Joly repeated his proposition. The woman listened incredulously.

"Mon Dieu, monsieur!" she said evasively, "such an affair is not to be concluded in a moment."

"Every affair has a beginning," replied M. Joly. "Moreover, I give you a week in which to reflect."

The woman looked at her husband, as if to say, "It is worth thinking of."

"Listen," she said. "As you say, there is a week. Suppose now, at the end of the week, we agree—I say that merely in passing. But monsieur forgets that till now—that is, for these eight years—there have been expenses. A child is not fed and clothed for nothing——"

"At what do you estimate these expenses?" said M. Joly, taking out his pocketbook and pencil.

Madame Bibeault exchanged with her husband another look, which said, "Here is a goose to be plucked."

Profiting by this look, M. Joly tapped twice gently on the window.

"Let us see," he continued. "To-day is the fifteenth of November. Sixteen — seventeen — eighteen — nineteen — twenty —twenty-one—two—on the twenty-second of November—" To her amazement Madame Joly saw her husband count out one by one ten notes of one hundred francs. "I give you one thousand francs—but on account. On the twenty-second——"

The door opened and Pichon entered.

"Ah, Pichon, it is you!" cried M. Joly joyfully. "What luck brings you here! And to think that you should arrive at the very moment! Pichon, I am concluding a bargain. You will be a witness. I am making a purchase—by installments. Here is the first, count them," thrusting the bank-notes into the hands of the astonished Bibeault.

But M. Bibeault's eyes were riveted upon the door, where two agents were regarding the scene in silence. Fingering the notes mechanically, a pallour crept over his face.

At the same time Pichon began to smile.

"They do not please you?" asked M. Joly affably. "That is unreasonable—since they are of your own manufacture."

The man retreated step by step, like an animal, stupid with terror; then, turning suddenly, sprang toward the service door. Wrenching it open, he saw another agent.

Madame Bibeault uttered a scream. Dorante began to cry.

"You see," said M. Joly, rising and buttoning up his coat, "it is useless. Pichon, I am going home with mádame. Ask one of your men to be so good as to get me a cab—it is raining. In an hour I will be back and make my report. As this is no place for the child, I charge myself with her. Meanwhile, you will examine Monsieur Bibeault's cellar—it is said to contain some rare vintages."

"Marie," he said, as the cab rattled over the pavement of the Place des Vosges. "I owe you a thousand apologies. But it is as you said. A man does not sacrifice duty for such a woman as you. The woman for whom one sacrifices honour is not worth it."

Holding the weeping Dorante close to her heart, Madame Joly made no reply.

"You see for yourself it would have been impossible to leave this little one in such a den. As for the Fountain of Health," searching in the dark for her hand, "we will dine there just the same on the fifteenth of November—by the calendar of our ally the Czar of Russia."

The Sleeping Beauty

By WALTER DE LA MARE

THE scent of bramble fills the air,
Amid her folded sheets she lies,
The gold of evening in her hair,
The blue of morn shut in her eyes.

How many a changing moon hath lit
The unchanging roses of her face!
Her mirror ever broods on it
In silver stillness of the days.

Oft flits the moth on filmy wings
Into his solitary lair;
Shrill evensong the cricket sings
From some still shadow in her hair.

In heat, in snow, in wind, in flood,
She sleeps in lovely loneliness,
Half-folded like an April bud
On winter-haunted trees.

A Baby Tramp

BY AMBROSE BIERCE

Ambrose Bierce

IF YOU had seen little Jo standing at the street corner in the rain, you would hardly have admired him. It was apparently an ordinary autumn rainstorm, but the water which fell upon Jo (who was hardly old enough to be either just or unjust, and so perhaps did not come under the law of impartial distribution) appeared to have some property peculiar to itself: one would have said it was dark and adhesive—sticky. But that could hardly be so, even in Blackburg, where things certainly did occur that were a good deal out of the common.

For example, ten or twelve years before, a shower of small frogs had fallen, as is credibly attested by a contemporaneous chronicle, the record concluding with a somewhat obscure statement to the effect that the chronicler considered it good growing-weather for Frenchmen.

Some years later Blackburg had a fall of crimson snow; it is cold in Blackburg when winter is on, and the snows are frequent and deep. There can be no doubt of it—the snow in this instance was of the colour of blood and melted into water of the same hue, if water it was, not blood. The phenomenon had attracted wide attention, and science had as many explanations as there were scientists who knew nothing about it. But the men of Blackburg—men who for many years had lived right there where the red snow fell, and might be supposed to know a good deal about the matter—shook their heads and said something would come of it.

And something did, for the next summer was made memorable by the prevalence of a mysterious disease—epidemic, endemic, or the Lord knows what, though the physicians didn't—which carried away a full half of the population. Most of the other half carried themselves away and were slow to return. but finally came back, and were now increasing and multiplying as before, but Blackburg had not since been altogether the same.

Of quite another kind, though equally "out of the common," was the incident of Hetty Parlow's ghost. Hetty Parlow's maiden name had been Brownon, and in Blackburg that meant more than one would think.

The Brownons had from time immemorial —from the very earliest of the old colonial days—been the leading family of the town. It was the richest and it was the best, and Blackburg would have shed the last drop of its plebeian blood in defense of the Brownon fair fame. As few of the family's members had ever been known to live permanently away from Blackburg, although most of them were educated elsewhere and nearly all had traveled, there was quite a number of them. The men held most of the public offices, and the women were foremost in all good works. Of these latter, Hetty was most beloved by reason of the sweetness of her disposition, the purity of her character and her singular personal beauty. She married in Boston a young scapegrace named Parlow, and like a good Brownon brought him to Blackburg forthwith and made a man and a town councilman of him. They had a child which they named Joseph and dearly loved, as was then the fashion among parents in all that region. Then they died of the mysterious disorder already mentioned, and at the age of one whole year Joseph set up as an orphan.

Unfortunately for Joseph the disease which had cut off his parents did not stop at that; it went on and extirpated nearly the whole Brownon contingent and its allies by marriage; and those who fled did not return. The tradition was broken, the Brownon estates passed into alien hands and the only Brownons remaining in that place were underground in Oak Hill Cemetery, where, indeed, was a colony of them

powerful enough to resist the encroachment of surrounding tribes and hold the best part of the grounds. But about the ghost:

One night, about three years after the death of Hetty Parlow, a number of the young people of Blackburg were passing Oak Hill Cemetery in a wagon—if you have been there you will remember that the road to Greenton runs alongside it on the south. They had been attending a May-Day festival at Greenton; and that serves to fix the date. Altogether there may have been a dozen, and a jolly party they were, considering the legacy of gloom left by the town's recent somber experiences. As they passed the cemetery the man driving suddenly reined in his team with an exclamation of surprise. It was sufficiently surprising, no doubt, for just ahead, and almost at the roadside, though inside the cemetery, stood the ghost of Hetty Parlow. There could be no doubt of it, for she had been personally known to every youth and maiden in the party. That established the thing's identity; its character as ghost was signified by all the customary signs—the shroud, the long, undone hair, the "far-away look"—everything. This disquieting apparition was stretching out its arms toward the west, as if in supplication for the evening star, which, certainly, was an alluring object, though obviously out of reach. As they all sat silent (so the story goes) every member of that party of merry-makers—they had merrymade on coffee and lemonade only—distinctly heard the ghost call the name "Joey, Joey!" A moment later nothing was there. Of course, one does not have to believe all that.

Now, at that moment, as was afterward ascertained, Joey was wandering about in the sagebrush on the opposite side of the continent, near Winnemucca, in the State of Nevada. He had been taken to that town by some good persons distantly related to his dead father, and by them adopted and tenderly cared for. But on that evening the poor child had strayed from home and was lost in the desert.

His after-history is involved in obscurity, and has gaps which conjecture alone can fill. It is known that he was found by a family of Piute Indians, who kept the little wretch with them for a time and then sold him—actually sold him for money to a woman on one of the east-bound trains, at a station a long way from Winnemucca. The woman professed to have made all manner of inquiries, but all in vain: so, being childless and a widow, she adopted him herself. At this point of his career Jo seemed to be getting a long way from the condition of orphanage; the interposition of a multitude of parents between himself and that woeful state promised him a long immunity from his disadvantages.

Mrs. Darnell, his newest mother, lived in Cleveland, Ohio. But her adopted son did not long remain with her. He was seen one afternoon by a policeman, new to that beat, deliberately toddling away from her house, and being questioned answered that he was "a doin' home." He must have traveled by rail, somehow, for three days later he was in the town of Whiteville, which, as you know, is a long way from Blackburg. His clothing was in pretty fair condition, but he was sinfully dirty. Unable to give any account of himself he was arrested as a vagrant and sentenced to imprisonment in the Infants' Sheltering Home—where he was washed.

Jo ran away from the Infants' Sheltering Home at Whiteville—just took to the woods one day, and the Home knew him no more forever.

We find him next, or rather get back to him, standing forlorn in the cold autumn rain in Blackburg; and it seems right to explain now that the raindrops falling upon him there were really not dark and gummy; they only failed to make his face and hands less so. Jo was indeed fearfully and wonderfully besmirched, as by the hand of an artist. And the forlorn little tramp had no shoes; his feet were bare, red, and swollen, and when he walked he limped with both legs. As to clothing—ah, you would hardly have had the skill to name any single garment that he wore, or say by what magic he kept it upon him. That he was cold all over and all through did not admit of a doubt; he knew it himself. Anyone would have been cold there that evening; but, for that reason, no one else was there. How Jo came to be there himself, he could not for the flickering little life of him have told, even if gifted with a vocabulary exceeding a hundred words. From the way he stared about him one could have seen that he had not the faintest notion of where (nor why) he was.

Yet he was not altogether a fool in his day and generation; being cold and hungry, and still able to walk a little by bending his knees very much indeed and putting his feet down toes first, he decided to enter one of the houses which flanked the street at long intervals and looked so bright and warm. But when he attempted to act upon

that very sensible decision a burly dog came browsing out and disputed his right. Inexpressibly frightened, and believing, no doubt (with some reason, too), that brutes without meant brutality within, he hobbled away from all the houses, and with gray, wet fields to right of him, and gray, wet fields to left of him—with the rain half blinding him and the night coming in mist and darkness, held his way along the road that leads to Greenton. That is to say, the road leads those to Greenton who succeed in passing the Oak Hill Cemetery. A considerable number every year do not.

Jo did not.

They found him there the next morning, very wet, very cold, but no longer hungry. He had apparently entered the cemetery gate—hoping, perhaps, that it led to a house where there was no dog—and gone blundering about in the darkness, falling over many a grave, no doubt, until he had tired of it all and given up. The little body lay upon one side, with one soiled cheek upon one soiled hand, the other hand tucked away among the rags to make it warm, the other cheek washed clean and white at last, as for a kiss from one of God's great angels. It was observed—though nothing was thought of it at the time, the body being as yet unidentified—that the little fellow was lying upon the grave of Hetty Parlow.. The grave, however, had not opened to receive him. That is a circumstance which, without actual irreverence, one may wish had been ordered otherwise.

Three Old Christmas Carols

ADAM lay ibounden,
Bounden in a bond;
Four thousand winter
Thoght he not too long;
And all was for an appil,
An appil that he tok,
As clerkes finden
Wreten in here book.

Ne haddé the appil také ben,
The appil taken ben,
Ne haddé never our lady
A ben hevené quene.
Blesséd be the time
That appil také was.
Therefore we moun singen
"Deo gracias."

From the SLOANE MS.

Make we merry, both more and less,
For now is the time of Christëmas.

LET no man come into this hall,
Groom, page nor yet marshall,
But that some sport he bring withal,
For now is the time of Christëmas.

If that he say he cannot sing,
Some other sport then let him bring,
That it may please at this feasting,
For now is the time of Christëmas.

If he say he can naught do,
Then for my love ask him no mo,
But to the stocks then let him go,
For now is the time of Christëmas.

Ancient English Christmas Carols
(Before 1536).

Nowell, nowell, nowell, nowell,
Tydyng gode y thyngke to telle.

THE borys hede, that we bryng here,
Betokeneth a prince withoute pere,
Ys born this day to bye us dere,
Nowell.

A bore ys a souerayn beste,
And acceptable in eury feste,
So mote thys lord be to moste and leste,
Nowell.

This borys hede we bryng wt song,
In worchyp of hym that thus sprang
Of a virgyne to redresse all wrong.
Nowell.

Christmastide. By WM. SANDYS.

Cox's Diary

By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

Illustrated by George Cruikshank

JANUARY—THE ANNOUNCEMENT

ON THE 1st of January 1838, I was the master of a lovely shop in the neighbourhood of Oxford Market; of a wife, Mrs. Cox; of a business, both in the shaving and cutting line, established three-and-thirty years; of a girl and boy respectively of the ages of eighteen and thirteen; of a three-windowed front, both to my first and second pair; of a young foreman, my present partner, Mr. Orlando Crump; and of that celebrated mixture for the human hair, invented by my late uncle, and called Cox's Bohemian Balsam of Tokay, sold in pots at two-and-three and three-and-nine. The balsam, the lodgings, and the old-established cutting and shaving business brought me in a pretty genteel income. I had my girl, Jemimarann, at Hackney, to school; my dear boy, Tuggeridge, plaited hair beautifully; my wife at the counter (behind the tray of patent soaps, &c.) cut as handsome a figure as possible; and it was my hope that Orlando and my girl, who were mighty soft upon one another, would one day be joined together in Hyming, and, conjointly with my son Tug, carry on the business of hairdressers when their father was either dead or a gentleman: for a gentleman me and Mrs. C. determined I should be.

Jemima was, you see, a lady herself, and of very high connections: though her own family had met with crosses and was rather low. Mr. Tuggeridge, her father, kept the famous tripe-shop near the "Pigtail and Sparrow," in the Whitechapel Road; from which place I married her; being myself very fond of the article, and especially when she served it to me—the dear thing!

Jemima's father was not successful in business: and I married her, I am proud to confess it, without a shilling. I had my hands, my house, and my Bohemian balsam to support her!—and we had hopes from her uncle, a mighty rich East India merchant, who, having left this country sixty years ago as a cabin-boy, had arrived to be the head of a great house in India, and was worth millions, we were told.

Three years after Jemimarann's birth (and two after the death of my lamented father-in-law), Tuggeridge (head of the great house of Budgurow & Co.) retired from the management of it; handed over his shares to his son, Mr. John Tuggeridge, and came to live in England, at Portland Place and Tuggeridgeville, Surrey, and enjoy himself. Soon after, my wife took her daughter in her hand and went, as in duty bound, to visit her uncle: but whether it was that he was

proud and surly, or she somewhat sharp in her way (the dear girl fears nobody, let me have you to know), a desperate quarrel took place between them; and from that day to the day of his death, he never set eyes on her. All that he would condescend to do, was to take a few dozen of lavender-water from us in the course of the year, and to send his servants to be cut and shaved by us. All the neighbours laughed at this poor ending of our expectations, for Jemmy had bragged not a little; however, we did not care, for the connection was always a good one, and we served Mr. Hock, the valet; Mr. Bar, the coachman; and Mrs. Breadbasket, the housekeeper, willingly enough. I used to powder the footman, too, on great days, but never in my life saw old Tuggeridge, except once: when he said, "Oh, the barber!" tossed up his nose, and passed on.

One day—one famous day last January—all our Market was thrown into a high state of excitement by the appearance of no less than three vehicles at our establishment. As me, Jemmy, my daughter, Tug, and Orlando were sitting in the back-parlour over our dinner (it being Christmas-time, Mr. Crump had treated the ladies to a bottle of port, and was longing that there should be a mistletoe-bough: at which proposal my little Jemimarann looked as red as a glass of negus):—we had just, I say, finished the port, when, all of a sudden, Tug bellows out, "La, pa, here's Uncle Tuggeridge's housekeeper in a cab!"

And Mrs. Breadbasket it was, sure enough—Mrs. Breadbasket in deep mourning, who made her way, bowing and looking very sad, into the back shop. My wife, who respected Mrs. B. more than anything else in the world, set her a chair, offered her a glass of wine, and vowed it was very kind of her to come. "La, mem," says Mr. B., "I'm sure I'd do anything to serve your family, for the sake of that poor dear Tuck-tuck-tug-guggeridge, that's gone."

"That's what?" cries my wife.

"What, gone?" cried Jemimarann, bursting out crying (as little girls will about anything or nothing); and Orlando looking very rueful, and ready to cry too.

"Yes, gaw——" Just as she was at this very "gaw," Tug roars out, "La, pa! here's Mr. Bar, Uncle Tug's coachman!"

It was Mr. Bar. When she saw him, Mrs. Breadbasket stepped suddenly back into the parlour with my ladies. "What is it, Mr. Bar?" says I; and as quick as thought, I had the towel under his chin, Mr. Bar in the chair, and the whole of his face in a beautiful foam of lather. Mr. Bar made some resistance.—"Don't think of it, Mr. Cox," says he; "don't trouble yourself, sir," but I lathered away, and never minded. "And what's this melancholy event, sir," says I, "that has spread desolation in your family's bosoms? I can feel for your loss, sir—I can feel for your loss."

I said so out of politeness, because I served the family, not because Tuggeridge was my uncle—no, as such I disown him.

Mr. Bar was just about to speak. "Yes, sir," says he, "my master's gaw——" when at the "gaw," in walks Mr. Hock, the own man!—the finest gentleman I ever saw.

"What, *you* here, Mr. Bar!" says he.

"Yes, I am, sir; and haven't I a right, sir?"

"A mighty wet day, sir," says I to Mr. Hock—stepping up and making my bow. "A sad circumstance too, sir! And is it a turn of the tongs that you want to-day, sir? Ho, there, Mr. Crump!"

"Turn, Mr. Crump, if you please, sir," said Mr. Hock, making a bow; "but from you, sir, never—no, never, split me!—and I wonder how some fellows can have the *insolence* to allow their MASTERS to shave them!" With this Mr. Hock flung himself down to be curled: Mr. Bar suddenly opened his mouth in order to reply; but seeing there was a tiff between the gentlemen, and wanting to prevent a quarrel, I rammed the *Advertiser* into Mr. Hock's hands, and just popped my shaving-brush into Mr. Bar's mouth—a capital way to stop angry answers.

Mr. Bar had hardly been in the chair one second, when whirr comes a hackney-coach to the door, from which springs a gentleman in a black coat with a bag.

"What, you here!" says the gentleman. I could not help smiling, for it seemed that everybody was to begin by saying, "What, *you* here!" "Your name is Cox, sir?" says he, smiling, too, as the very pattern of mine. "My name, sir, is Sharpus,—Blunt, Hone, and Sharpus, Middle Temple Lane,—and I am proud to salute you, sir; happy,—that is to say, sorry to say, that Mr. Tuggeridge, of Portland Place, is dead, and your lady is heiress, in consequence, to one of the handsomest properties in the kingdom."

At this I started, and might have sunk to the ground, but for my hold of Mr. Bar's nose; Orlando seemed putrified to stone, with his irons fixed to Mr. Hock's head; our respective patients gave a wince out:—Mrs. C., Jemimarann, and Tug rushed from the

back shop, and we formed a splendid tableau such as the great Cruikshank might have depicted.

"And Mr. John Tuggeridge, sir?" says I.

"Why—hee, hee, hee!" says Mr. Sharpus. "Surely you know that he was only the—hee, hee, hee!—the natural son!"

You now can understand why the servants from Portland Place had been so eager to come to us. One of the housemaids heard Mr. Sharpus say there was no will, and that my wife was heir to the property, and not Mr. John Tuggeridge: this she told in the housekeeper's room; and off, as soon as they heard it, the whole party set, in order to be the first to bear the news.

We kept them, every one, in their old places; for, though my wife would have sent them about their business, my dear Jemimarann just hinted, "Mamma, you know *they* have been used to great houses, and we have not; had we not better keep them for a little?"—Keep them, then, we did, to show us how to be gentlefolks.

I handed over the business to Mr. Crump without a single farthing of premium, though Jemmy would have made me take four hundred pounds for it; but this I was above: Crump had served me faithfully, and have the shop he should.

FEBRUARY

FIRST

ROUT

FEBRUARY—FIRST ROUT

We were speedily installed in our fine house: but what's a house without friends? Jemmy made me *cut* all my old acquaintances in the Market, and I was a solitary being; when, luckily, an old acquaintance of ours, Captain Tagrag, was so kind as to promise to introduce us into distinguished society. Tagrag was the son of a baronet, and had done us the honour of lodging with us for two years; when we lost sight of him, and of his little account, too, by the way. A fortnight after, hearing of our good fortune, he was among us again, however; and Jemmy was not a little glad to see him, knowing him to be a baronet's son, and very fond of our Jemimarann. Indeed, Orlando (who is as brave as a lion) had on one occasion absolutely beaten Mr. Tagrag for being rude to the poor girl: a clear proof, as Tagrag said afterwards, that he was always fond of her.

Mr. Crump, poor fellow, was not very much pleased by our good fortune, though he did all he could to try at first; and I told him to come and take his dinner regular, as if nothing had happened. But to this Jemima very soon put a stop, for she came very justly to know her stature, and to look down on Crump, which she bid her daughter to do; and, after a great scene, in which Orlando showed himself very rude and angry, he was forbidden the house—forever!

So much for poor Crump. The Captain was now all in all with us. "You see, sir," our Jemmy would say, "we shall have our town and country mansion, and a hundred and thirty thousand pounds in the funds, to leave between our two children; and, with such prospects, they ought surely to have the first society of England." To this Tagrag agreed, and promised to bring us acquainted with the very pink of the fashion; ay, and what's more, did.

First, he made my wife get an opera-box, and give suppers on Tuesdays and Saturdays. As for me, he made me ride in the

Park: me and Jemimarann, with two grooms behind us, who used to laugh all the way, and whose very beards I had shaved. As for little Tug, he was sent straight off to the most fashionable school in the kingdom, the Reverend Dr. Pigney's, at Richmond.

Well, the horses, the suppers, the opera-box, the paragraphs in the papers about Mr. Coxe Coxe (that's the way: double your name and stick an "e" to the end of it, and you are a gentleman at once), had an effect in a wonderfully short space of time, and we began to get a very pretty society about us. Some of old Tug's friends swore they would do anything for the family, and brought their wives and daughters to see dear Mrs. Coxe and her charming girl; and when, about the first week in February, we announced a grand dinner and ball for the evening of the twenty-eighth, I assure you there was no want of company: no, nor of titles neither; and it always does my heart good even to hear one mentioned.

Let me see. There was, first, my Lord Dunboozle, an Irish peer, and his seven sons, the Honourable Messieurs Trumper (two only to dinner); there was Count Mace, the celebrated French nobleman, and his Excellency Baron von Punter from Baden; there was Lady Blanche Bluenose, the eminent literati, author of "The Distrusted," "The Distorted," "The Disgusted," "The Disreputable One," and other poems; there was the Dowager Lady Max and her daughter, the Honourable Miss Adelaide Blueruin; Sir Charles Codshead, from the City; and Field-Marshal Sir Gorman O'Gallagher, K.A., K.B., K.C., K.W., K.X., in the service of the Republic of Guatemala; my friend Tagrag and his fashionable acquaintance, little Tom Tufthunt, made up the party. And when the doors were flung open, and Mr. Hock, in black, with a white napkin, three footmen, coachman, and a lad whom Mrs. C. had dressed in sugar-loaf buttons and called a page, were seen round the dinner-table, all in white gloves, I promise you I felt a thrill of elation, and thought to myself—"Sam Cox, Sam Cox, who ever would have expected to see you here?"

After dinner, there was to be, as I said, an evening party; and to this Messieurs Tagrag and Tufthunt had invited many of the principal nobility that our metropolis had produced. When I mention, among the company to tea, her Grace the Duchess of Zero, her son the Marquis of Fitzurse, and the Ladies North Pole her daughters; when I say that there were yet *others*, whose names may be found in the Blue Book, and shan't, out of modesty, be mentioned here, I think I've said enough to show that, in our time, No. 96 Portland Place was the resort of the best of company.

It was our first dinner, and dressed by our new cook, Munseer Cordongblew. I bore it very well; eating, for my share, a filly dysol allamater dotell, a cutlet soubeast, a pully bashymall, and other French dishes: and, for the frisky sweet wine, with tin top to the bottles, called champang, I must say that me and Mrs. Coxe-Tuggeridge Coxe drank a very good share of it (but the claret and Jonnysberger, being sour, we did not much relish). However, the feed, as I say, went off very well: Lady Blanche Bluenose sitting next to me, and being so good as to put me down for six copies of all her poems; the Count and Baron von Punter engaging Jemimarann for several waltzes, and the Field-Marshal plying my dear Jemmy with champang, until, bless her! her dear nose became as red as her new crimson satin gown, which, with a blue turban and bird-of-paradise feathers, made her look like an empress, I warrant.

Well, dinner past, Mrs. C. and the ladies went off:—thunder-under-under came the knocks at the door; squeedle-eedle-eedle, Mr. Wippert's fiddlers began to strike up; and, about half-past eleven, me and the gents thought it high time to make our appearance. I felt a *little* squeamish at the thought of meeting a couple of hundred great people; but Count Mace and Sir Gorman O'Gallagher taking each an arm, we reached, at last, the drawing-room.

The young ones in company were dancing, and the Duchess and the great ladies were all seated, talking to themselves very stately, and working away at the ices and macaroons. I looked out for my pretty Jemimarann amongst the dancers, and saw her tearing round the room along with Baron Punter, in what they call a gallypard; then I peeped into the circle of the Duchesses, where, in course, I expected to find Mrs. C.; but she wasn't there! She was seated at the further end of the room, looking very sulky; and I went up and took her arm, and brought her down to the place where the Duchesses were. "Oh, not there!" said Jemmy, trying to break away. "Nonsense, my dear," says I: "you are missis, and this is your place." Then going up to her Ladyship the Duchess, says I, "Me and my missis are most proud of the honour of seeing of you."

The Duchess (a tall red-haired grenadier of a woman) did not speak.

I went on: "The young ones are all at it, ma'am, you see; and so we thought we would come and sit down among the old ones. You and I, ma'am, I think, are too stiff to dance."

"Sir!" says her Grace.

"Ma'am," says I, "don't you know me? My name's Coxe. Nobody's introduced me; but dash it, it's my own house, and I may present myself—so give us your hand, ma'am."

And I shook hers in the kindest way in the world: but—would you believe it?—the old cat screamed as if my hand had been a hot 'tater. "Fitzurse! Fitzurse!" shouted she, "help! help!" Up scuffled all the other Dowagers—in rushed the dancers. "Mamma! mamma!" squeaked Lady Julia North Pole. "Lead me to my mother," howled Lady Aurorer: and both came up and flung themselves into her arms. "Wawt's the raw?" said Lord Fitzurse, sauntering up quite stately.

"Protect me from the insults of this man," says her Grace. "Where's Tufthunt? He promised that not a soul in this house should speak to me."

"My dear Duchess," said Tufthunt, very meek.

"Don't Duchess *me*, sir. Did you not promise they should not speak, and hasn't that horrid tipsy wretch offered to embrace me? Didn't his monstrous wife sicken me with her odious familiarities? Call my people, Tufthunt! Follow me, my children!"

"And my carriage!" "And mine!" "And mine!" shouted twenty more voices. And down they all trooped to the hall: Lady Blanche Bluenose and Lady Max among the very first; leaving only the Field-Marshal and one or two men, who roared with laughter ready to split.

"Oh, Sam," said my wife, sobbing, "why would you take me back to them? they had sent me away before! I only asked the Duchess whether she didn't like rum-shrub better than all your Maxarinos and Curasosos: and—would you believe it?—all the company burst out laughing; and the Duchess told me just to keep off, and not to speak till I was spoken to. Imperence! I'd like to tear her eyes out."

And so I do believe my dearest Jemmy would!

MARCH

A DAY WITH THE SURREY HOUNDS

MARCH—A DAY WITH THE SURREY HOUNDS

Our ball had failed so completely that Jemmy, who was bent still upon fashion, caught eagerly at Tagrag's suggestion, and went down to Tuggeridgeville. If we had a difficulty to find friends in town, here there was none: for the whole county came about us, ate our dinners and suppers, danced at our balls—ay, and spoke to us too. We were great people in fact: I a regular country gentleman; and as such Jemmy insisted that I should be a sportsman, and join the county hunt. "But," says I, "my love, I can't ride." "Pooh! Mr. C.," said she, "you're always making difficulties: you thought you couldn't dance a quadrille; you thought you couldn't dine at seven o'clock; you thought you couldn't lie in bed after six; and haven't you done every one of these things? You must and you shall ride!" And when my Jemmy said "must and shall," I knew very well there was nothing for it: so I sent down fifty guineas to the hunt, and, out of compliment to me, the very next week, I re-

ceived notice that the meet of the hounds would take place at Squashtail Common, just outside my lodge-gates.

I didn't know what a meet was; and me and Mrs. C. agreed that it was most probable the dogs were to be fed there. However, Tagrag explained this matter to us, and very kindly promised to sell me a horse, a delightful animal of his own; which, being desperately pressed for money, he would let me have for a hundred guineas, he himself having given a hundred and fifty for it.

Well, the Thursday came: the hounds met on Squashtail Common; Mrs. C. turned out in her barouche to see us throw off; and, being helped up on my chestnut horse, Trumpeter, by Tagrag and my head groom, I came presently round to join them.

Tag mounted his own horse; and, as we walked down the avenue, "I thought," he said, "you told me you knew how to ride; and that you had ridden once fifty miles on a stretch!"

"And so I did," says I, "to Cambridge, and on the box too."

"*On the box!*" says he; "but did you ever mount a horse before?"

"Never," says I, "but I find it mighty easy."

"Well," says he, "you're mighty bold for a barber; and I like you, Coxe, for your spirit." And so we came out of the gate.

As for describing the hunt, I own, fairly, I can't. I've been at a hunt, but what a hunt is—why the horses *will* go among the dogs and ride them down—why the men cry out "yoooooic"—why the dogs go snuffing about in threes and fours, and the huntsman says, "Good Towler—good Betsy," and we all of us after him say, "Good Towler—good Betsy" in course: then, after hearing a yelp here and a howl there, tow, row, yow, yow, yow! burst out, all of a sudden, from three or four of them, and the chap in a velvet cap screeches out (with a number of oaths I shan't repeat here), "Hark, to Ringwood!" and then, "There he goes!" says some one; and all of a sudden, helter skelter, skurry hurry, slap bang, whooping, screeching and hurraing, blue-coats and red-coats, bays and grays, horses, dogs, donkeys, butchers, baro-knights, dustmen, and blackguard boys, go tearing all together over the common after two or three of the pack that yowl loudest. Why all this is, I can't say; but it all took place the second Thursday of last March in my presence.

Up to this, I'd kept my seat as well as the best, for we'd only been trotting gently about the field until the dogs found; and I managed to stick on very well; but directly the tow-rowing began, off went Trumpeter like a thunderbolt, and I found myself playing among the dogs like the donkey among the chickens. "Back, Mr. Coxe," holloas the huntsman; and so I pulled very hard, and cried out, "Wo!" but he wouldn't; and on I went galloping for the dear life. How I kept on is a wonder; but I squeezed my knees in very tight, and shoved my feet very hard into the stirrups, and kept stiff hold of the scruff of Trumpeter's neck and looked betwixt his ears as well as ever I could, and trusted to luck: for I was in a mortal fright, sure enough, as many a better man would be in such a case, let alone a poor hairdresser.

As for the hounds, after my first riding in among them, I tell you honestly, I never saw so much as the tip of one of their tails; nothing in this world did I see except Trumpeter's dun-coloured mane, and that I gripped firm: riding, by the blessing of luck, safe through the walking, the trotting, the galloping, and never so much as getting a tumble.

There was a chap at Croydon very well known as the "Spicy Dustman," who, when he could get no horse to ride to the hounds, turned regularly out on his donkey; and on this occasion made one of us. He generally managed to keep up with the dogs by trotting quietly through the cross-roads, and knowing the country well. Well, having a good guess where the hounds would find, and the line that sly Reynolds (as they call the fox) would take, the Spicy Dustman turned his animal down the lane from Squashtail to Cutshins Common; across which, sure enough, came the whole hunt. There's a small hedge and a remarkably fine ditch here: some of the leading chaps took both, in gallant style; others went round by a gate, and so would I, only I couldn't; for Trumpeter would have the hedge, and be hanged to him, and went right at it.

Hoop! if ever you *did* try a leap! Off go your legs, out fling your arms, off goes your hat; and the next thing you feel—that is, *I* did—is a most tremendous thwack across the chest, and my feet jerked out of the stirrups: me left in the branches of a tree: Trumpeter gone clean from under me, and walloping and floundering in the ditch underneath. One of the stirrup-leathers had caught in a stake, and the horse couldn't get away: and neither of us, I thought, ever *would* have got away: but all of a sudden, who should come up the lane but the Spicy Dustman!

"Holloa!" says I, "you gent, just let us down from this here tree!"

"Lor'!" says he, "I'm blest if I didn't take you for a robin."

"Let's down," says I; but he was all the time employed in disengaging Trumpeter, whom he got out of the ditch, trembling and as quiet as possible. "Let's down," says I. "Presently," says he; and taking off his coat, he begins whistling and swishing down Trumpeter's sides and saddle; and when he had finished, what do you think the rascal did?—he just quietly mounted on Trumpeter's back, and shouts out, "Git down yourself, old Bearsgrease; you've only to drop! *I'll* give your 'oss a hairing arter them 'ounds; and you—vy, you may ride back my pony to Tuggeridgeweal!" And with this, I'm blest if he didn't ride away, leaving me holding, as for the dear life, and expecting every minute the branch would break.

It *did* break too, and down I came into the slush; and when I got out of it, I can tell you I didn't look much like the Venuses or the Apoller Belvidearis what I used to dress and titivate up for my shop window when I was in the hairdressing line, or smell quite so elegant as our rose-oil. Faugh; what a figure I was!

I had nothing for it but to mount the dustman's donkey (which was very quietly cropping grass in the hedge), and to make my way home; and after a weary, weary journey, I arrived at my own gate

A whole party was assembled there. Tagrag, who had come back; their Excellencies Mace and Punter, who were on a visit; and a number of horses walking up and down before the whole of the gentlemen of the hunt, who had come in after losing their fox! "Here's Squire Coxe!" shouted the grooms. Out rushed the servants, out poured the gents of the hunt, and on trotted poor me, digging into the donkey, and everybody dying with laughter at me.

Just as I got up to the door, a horse came galloping up, and passed me; a man jumped down, and taking off a fantail hat, came up, very gravely, to help me down.

"Squire," says he, "how came you by that there hanimal? Jist git down, will you, and give it to its howner?"

"Rascal!" says I, "didn't you ride off on my horse?"

"Was there ever sich ingratitude?" says the Spicy. "I found this year 'oss in a pond, I saves him from drowning, I brings him back to his master, and he calls me a rascal!"

The grooms, the gents, the ladies in the balcony, my own servants, all set up a roar at this; and so would I, only I was so deucedly ashamed, as not to be able to laugh just then.

And so my first day's hunting ended. Tagrag and the rest declared I showed great pluck, and wanted me to try again; but "No," said I, "I *have* been."

APRIL

THE FINISHING TOUCH

APRIL—THE FINISHING TOUCH

I WAS always fond of billiards; and, in former days, at Grogram's in Greek Street, where a few jolly lads of my acquaintance used to meet twice a week for a game, and a snug pipe and beer, I was generally voted the first man of the club; and could take five from John the marker himself. I had a genius, in fact, for the game; and now that I was placed in that station of life where I could cultivate my talents, I gave them full play, and improved amazingly. I do say that I think myself as good a hand as any chap in England.

The Count and his Excellency Baron von

Punter were, I can tell you, astonished by the smartness of my play; the first two or three rubbers Punter beat me, but when I came to know his game, I used to knock him all to sticks; or, at least, win six games to his four; and such was the betting upon me, his Excellency losing large sums to the Count, who knew what play was, and used to back me. I did not play except for shillings, so my skill was of no great service to me.

One day I entered the billiard-room where these three gentlemen were high in words. "The thing shall not be done," I heard Captain Tagrag say, "I won't stand it."

"Vat, because you would have de bird all to yourself, hey?" said the Baron.

"You sall not have a single fezare of him, begar," said the Count: "ve vill blow you, Monsieur de Tagueragues; *parole d'honneur*, ve vill."

"What's all this, gents," says I, stepping in, "about birds and feathers?"

"Oh," says Tagrag, "we were talking about—about—pigeon-shooting; the Count here says he will blow a bird all to pieces at twenty yards, and I said I wouldn't stand it, because it was regular murder."

"Oh, yase, it was bidgeon-shooting," cries the Baron: "and I know no better sbort. Have you been bidgeon-shooting, my dear Squire? De fon is gabidal."

"No doubt," says I, "for the shooters, but mighty bad sport for the *pigeon*." And this joke set them all a-laughing ready to die. I didn't know then what a good joke it *was*, neither; but I gave Master Baron, that day, a precious good beating, and walked off with no less than fifteen shillings of his money.

As a sporting man, and a man of fashion, I need not say that I took in the *Flare-up* regularly; ay, and wrote one or two trifles in that celebrated publication (one of my papers, which Tagrag subscribed for me, Philo-pestitiæamicus, on the proper sauce for teal and widgeon—and the other, signed Scru-tatos, on the best means of cultivating the kidney species of that vegetable—made no small noise at the time, and got me in the paper a compliment from the editor). I was a constant reader of the Notices to Correspondents, and, my early education having been raythor neglected (for I was taken from my studies and set, as is the custom in our trade, to practice on a sheep's head at the tender age of nine years, before I was allowed to venture on the humane countenance),—I say, being thus curtailed and cut off in my classical learning, I must confess I managed to pick up a pretty smattering of genteel information from that treasury of all sorts of knowledge; at least sufficient to make me a match in learning for all the noblemen and gentlemen who came to our house. Well, on looking over the *Flare-up* Notices to Correspondents, I read, one day last April, among the Notices, as follows:—

"'Automodon.'—We do not know the precise age of Mr. Baker, of Covent Garden Theater: nor are we aware if that celebrated son of Thespis is a married man.

"'Ducks and Green-peas' is informed, that when A plays his rook to B's second Knight's square, and B, moving two squares with his Queen's pawn, gives check to his adversary's Queen, there is no reason why B's Queen should not take A's pawn, if B be so inclined.

"'F. L. S.'—We have repeatedly answered the question about Madame Vestris: her maiden name was Bartolozzi, and she married the son of Charles Mathews, the celebrated comedian.

"'Fair Play.'—The best amateur billiard and écarté player in England is Coxe-Tuggeridge Coxe, Esq., of Portland Place, and Tuggeridgeville: Jonathan, who knows his play, can only give him two in a game of a hundred; and, at the cards, no man is his superior. *Verbum sap.*

"'Scipio Americanus' is a blockhead."

I read this out to the Count and Tagrag, and both of them wondered how the Editor of that tremendous *Flare-up* should get such information; and both agreed that the Baron, who still piqued himself absurdly on his play, would be vastly annoyed by seeing me preferred thus to himself. We read him the paragraph, and preciously angry he was. "Id is," he cried, "the tables" (or "de *dables*," as he called them), —"de horrid dables; gom viz me to London, and dry a slate-table, and I vill beat you." We all roared at this; and the end of the dispute was, that, just to satisfy the fellow, I agreed to play his Excellency at slate-tables, or any tables he chose.

"Gut," says he, "gut; I lif, you know, at Abednego's, in de Quadrant; his dables is goot; ve vill blay dere, if you vill." And I said I would: and it was agreed that one Saturday night, when Jemmy was at the Opera, we should go to the Baron's rooms, and give him a chance.

We went, and the little Baron had as fine a supper as ever I saw: lots of champagne (and I didn't mind drinking it), and plenty of laughing and fun. Afterwards, down we went to billiards. "Is dish Misther Coxsh, de shelebrated player?" says Mr. Abednego, who was in the room, with one or two gentlemen of his own persuasion, and several foreign noblemen, dirty, snuffy,

and hairy, as them foreigners are. "Is dish Misther Coxsh? blesh my hart; it is a honer to see you; I have heard so much of your play."

"Come, come," says I, "sir"—for I'm pretty wide awake—"none of your gammon; you're not going to hook *me*."

"No, beggar, dis fish you not catch," says Count Mace.

"Dat is gut!—haw! haw!" snorted the Baron. "Hook him! *Lieber Himmel*, you might dry and hook me as well. Haw! Haw!"

Well, we went to play. "Five to four on Coxe," screams out the Count.—"Done and done," says another nobleman. "Ponays," says the Count.—"Done," says the nobleman. "I vil take your six crowns to four," says the Baron.—"Done," says I. And, in the twinkling of an eye, I beat him; once making thirteen off the balls without stopping.

We had some more wine after this; and if you could have seen the long faces of the other noblemen, as they pulled out their pencils and wrote I.O.U.'s for the Count! "Va toujours, mon cher," says he to me, "you have von for me three hundred pounds."

"I'll blay you guineas dis time," says the Baron. "Zeven to four you must give me, though." And so I did; and in ten minutes *that* game was won, and the Baron handed over his pounds. "Two hundred and sixty more, my dear, dear Coxe," says the Count; "you are *mon ange gardien!*" "Wot a flat Misther Coxsh is, not to back his luck," I heard Abednego whisper to one of the foreign noblemen.

"I'll take your seven to four, in tens," said I to the Baron. "Give me three," says he, "and done." I gave him three, and lost the game by one. "Dobbel, or quits," says he. "Go it," says I, up to my mettle: "Sam Coxe never says no";—and to it we went. I went in, and scored eighteen to his five. "Holy Moshesh!" says Abednego, "dat little Coxsh is a vonder! who'll take odds?"

"I'll give twenty to one," says I, "in guineas."

"Ponays! yase, done," screams out the Count.

"*Bonies*, done," roars out the Baron: and, before I could speak, went in, and—would you believe it?—in two minutes he somehow made the game!

. . . . . .

Oh, what a figure I cut when my dear Jemmy heard of this afterwards! In vain I swore it was guineas: the Count and the Baron swore to ponies; and when I refused, they both said their honour was concerned, and they must have my life, or their money. So when the Count showed me actually that in spite of this bet (which had been too good to resist) won from me, he had been a very heavy loser by the night; and brought me the word of honour of Abednego, his Jewish friend, and the foreign noblemen, that ponies had been betted;—why, I paid them one thousand pounds sterling of good and lawful money.—But I've not played for money since: no, no; catch me at *that* again if you can.

MAY

A NEW DROP-SCENE AT THE OPERA

MAY—A NEW DROP-SCENE AT THE OPERA

No lady is a lady without having a box at the Opera: so my Jemmy, who knew as much about music,—bless her!—as I do about Sanscrit, algebra, or any other foreign language, took a prime box on the second tier. It was what they called a double box;

it really *could* hold two, that is, very comfortably; and we got it a great bargain—for five hundred a year! Here, Tuesdays and Saturdays, we used regularly to take our places, Jemmy and Jemimarann sitting in front; me, behind: but as my dear wife used to wear a large fantail gauze hat with ostrich feathers, birds-of-paradise, artificial flowers, and tags of muslin or satin, scattered all over it, I'm blest if she didn't fill the whole of the front of the box; and it was only by jumping and dodging, three or four times in the course of the night, that I could manage to get a sight of the actors. By kneeling down, and looking steady under my darling Jemmy's sleeve, I *did* contrive, every now and then, to have a peep of Senior Lablash's boots, in the "Puritanny," and once actually saw Madame Greasi's crown and head-dress in "Annybalony."

What a place that Opera is, to be sure! and what enjoyments us aristocracy used to have! Just as you have swallowed down your three courses (three curses I used to call them;—for so, indeed, they are, causing a great deal of heartburns, headaches, doctor's bills, pills, want of sleep, and such like)—just, I say, as you get down your three courses, which I defy any man to enjoy properly unless he has two hours of drink and quiet afterwards, up comes the carriage, in bursts my Jemmy, as fine as a duchess, and scented like our shop. "Come, my dear," says she, "it's 'Normy' to-night" (or "Annybalony," or the "Nosey di Figaro," or the "Gazzylarder," as the case may be). "Mr. Coster strikes off punctually at eight, and you know it's the fashion to be always present at the very first bar of the aperture." And so off we are obliged to budge, to be miserable for five hours and to have a headache for the next twelve, and all because it's the fashion!

After the aperture, as they call it, comes the opera, which, as I am given to understand, is the Italian for singing. Why they should sing in Italian, I can't conceive; or why they should do nothing *but* sing. Bless us! how I used to long for the wooden magpie in the "Gazzylarder" to fly up to the top of the church-steeple, with the silver spoons, and see the chaps with the pitchforks come in and carry off that wicked Don June. Not that I don't admire Lablash, and Rubini, and his brother, Tomrubini: him who has that fine bass voice, I mean, and acts the Corporal in the first piece, and Don June in the second; but three hours is a *little* too much, for you can't sleep on those little rickety seats in the boxes.

The opera is bad enough; but what is that to the bally? You *should* have seen my Jemmy the first night when she stopped to see it; and when Madamsalls Fanny and Theresa Hustler came forward, along with a gentleman, to dance, you should have seen how Jemmy stared, and our girl blushed, when Madamsall Fanny, coming forward, stood on the tips of only five of her toes, and raising up the other five, and the foot belonging to them, almost to her shoulder, twirled round, and round, and round, like a teetotum, for a couple of minutes or more; and as she settled down, at last, on both feet, in a natural decent posture, you should have heard how the house roared with applause, the boxes clapping with all their might, and waving their handkerchiefs; the pit shouting "Bravo!" Some people, who, I suppose, were rather angry at such an exhibition, threw bunches of flowers at her; and what do you think she did? Why, hang me, if she did not come forward, as though nothing had happened, gather up the things they had thrown at her, smile, press them to her heart, and begin whirling round again, faster than ever. Talk about coolness, *I* never saw such in all *my* born days.

"Nasty thing!" says Jemmy, starting up in a fury; "if women *will* act so, it serves them right to be treated so."

"Oh yes! she acts beautifully," says our friend his Excellency, who, along with Baron von Punter and Tagrag, used very seldom to miss coming to our box.

"She may act very beautifully, Munseer, but she don't dress so; and I am very glad they threw that orange-peel and all those things at her, and that the people waved to her to get off."

Here his Excellency, and the Baron and Tag, set up a roar of laughter.

"My dear Mrs. Coxe," says Tag, "those are the most famous dancers in the world; and we throw myrtle, geraniums, and lilies and roses at them, in token of our immense admiration!"

"Well, I never!" said my wife; and poor Jemimarann slunk behind the curtain, and looked as red as it, almost. After, the one had done, the next began; but when, all of a sudden, a somebody came skipping and bounding in like an Indian-rubber ball, flinging itself up at least six feet from the stage, and there shaking about its legs like mad, we were more astonished than ever!

"That's Anatole," says one of the gentlemen.

"Anna who?" says my wife; and she

might well be mistaken: for this person had a hat and feathers, a bare neck and arms, great black ringlets, and a little calico frock, which came down to the knees.

"Anatole. You would not think he was sixty-three years old, he's as active as a man of twenty."

"*He!*" shrieked out my wife; "what, is that there a man? For shame, Munseer! Jemimarann, dear, get your cloak, and come along; and I'll thank you, my dear, to call our people, and let us go home."

You wouldn't think, after this, that my Jemmy, who had shown such a horror at the bally, as they call it, should ever grow accustomed to it; but she liked to hear her name shouted out in the crush-room, and so would stop till the end of everything; and, law bless you! in three weeks from that time, she could look at the bally as she would at a dancing-dog in the streets, and would bring her double-barrelled opera-glass up to her eyes as coolly as if she had been a born duchess. As for me, I did at Rome as Rome does; and precious fun it used to be, sometimes.

My friend the Baron insisted one night on my going behind the scenes; where, being a subscriber, he said I had what they call my *ontray*. Behind, then, I went; and such a place you never saw nor heard of! Fancy lots of young and old gents of the fashion crowding round and staring at the actresses practising their steps. Fancy yellow snuffy forcigners, chattering always, and smelling fearfully of tobacco. Fancy scores of Jews, with hooked noses and black muzzles, covered with rings, chains, sham diamonds, and gold waistcoats. Fancy old men dressed in old nightgowns, with knock-knees, and dirty flesh-coloured cotton stockings, and dabs of brickdust on their wrinkled old chops, and tow-wigs (such wigs!) for the bald ones, and great tin spears in their hands mayhap, or else shepherd's crooks, and fusty garlands of flowers made of red and green baize. Fancy troops of girls giggling, chattering, pushing to and fro, amidst old black canvas, Gothic halls, thrones, pasteboard, Cupids, dragons, and such like. Such dirt, darkness, crowd, confusion and gabble of all conceivable languages was never known!

If you *could* but have seen Munseer Anatole! Instead of looking twenty he looked a thousand. The old man's wig was off, and a barber was giving it a touch with the tongs; Munseer was taking snuff himself, and a boy was standing by with a pint of beer from the public-house at the corner of Charles Street.

I met with a little accident during the three-quarters of an hour which they allow for the entertainment of us men of fashion on the stage, before the curtain draws up for the bally, while the ladies in the boxes are gaping, and the people in the pit are drumming with their feet and canes in the rudest manner possible, as though they couldn't wait.

Just at the moment before the little bell rings and the curtain flies up, and we scuffle off to the sides (for we always stay till the very last moment), I was in the middle of the stage, making myself very affable to the fair figgerantys which was spinning and twirling about me, and asking them if they wasn't cold, and such like politeness, in the most condescending way possible, when a bolt was suddenly withdrawn, and down I popped, through a trap in the stage, into the place below. Luckily, I was stopped by a piece of machinery, consisting of a heap of green blankets, and a young lady coming up as Venus rising from the sea. If I had not fallen so soft, I don't know what might have been the consequence of the collusion. I never told Mrs. Coxe, for she can't bear to hear of my paying the least attention to the fair sex.

JUNE—STRIKING A BALANCE

NEXT door to us, in Portland Place, lived the Right Honourable the Earl of Kilblazes, of Kilmacrasy Castle, county Kildare, and his mother, the Dowager Countess. Lady Kilblazes had a daughter, Lady Juliana Matilda Mac Turk, of the exact age of our dear Jemimarann; and a son, the Honourable Arthur Wellington Anglesey Blucher Bulow Mac Turk, only ten months older than our boy Tug.

My darling Jemmy is a woman of spirit, and, as become her station, made every possible attempt to become acquainted with the Dowager Countess of Kilblazes, which her Ladyship (because, forsooth, she was the daughter of the Minister, and Prince of Wales's great friend, the Earl of Portansherry) thought fit to reject. I don't wonder at my Jemmy growing so angry with her, and determining, in every way, to put her Ladyship down. The Kilblazes estate is not so large as the

JUNE

STRIKING
A BALANCE

Tuggeridge property by two thousand a year at least; and so my wife, when our neighbours kept only two footmen, was quite authorized in having three; and she made it a point, as soon as ever the Kilblazes' carriage-and-pair came round, to have out her own carriage-and-four.

Well, our box was next to theirs at the Opera; only twice as big. Whatever masters went to Lady Juliana, came to my Jemimarann; and what do you think Jemmy did? she got her celebrated governess, Madame de Flicflac, away from the Countess, by offering a double salary. It was quite a treasure, they said, to have Madame Flicflac: she had been (to support her father, the Count, when he emigrated) a *French* dancer at the *Italian* Opera. French dancing, and Italian, therefore, we had at once, and in the best style: it is astonishing how quick and well she used to speak—the French especially.

Master Arthur Mac Turk was at the famous school of the Reverend Clement Coddler, along with a hundred and ten other young fashionables, from the age of three to fifteen; and to this establishment Jemmy sent our Tug, adding forty guineas to the hundred and twenty paid every year for the boarders. I think I found out the dear soul's reason; for, one day, speaking about the school to a mutual acquaintance of ours and the Kilblazes, she whispered to him that "she never would have thought of sending her darling boy at the rate which her next-door neighbours paid; *their* lad, she was sure, must be starved: however, poor people, they did the best they could on their income!"

Coddler's, in fact, was the tiptop school near London: he had been tutor to the Duke of Buckminster, who had set him up in the school, and, as I tell you, all the peerage and respectable commoners came to it. You read in the bill (the snopsis, I think, Coddler called it), after the account of the charges for board, masters, extras, &c.—

"Every young nobleman (or gentleman) is expected to bring a knife, fork, spoon, and goblet of silver (to prevent breakage), which will not be returned; a dressing-gown and slippers; toilet-box, pomatum, curling-irons, &c., &c. The pupil must on NO ACCOUNT be allowed to have more than ten guineas of pocket-money, unless his parents particularly desire it, or he be above fifteen years of age. *Wine* will be an extra charge; as are warm, vapour, and *douche* baths. *Carriage exercise* will be provided at the rate of fifteen guineas per quarter. It is *earnestly requested* that no young nobleman (or gentleman) be allowed to smoke. In a place devoted to *the cultivation of polite literature*, such an ignoble enjoyment were profane.

"CLEMENT CODDLER, M.A.,
"Chaplain and late Tutor to his Grace the Duke of Buckminster.
"MOUNT PARNASSUS,
"RICHMOND, SURREY."

To this establishment our Tug was sent. "Recollect, my dear," said his mamma, "that you are a Tuggeridge by birth, and that I expect you to beat all the boys in the school; especially that Wellington Mac Turk, who, though he is a lord's son, is nothing to you, who are the heir of Tuggeridgeville."

Tug was a smart young fellow enough, and could cut and curl as well as any young chap of his age: he was not a bad hand at a wig either, and could shave, too, very prettily; but that was in the old time, when we were not great people: when he came to be a gentleman, he had to learn Latin and Greek, and had a deal of lost time to make up for, on going to school.

However, we had no fear; for the Reverend Mr. Coddler used to send monthly accounts of his pupil's progress, and if Tug

was not a wonder of the world, I don't know who was. It was—

General behaviour	excellent.
English	very good.
French	très bien.
Latin	optimè.

And so on:—he possessed all the virtues, and wrote to us every month for money. My dear Jemmy and I determined to go and see him, after he had been at school a quarter; we went, and were shown by Mr. Coddler, one of the meekest, smilingest little men I ever saw, into the bedrooms and eating-rooms (the dromitaries and refractories he called them), which were all as comfortable as comfortable might be. "It is a holiday to-day," said Mr. Coddler; and a holiday it seemed to be. In the dining-room were half-a-dozen young gentlemen playing at cards ("All tip-top nobility," observed Mr. Coddler);—in the bedrooms there was only one gent: he was lying on his bed, reading novels and smoking cigars. "Extra-ordinary genius!" whispered Coddler. "Honourable Tom Fitz-Warter, cousin of Lord Byron's; smokes all day; and has written the *sweetest* poems you can imagine. Genius, my dear madam, you know—genius must have its way." "Well, *upon* my word," says Jemmy, "if that's genius, I had rather that Master Tuggeridge Coxe Tuggeridge remained a dull fellow."

"Impossible, my dear madam," said Coddler. "Mr. Tuggeridge Coxe *couldn't* be stupid if he *tried*."

Just then up comes Lord Claude Lollypop, third son of the Marquis of Allycompane. We were introduced instantly: "Lord Claude Lollypop, Mr. and Mrs. Coxe." The little lord wagged his head, my wife bowed very low, and so did Mr. Coddler; who, as he saw my Lord making for the playground, begged him to show us the way.—"Come along," says my Lord; and as he walked before us, whistling, we had leisure to remark the beautiful holes in his jacket, and elsewhere.

About twenty young noblemen (and gentlemen) were gathered round a pastry-cook's shop at the end of the green. "That's the grub-shop," said my Lord, "where we young gentlemen wot has money buys our wittles, and them young gentlemen wot has none, goes tick."

Then we passed a poor red-haired usher sitting on a bench alone. "That's Mr. Hicks, the Husher, ma'am," says my Lord. "We keep him, for he's very useful to throw stones at, and he keeps the chaps' coats when there's a fight, or a game at cricket.—Well, Hicks, how's your mother? what's the row now?" "I believe, my Lord," said the usher, very meekly, "there is a pugilistic encounter somewhere on the premises—the Honourable Mr. Mac——"

"Oh! *come* along," said Lord Lollypop, "come along: *this* way, ma'am! Go it, ye cripples!" And my Lord pulled my dear Jemmy's gown in the kindest and most familiar way, she trotting on after him, mightily pleased to be so taken notice of, and I after her. A little boy went running across the green. "Who is it, Petitoes?" screams my Lord. "Turk and the barber," pipes Petitoes, and runs to the pastrycook's like mad. "Turk and the ba——," laughs out my Lord, looking at us. "Hurra! *this* way, ma'am!" And turning round a corner, he opened a door into a courtyard, where a number of boys were collected, and a great noise of shrill voices might be heard. "Go it, Turk!" says one. "Go it, barber!" says another. "*Punch hith life out!*" roars another, whose voice was just cracked, and his clothes half a yard too short for him!

Fancy our horror when, on the crowd making way, we saw Tug pummelling away at the Honourable Master Mac Turk! My dear Jemmy, who don't understand such things, pounced upon the two at once, and, with one hand tearing away Tug, sent him spinning back into the arms of his seconds, while with the other, she clawed hold of Master Mac Turk's red hair, and, as soon as she got her second hand free, banged it about his face and ears like a good one.

"You nasty—wicked—quarrelsome—aristocratic" (each word was a bang)—"aristocratic—oh! oh! oh!"—Here the words stopped; for what with the agitation, maternal solicitude, and a dreadful kick on the shins which, I am ashamed to say, Master Mac Turk administered, my dear Jemmy could bear it no longer, and sank fainting away in my arms.

JULY—DOWN AT BEULAH

ALTHOUGH there was a regular cut between the next-door people and us, yet Tug and the Honourable Master Mac Turk kept up their acquaintance over the back-garden wall, and in the stables, where they were fighting, making friends, and playing tricks

JULY

DOWN
AT BEULAH

from morning to night, during the holidays. Indeed, it was from young Mac that we first heard of Madame de Flicflac, of whom my Jemmy robbed Lady Kilblazes, as I before have related. When our friend the Baron first saw Madame, a very tender greeting passed between them; for they had, as it appeared, been old friends abroad. "Sapristi," said the Baron, in his lingo, "que fais-tu ici, Aménaïde?" "Et toi, mon pauvre Chicot," says she, "est-ce qu'on t'a mis à la retraite? Il paraît que tu n'es plus Général chez Franco——" "Chut!" says the Baron, putting his finger to his lips.

"What are they saying, my dear?" says my wife to Jemimarann, who had a pretty knowledge of the language by this time.

"I don't know what '*Sapristi*' means, mamma; but the Baron asked Madame what she was doing here; and Madame said, 'And you, Chicot, you are no more a General at Franco?'—Have I not translated rightly, Madame?"

"Oui, mon chou, mon ange. Yase, my angel, my cabbage, quite right. Figure yourself, I have known my dear Chicot dis twenty years."

"Chicot is my name of baptism," says the Baron; "Baron Chicot de Punter is my name."

"And being a General at Franco," says Jemmy, "means, I suppose, being a French General?"

"Yes, I vas," said he, "General Baron de Punter—*n'est 'a pas, Aménaïde?*"

"Oh yes!" said Madame Flicflac, and laughed; and I and Jemmy laughed out of politeness: and a pretty laughing matter it was, as you shall hear.

About this time my Jemmy became one of the Lady-Patronesses of that admirable institution, "The Washerwoman's-Orphans' Home"; Lady de Sudley was the great projector of it; and the manager and chaplain, the excellent and Reverend Sidney Slopper. His salary as chaplain, and that of Doctor Leitch, the physician (both cousins of her Ladyship's), drew away five hundred pounds from the six subscribed to the charity; and Lady de Sudley thought a fête at Beulah Spa, with the aid of some of the foreign princes who were in town last year, might bring a little more money into its treasury. A tender appeal was accordingly drawn up, and published in all the papers.

"APPEAL.

"BRITISH WASHERWOMAN'S-ORPHANS' HOME.

"THE 'Washerwoman's-Orphans' Home' has now been established seven years: and the good which it has effected is, it may be confidently stated, *incalculable*. Ninety-eight orphan children of Washerwomen have been lodged within its walls. One hundred and two British Washerwomen have been relieved when in the last stage of decay. ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-EIGHT THOUSAND articles of male and female dress have been washed, mended, buttoned, ironed, and mangled in the Establishment. And, by an arrangement with the governors of the Foundling, it is hoped that THE BABY-LINEN OF THAT HOSPITAL will be confided to the British Washerwoman's Home!

"With such prospects before it, is it not sad, is it not lamentable to think, that the Patronesses of the Society have been compelled to reject the applications of no less than THREE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND ONE BRITISH WASHERWOMEN, from lack of means for their support? Ladies of England! Mothers of England! to you we appeal. Is there one of you that will not respond to the cry in behalf of these deserving members of our sex?

"It has been determined by the Ladies-Patronesses to give a fête at Beulah Spa, on Thursday, July 25; which will be graced with the first foreign and native TALENT; by the first foreign and native RANK; and where they beg for the attendance of every WASHERWOMAN'S FRIEND."

Her Highness the Princess of Schloppenzollernschwigmaringen, the Duke of Sacks-Tubbingen, His Excellency Baron Strumpff, His Excellency Lootf-Allee-Koolee-Bismillah-Mohamed-Rusheed-Allah, the Persian Ambassador, Prince Futtee-Jaw, Envoy from the King of Oude, His Excellency Don Alonzo di Cachachero-y-Fandango-y-Castañete, the Spanish Ambassador, Count Ravioli, from Milan, the Envoy of the Republic of Topinambo, and a host of other fashionables promised to honour the festival: and their names made a famous show in the bills. Besides these we had the celebrated band of Moscow-musiks, the seventy-seven Transylvanian trumpeters, and the famous Bohemian Minnesingers; with all the leading artists of London, Paris, the Continent, and the rest of Europe.

I leave you to fancy what a splendid triumph for the British Washerwoman's Home was to come off on that day. A beautiful tent was erected, in which the Ladies-Patronesses were to meet: it was hung round with specimens of the skill of the Washerwomen's orphans; ninety-six of whom were to be feasted in the gardens, and waited on by the Ladies-Patronesses.

Well, Jemmy and my daughter, Madame de Flicflac, myself, the Count, Baron Punter, Tug, and Tagrag, all went down in the chariot and barouche-and-four, quite eclipsing poor Lady Kilblazes and her carriage-and-two.

There was a fine cold collation, to which the friends of the Ladies-Patronesses were admitted; after which my ladies and their beaux went strolling through the walks; Tagrag and the Count having each an arm of Jemmy; the Baron giving an arm apiece to Madame and Jemimarann. Whilst they were walking, whom should they light upon but poor Orlando Crump, my successor in the perfumery and haircutting.

"Orlando!" says Jemimarann, blushing as red as a label, and holding out her hand.

"Jemimar!" says he, holding out his, and turning as white as pomatum.

"*Sir!*" says Jemmy, as stately as a duchess.

"What! madam," says poor Crump, "don't you remember your shopboy?"

"Dearest mamma, don't you recollect Orlando?" whimpers Jemimarann, whose hand he had got hold of.

"Miss Tuggeridge Coxe," says Jemmy, "I'm surprised at you. Remember, sir, that our position is altered, and oblige me by no more familiarity."

"Insolent fellow!" says the Baron, "vat is dis canaille?"

"Canal yourself, Mounseer," says Orlando, now grown quite furious: he broke away, quite indignant, and was soon lost in the crowd. Jemimarann, as soon as he was gone, began to look very pale and ill; and her mamma, therefore, took her to a tent, where she left her along with Madame Flicflac and the Baron; going off herself with the other gentlemen, in order to join us.

It appears they had not been seated very long, when Madame Flicflac suddenly sprang up, with an exclamation of joy, and rushed forward to a friend whom she saw pass.

The Baron was left alone with Jemimarann, and whether it was the champagne, or that my dear girl looked more than commonly pretty, I don't know; but Madame Flicflac had not been gone a minute, when the Baron dropped on his knees, and made her a regular declaration.

Poor Orlando Crump had found me out by this time, and was standing by my side, listening, as melancholy as possible, to the famous Bohemian Minnesingers, who were singing the celebrated words of the poet Gothy:—

"Ich bin ya hupp lily lee, du bist ya hupp lily lee,
Wir sind doch hupp lily lee, hupp le lily lee.

Chorus.—Yodle-odle-odle-odle-odle-odle hupp!
yodle-odle-aw-o-o-o!"

They were standing with their hands in their waistcoats, as usual, and had just come to the "o-o-o," at the end of the chorus of the forty-seventh stanza, when Orlando started: "That's a scream!" says he. "Indeed it is," says I; "and, but for the fashion of the thing, a very ugly scream too": when I heard another shrill "Oh!" as I thought; and Orlando bolted off, crying, "By heavens, it's *her* voice!" "Whose voice?" says I. "Come and see the row," says Tag. And off we went, with a considerable number of people, who saw this strange move on his part.

We came to the tent, and there we found my poor Jemimarann fainting; her mamma holding a smelling-bottle; the Baron, on the ground, holding a handkerchief to his bleeding nose; and Orlando squaring at him, and calling on him to fight if he dared.

My Jemmy looked at Crump very fierce. "Take that feller away," says she; "he has insulted a French nobleman, and deserves transportation, at the least."

Poor Orlando was carried off. "I've no patience with the little minx," says Jemmy, giving Jemimarann a pinch. "She might be a Baron's lady; and she screams out because his Excellency did but squeeze her hand."

"Oh, mamma! mamma!" sobs poor Jemimarann, "but he was t-t-tipsy."

"T-t-tipsy! and the more shame for you, you hussy, to be offended with a nobleman who does not know what he is doing."

AUGUST

A TOURNAMENT

AUGUST—A TOURNAMENT

"I SAY, Tug," said Mac Turk, one day soon after our flare-up at Beulah, "Kilblazes comes of age in October, and then we'll cut you out, as I told you: the old barberess will die of spite when she hears what we are going to do. What do you think? we're going to have a tournament!" "What's a tournament?" says Tug, and so said his mamma when she heard the news; and when she knew what a tournament was, I think, really, she *was* as angry as Mac Turk said she would be, and gave us no peace for days together. "What!" says she, "dress up in armour, like play-actors, and run at each other with spears? The Kilblazes must be mad!" And so I thought, but I didn't think the Tuggeridges would be mad too, as they were: for, when Jemmy heard that the Kilblazes' festival was to be, as yet, a profound secret, what does she do, but send down to the *Morning Post* a flaming account of

"THE PASSAGE OF ARMS AT TUGGERIDGEVILLE!

"The days of chivalry are *not* past. The fair Castellane of T-gg-r-dgeville, whose splendid entertainments have so often been alluded to in this paper, has determined to give one, which shall exceed in splendour even the magnificence of the Middle Ages. We are not at liberty to say more; but a tournament, at which His Ex-l-ncy B-r-n de P-nt-r and Thomas T-gr-g, Esq., eldest son of Sir Th—s T-gr-g, are to be the knights-defendants against all comers; a *Queen of Beauty*, of whose loveliness every frequenter of fashion has felt the power; a banquet, unexampled in the annals of Gunter; and a ball, in which the recollections of ancient chivalry will blend sweetly with the soft tones of Weippert and Collinet, are among the entertainments which the Ladye of T-gg-ridgeville has prepared for her distinguished guests."

The Baron was the life of the scheme: he longed to be on horseback, and in the field at Tuggeridgeville, where he, Tagrag, and a number of our friends practised: he was the very best tilter present; he vaulted over his horse, and played such wonderful antics, as never were done except at Ducrow's.

And now—oh that I had twenty pages, instead of this short chapter, to describe the wonders of the day!—Twenty-four knights came from Ashley's at two guineas a head. We were in hopes to have had Miss Woolford in the character of Joan of Arc, but that lady did not appear. We had a tent for the challengers, at each side of which hung what they called *escoachings* (like hatchments, which they put up when people die), and underneath sat their pages, holding their helmets for the tournaments. Tagrag was in brass-armour (my City connections got him that famous suit); his Excellency in polished steel. My wife wore a coronet, modelled exactly after that of Queen Catharine, in "Henry V."; a tight gilt jacket, which set off dear Jemmy's figure wonderfully, and a train of at least

forty feet. Dear Jemimarann was in white, her hair braided with pearls. Madame de Flicflac appeared as Queen Elizabeth; and Lady Blanche Bluenose as a Turkish Princess. An alderman of London and his lady; two magistrates of the county, and the very pink of Croydon; several Polish noblemen; two Italian Counts (besides *our* Count); one hundred and ten young officers, from Addiscombe College, in full uniform, commanded by Maj.-Gen. Sir Miles Mulligatawney, K. C. B., and his lady; the Misses Pimminy's Finishing Establishment, and fourteen young ladies, all in white; the Reverend Doctor Wapshot, and forty-nine young gentlemen, of the first families, under his charge—were *some* only of the company. I leave you to fancy that, if my Jemmy did seek for fashion, she had enough of it on this occasion. They wanted me to have mounted again, but my hunting-day had been sufficient; besides, I ain't big enough for a real knight: so, as Mrs. Coxe insisted on my opening the Tournament—and I knew it was in vain to resist—the Baron and Tagrag had undertaken to arrange so that I might come off with safety, if I came off at all. They had procured from the Strand Theater a famous stud of hobby-horses, which they told me had been trained for the use of the great Lord Bateman. I did not know exactly what they were till they arrived; but as they had belonged to a lord, I thought it was all right, and consented; and I found it the best sort of riding, after all, to appear to be on horseback and walk safely a-foot at the same time; and it was impossible to come down as long as I kept on my own legs; besides, I could cuff and pull my steed about as much as I liked, without fear of his biting or kicking in return. As Lord of the Tournament, they placed in my hands a lance, ornamented spirally, in blue and gold: I thought of the pole over my old shop door, and almost wished myself there again, as I capered up to the battle in my helmet and breast-plate, with all the trumpets blowing and drums beating at the time. Captain Tagrag was my opponent, and preciously we poked each other, till, prancing about, I put my foot on my horse's petticoat behind, and down I came, getting a thrust from the Captain, at the same time, that almost broke my shoulder-bone. "This was sufficient," they said, "for the laws of chivalry"; and I was glad to get off so.

After that the gentlemen riders, of whom there were no less than seven, in complete armour, and the professionals, now ran at the ring; and the Baron was far, far the most skilful.

"How sweetly the dear Baron rides!" said my wife, who was always ogling at him, smirking, smiling, and waving her handkerchief to him. "I say, Sam," says a professional to one of his friends, as, after their course, they came cantering up, and ranged under Jemmy's bower, as she called it:—"I say, Sam, I'm blowed if that chap in harmer mustn't have been one of hus." And this only made Jemmy the more pleased; for the fact is, the Baron had chosen the best way of winning Jemimarann by courting her mother.

The Baron was declared conqueror at the ring; and Jemmy awarded him the prize, a wreath of white roses, which she placed on his lance; he receiving it gracefully, and bowing, until the plumes of his helmet mingled with the mane of his charger which backed to the other end of the lists; then galloping back to the place where Jemimarann was seated, he begged her to place it on his helmet. The poor girl blushed very much, and did so. As all the people were applauding, Tagrag rushed up, and, laying his hand on the Baron's shoulder, whispered something in his ear, which made the other very angry, I suppose, for he shook him off violently. "*Chacun pour soi*," says he, "Monsieur de Tagueragué,"—which means, I am told, "Every man for himself." And then he rode away, throwing his lance in the air, catching it, and making his horse caper and prance, to the admiration of all beholders.

After this came the "Passage of Arms." Tagrag and the Baron ran courses against the other champions; ay, and unhorsed two apiece; whereupon the other three refused to turn out; and preciously we laughed at them, to be sure!

"Now, it's *our* turn, Mr. *Chicot*," says Tagrag, shaking his fist at the Baron: "look to yourself, you infernal mountebank, for, by Jupiter, I'll do my best!" And before Jemmy and the rest of us, who were quite bewildered, could say a word, these two friends were charging away, spears in hand, ready to kill each other. In vain Jemmy screamed; in vain I threw down my truncheon: they had broken two poles before I could say "Jack Robinson," and were driving at each other with the two new ones. The Baron had the worst of the first course, for he had almost been carried out of his saddle. "Hark you, Chicot!" screamed out Tagrag, "next time look to

your head!" And next time, sure enough, each aimed at the head of the other.

Tagrag's spear hit the right place; for it carried off the Baron's helmet, plume, rose-wreath and all; but his Excellency hit truer still—his lance took Tagrag on the neck, and sent him to the ground like a stone.

"He's won! he's won!" says Jemmy, waving her handkerchief; Jemimarann fainted, Lady Blanche screamed, and I felt so sick that I thought I should drop. All the company were in an uproar: only the Baron looked calm, and bowed very gracefully, and kissed his hand to Jemmy; when, all of a sudden, a Jewish-looking man springing over the barrier, and followed by three more, rushed toward the Baron. "Keep the gate, Bob!" he holloas out. "Baron, I arrest you, at the suit of Samuel Levison, for——"

But he never said for what; shouting out, "Aha!" and "*Sapprrrristie!*" and I don't know what, his Excellency drew his sword, dug his spurs into his horse, and was over the poor bailiff, and off before another word. He had threatened to run through one of the bailiff's followers, Mr. Stubbs, only that gentleman made way for him; and when we took up the bailiff, and brought him round by the aid of a little brandy-and-water, he told us all. "I had a writ againsht him, Mishter Coxsh, but I didn't vant to shpoil shport; and, beshidesh, I didn't know him until dey knocked off his shteel cap!"

. . . . .

Here was a pretty business!

SEPTEMBER

OVER-BOARDED AND UNDER-LODGED

SEPTEMBER—OVER-BOARDED AND UNDER-LODGED

We had no great reason to brag of our tournament at Tuggeridgeville: but, after all, it was better than the turn-out at Kilblazes, where poor Lord Heydownderry went about in a black velvet dressing-gown, and the Emperor Napoleon Bonypart appeared in a suit of armour and silk stockings, like Mr. Pell's friend in Pickwick. We, having employed the gentlemen from Astley's Antitheater, had some decent sport for our money.

We never heard a word from the Baron, who had so distinguished himself by his horsemanship, and had knocked down (and very justly) Mr. Nabb, the bailiff, and Mr. Stubbs his man, who came to lay hands upon him. My sweet Jemmy seemed to be very low in spirits after his departure, and a sad thing it is to see her in low spirits: on days of illness she no more minds giving Jemimarann a box on the ear, or sending a plate of muffins across a table at poor me, than she does taking her tea.

Jemmy, I say, was very low in spirits; but one day (I remember it was the day after Captain Higgins called, and said he had seen the Baron at Boulogne), she vowed that nothing but change of air would do her good, and declared that she should die unless she went to the seaside in France. I knew what this meant, and that I might as well attempt to resist her as to resist Her Gracious Majesty in Parliament assembled; so I told the people to pack up the things, and took four places on board the *Grand Turk* steamer for Boulogne.

The traveling-carriage, which, with Jemmy's thirty-seven boxes and my carpet-

bag, was pretty well loaded, was sent on board the night before; and we, after breakfasting in Portland Place (little did I think it was the—but, poh! never mind) went down to the Custom House in the other carriage, followed by a hackney-coach and a cab, with the servants, and fourteen bandboxes and trunks more, which were to be wanted by my dear girl in the journey.

The road down Cheapside and Thames Street need not be described; we saw the Monument, a memento of the wicked Popish massacre of St. Bartholomew;—why erected here I can't think, as St. Bartholomew is in Smithfield;—we had a glimpse of Billingsgate, and of the Mansion House, where we saw the two-and-twenty-shilling-coal smoke coming out of the chimneys, and were landed at the Custom House in safety. I felt melancholy, for we were going among a people of swindlers, as all Frenchmen are thought to be; and, besides not being able to speak the language, leaving our own dear country and honest countrymen.

Fourteen porters came out, and each took a package with the greatest civility; calling Jemmy her Ladyship, and me your honour; ay, and your-honouring and my-Ladyshipping even my man and the maid in the cab. I somehow felt all over quite melancholy at going away. "Here, my fine fellow," says I to the coachman, who was standing very respectful, holding his hat in one hand and Jemmy's jewel-case in the other—"Here, my fine chap," says I, "here's six shillings for you"; for I did not care for the money.

"Six what?" says he.

"Six shillings, fellow," shrieks Jemmy, "and twice as much as your fare."

"Feller, marm!" says this insolent coachman. "Feller yourself, marm: do you think I'm a-going to kill my horses, and break my precious back, and bust my carriage, and carry you, and your kids, and your traps, for six hog?" And with this the monster dropped his hat, with my money in it, and doubling his fist, put it so very near my nose that I really thought he would have made it bleed. "My fare's heighteen shillings," says he, "hain't it?—hask hany of these gentlemen."

"Why, it ain't more than seventeen-and-six," says one of the fourteen porters; "but if the gen'l'man *is* a gen'l'man, he can't give no less than a suffering anyhow."

I wanted to resist, and Jemmy screamed like a Turk; but, "Holloa!" says one. "What's the row?" says another. "Come, dub up!" roars a third. And I don't mind telling you, in confidence, that I was so frightened that I took out the sovereign and gave it. My man and Jemmy's maid had disappeared by this time: they always do when there's a robbery or a row going on.

I was going after them. "Stop, Mr. Ferguson," pipes a young gentleman of about thirteen, with a red livery waistcoat that reached to his ankles, and every variety of button, pin, string, to keep it together. "Stop, Mr. Heff," says he, taking a small pipe out of his mouth, "and don't forgit the cabman."

"What's your fare, my lad?" says I.

"Why, let's see—yes—ho!—my fare's seven-and-thirty and eightpence eggs—ackly."

The fourteen gentlemen holding the luggage here burst out and laughed very rudely indeed; and the only person who seemed disappointed was, I thought, the hackney-coachman. "Why, *you* rascal!" says Jemmy, laying hold of the boy, "do you want more than the coachman?"

"Don't rascal *me*, marm!" shrieks the little chap in return. "What's the coach to me? Vy, you may go in an omnibus for sixpence if you like; vy don't you go and buss it, marm? Vy did you call my cab, marm? Vy am I to come forty mile, from Scarlot Street, Po'tl'nd Street, Po'tl'nd Place, and not git my fare, marm? Come, give me a suffering and a half, and don't keep my hoss a-vaiting all day." This speech, which takes some time to write down, was made in about the fifth part of a second; and, at the end of it, the young gentleman hurled down his pipe, and, advancing toward Jemmy, doubled his fist, and seemed to challenge her to fight.

My dearest girl now turned from red to be as pale as white Windsor, and fell into my arms. What was I to do? I called "Policeman!" but a policeman won't interfere in Thames Street; robbery is licensed there. What was I to do? Oh! my heart beats with paternal gratitude when I think of what my Tug did!

As soon as this young cab-chap put himself into a fighting attitude, Master Tuggeridge Coxe—who had been standing by laughing very rudely, I thought—Master Tuggeridge Coxe, I say, flung his jacket suddenly into his mamma's face (the brass buttons made her start and recovered her a little), and, before we could say a word, was in the ring in which we stood (formed by the porters, nine orangemen and women, I don't know how many newspaper-boys, hotel-cads, and old-clothesmen), and,

whirling about two little white fists in the face of the gentleman in the red waistcoat, who brought up a great pair of black ones to bear on the enemy, was engaged in an instant.

But la bless you! Tug hadn't been at Richmond School for nothing; and *milled* away—one, two, right and left—like a little hero as he is, with all his dear mother's spirit in him. First came a crack which sent a long dusky white hat—that looked damp and deep like a well, and had a long black crape-rag twisted round it—first came a crack which sent this white hat spinning over the gentleman's cab, and scattered among the crowd a vast number of things which the cabman kept in it—such as a ball of string, a piece of candle, a comb, a whip-lash, a Little Warbler, a slice of bacon, &c. &c.

The cabman seemed sadly ashamed of this display, but Tug gave him no time: another blow was planted on his cheek-bone; and a third, which hit him straight on the nose, sent this rude cabman straight down to the ground.

"Brayvo, my Lord!" shouted all the people around.

"I won't have no more, thank yer," said the little cabman, gathering himself up. "Give us over my fare, vil yer, and let me git away?"

"What's your fare *now*, you cowardly little thief?" says Tug.

"Vy, then, two-and-eightpence," says he. "Go along,—you *know* it is!" And two-and-eightpence he had; and everybody applauded Tug, and hissed the cab-boy, and asked Tug for something to drink. We heard the packet-bell ringing, and all ran down the stairs to be in time.

I now thought our troubles would soon be over; mine were, very nearly so, in one sense at least: for after Mrs. Coxe and Jemimarann, and Tug, and the maid, and valet, and valuables had been handed across, it came to my turn. I had often heard of people being taken up by a *Plank*, but seldom of their being set down by one. Just as I was going over, the vessel rode off a little, the board slipped, and down I soused into the water. You might have heard Mrs. Coxe's shriek as far as Gravesend; it rang in my ears as I went down, all grieved at the thought of leaving her a disconsolate widder. Well, up I came again, and caught the brim of my beaver-hat—though I have heard that drowning men catch at straws:—I floated, and hoped to escape by hook or by crook; and, luckily, just then, I felt myself suddenly jerked by the waist-band of my whites, and found myself hauled up in the air at the end of a boat-hook, to the sound of "Yeho! yeho! yehoi! yehoi!" and so I was dragged aboard. I was put to bed, and had swallowed so much water that it took a very considerable quantity of brandy to bring it to a proper mixture in my inside. In fact, for some hours I was in a very deplorable state.

OCTOBER

NOTICE TO QUIT

OCTOBER—NOTICE TO QUIT

Well, we arrived at Boulogne; and Jemmy, after making inquiries, right and left, about the Baron, found that no such person was known there: and being bent, I suppose, at all events, on marrying her daughter to a lord, she determined to set off for Paris, where, as he had often said, he possessed a magnificent—hotel he called it; —and I remember Jemmy being mightily indignant at the idea; but hotel, we found

afterwards, means only a house in French, and this reconciled her. Need I describe the road from Boulogne to Paris? or need I describe that Capitol itself? Suffice it to say, that we made our appearance there, at "Murisse's Hotel," as became the family of Coxe Tuggeridge; and saw everything worth seeing in the metropolis in a week. It nearly killed me, to be sure; but, when you're on a pleasure party in a foreign country, you must not mind a little inconvenience of this sort.

Well, there is, near the city of Paris, a splendid road and row of trees, which—I don't know why—is called the Shandeleezy, or Elysian Fields, in French: others, I have heard, call it the Shandeleery; but mine I know to be the correct pronunciation. In the middle of this Shandeleezy is an open space of ground and a tent where, during the summer, Mr. Franconi, the French Ashley, performs with his horses and things. As everybody went there, and we were told it was quite the thing, Jemmy agreed that we should go too; and go we did.

It's just like Ashley's: there's a man just like Mr. Piddicombe, who goes round the ring in a huzzah-dress, cracking a whip; there are a dozen Miss Woolfords, who appear like Polish princesses, Dihannas, Sultannas, Cachuchas, and Heaven knows what! There's the fat man, who comes in with the twenty-three dresses on, and turns out to be the living skeleton! There's the clowns, the sawdust, the white horse that dances a hornpipe, the candles stuck in hoops, just as in our own dear country.

My dear wife, in her very finest clothes, with all the world looking at her, was really enjoying this spectacle (which doesn't require any knowledge of the language, seeing that the dumb animals don't talk it), when there came in, presently, "the the great Polish act of the Sarmatian horse-tamer, on eight steeds," which we were all of us longing to see. The horse-tamer, to music twenty miles an hour, rushed in on four of his horses, leading the other four, and skurried round the ring. You couldn't see him for the sawdust, but everybody was delighted, and applauded like mad. Presently, you saw there were only three horses in front: he had slipped one more between his legs, another followed, and it was clear that the consequences would be fatal, if he admitted any more. The people applauded more than ever; and when, at last, seven and eight were made to go in, not wholly, but sliding dexterously in and out, with the others, so that you did not know which was which, the house, I thought, would come down with applause; and the Sarmatian horse-tamer bowed his great feathers to the ground. At last the music grew slower, and he cantered leisurely round the ring; bending, smirking, see-sawing, waving his whip, and laying his hand on his heart, just as we have seen the Ashley's people do. But fancy our astonishment when, suddenly, this Sarmatian horse-tamer, coming round with his four pair at a canter, and being opposite our box, gave a start, and a—hupp! which made all his horses stop stock-still at an instant!

"Albert!" screamed my dear Jemmy: "Albert! Bahbahbah—baron!" The Sarmatian looked at her for a minute; and turning head over heels, three times, bolted suddenly off his horses, and away out of our sight.

It was His Excellency the Baron de Punter!

Jemmy went off in a fit as usual, and we never saw the Baron again; but we heard, afterwards, that Punter was an apprentice of Franconi's, and had run away to England, thinking to better himself, and had joined Mr. Richardson's army; but Mr. Richardson, and then London, did not agree with him; and we saw the last of him as he sprang over the barriers at the Tuggeridgeville tournament.

"Well, Jemimarann," says Jemmy, in a fury, "you shall marry Tagrag; and if I can't have a baroness for a daughter, at least you shall be a baronet's lady." Poor Jemimarann only sighed; she knew it was of no use to remonstrate.

Paris grew dull to us after this, and we were more eager than ever to go back to London: for what should we hear, but that that monster, Tuggeridge, of the City—old Tug's black son, forsooth!—was going to contest Jemmy's claim to the property, and had filed I don't know how many bills against us in Chancery! Hearing this, we set off immediately, and we arrived at Boulogne, and set off in that very same *Grand Turk* which had brought us to France.

If you look in the bills, you will see that the steamers leave London on Saturday morning, and Boulogne on Saturday night; so that there is often not an hour between the time of arrival and departure. Bless us! bless us! I pity the poor Captain that, for twenty-four hours at a time, is on a paddle-box, roaring out, "Ease her! Stop her!" and the poor servants, who are laying out breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, supper; —breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, supper, again;—for layers upon layers of travelers,

as it were; and, most of all, I pity that unhappy steward, with those unfortunate tin basins that he must always keep an eye over. Little did we know what a storm was brewing in our absence; and little were we prepared for the awful awful fate that hung over our Tuggeridgeville property.

Biggs, of the great house of Higgs, Biggs, & Blatherwick, was our man of business: when I arrived in London I heard that he had just set off to Paris after me. So we started down to Tuggeridgeville instead of going to Portland Place. As we came through the lodge-gates, we found a crowd assembled within them; and there was that horrid Tuggeridge on horseback, with a shabby-looking man, called Mr. Scapgoat, and his man of business, and many more. "Mr. Scapgoat," says Tuggeridge, grinning, and handing him over a sealed paper, "here's the lease; I leave you in possession, and wish you good-morning."

"In possession of what?" says the rightful lady of Tuggeridgeville, leaning out of the carriage-window. She hated black Tuggeridge, as she called him, like poison: the very first week of our coming to Portland Place, when he called to ask restitution of some plate which he said was his private property, she called him a base-born blackamoor, and told him to quit the house. Since then there had been law-squabbles between us without end, and all sorts of writings, meetings, and arbitrations.

"Possession of my estate of Tuggeridgeville, madam," roars he, "left me by my father's will, which you have had notice of these three weeks, and know as well as I do."

"Old Tug left no will," shrieked Jemmy: "he didn't die to leave his estates to blackamoors—to negroes—to base-born mulatto story-tellers; if he did, may I be——".

"Oh, hush! dearest mamma," says Jemimarann.

"Go it again, mother!" says Tug, who is always sniggering.

"What is this business, Mr. Tuggeridge?" cried Tagrag (who was the only one of our party that had his senses). "What is this will?"

"Oh, it's merely a matter of form," said the lawyer, riding up. "For Heaven's sake, madam, be peaceable; let my friends, Higgs, Biggs, & Blatherwick, arrange with me. I am surprised that none of their people are here. All that you have to do is to eject us; and the rest will follow, of course."

"Who has taken possession of this here property?" roars Jemmy again.

"My friend Mr. Scapgoat," said the lawyer.—Mr. Scapgoat grinned.

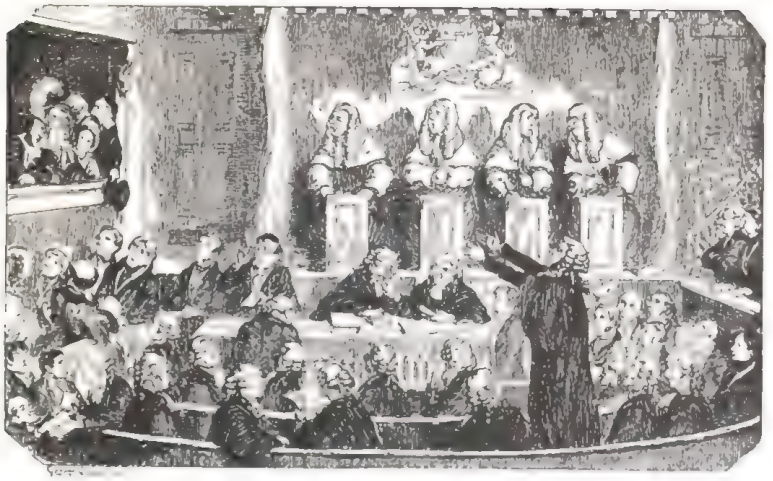
"Mr. Scapgoat," said my wife, shaking her fist at him (for she is a woman of no small spirit), "if you don't leave this ground, I'll have you pushed out with pitchforks, I will—you and your beggarly blackamoor yonder." And, suiting the action to the word, she clapped a stable fork into the hands of one of the gardeners, and called another, armed with a rake, to his help, while young Tug set the dog at their heels, and I hurrahed for joy to see such villainy so properly treated.

"That's sufficient, ain't it?" said Mr. Scapgoat, with the calmest air in the world. "Oh, completely," said the lawyer. "Mr. Tuggeridge, we've ten miles to dinner. Madam, your very humble servant." And the whole posse of them rode away.

NOVEMBER—LAW, LIFE, ASSURANCE

We knew not what this meant, until we received a strange document from Higgs, in London—which began, "Middlesex to wit. Samuel Cox, late of Portland Place, in the City of Westminster, in the said county, was attached to answer Samuel Scapgoat, of a plea, wherefore, with force and arms, he entered into one messuage, with the appurtenances, which John Tuggeridge, Esquire, demised to the said Samuel Scapgoat, for a term which is not yet expired, and ejected him." And it went on to say that "we, with force of arms, viz. with swords, knives, and staves, had ejected him." Was there ever such a monstrous falsehood? when we did but stand in defense of our own; and isn't it a sin that we should have been turned out of our rightful possessions upon such a rascally plea?

Higgs, Biggs, & Blatherwick had evidently been bribed; for—would you believe it?—they told us to give up possession at once, as a will was found, and we could not defend the action. My Jemmy refused their proposal with scorn, and laughed at the notion of the will: she pronounced it to be a forgery, a vile blackamoor forgery; and believes, to this day, that the story of its having been made thirty years ago, in Calcutta, and left there with old Tug's papers, and found there, and brought to England, after a search made, by order of



NOVEMBER

LAW, LIFE,
ASSURANCE

Tuggeridge junior, is a scandalous falsehood.

Well, the cause was tried. Why need I say anything concerning it? What shall I say of the Lord Chief Justice, but that he ought to be ashamed of the wig he sits in? What of Mr. —— and Mr. ——, who exerted their eloquence against justice and the poor? On our side, too, was no less a man than Mr. Serjeant Binks, who, ashamed I am, for the honour of the British bar, to say it, seemed to have been bribed too: for he actually threw up his case! Had he behaved like Mr. Mulligan, his junior—and to whom, in this humble way, I offer my thanks—all might have been well. I never knew such an effect produced, as when Mr. Mulligan, appearing for the first time in that court, said, "Standing here, upon the pidestal of secred Thamis; seeing around me the arnymints of a profission I rispect; having before me a vinnerable judge, and an inlightened jury—the counthry's glory, the netion's cheap defender, the poor man's priceless palladium: how must I thrimble, my Lard, how must the blush bejew my cheek—" (somebody cried out "*O cheeks!*" In the court there was a dreadful roar of laughing: and when order was established, Mr. Mulligan continued): —"My Lard, I heed them not; I come from a counthry accustomed to oppression, and as that counthry—yes, my Lard, *that Ireland*—(do not laugh, I am proud of it)—is ever, in spite of her tyrants, green, and lovely and beautiful: my client's cause, likewise, will rise shuperior to the malignant imbecility—I repeat, the MALIGNANT IMBECILITY—of those who would thrample it down; and in whose teeth, in my client's name, in my counthry's—ay, and *my own*—I, with folded arrums, hurl a scarnful and eternal defiance!"

"For Heaven's sake, Mr. Milligan"—("MULLIGAN, ME LARD," cried my defender)—"Well, Mulligan, then, be calm, and keep to your brief."

Mr. Mulligan did: and for three hours and a quarter, in a speech crammed with Latin quotations, and unsurpassed for eloquence, he explained the situation of me and my family; the romantic manner in which Tuggeridge the elder gained his fortune, and by which it afterwards came to my wife; the state of Ireland; the original and virtuous poverty of the Coxes—from which he glanced passionately, for a few minutes (until the judge stopped him), to the poverty of his own country; my excellence as a husband, father, landlord; my wife's, as a wife, mother, landlady. All was in vain—the trial went against us. I was soon taken in execution for the damages; five hundred pounds of law expenses of my own, and as much more of Tuggeridge's. He would not pay a farthing, he said, to get me out of a much worse place than the Fleet. I need not tell you that along with the land went the house in town, and the money in the funds. Tuggeridge, he who had thousands before, had it all. And when I was in prison, who do you think would come and see me? None of the Barons, nor Counts, nor Foreign Ambassadors, nor Excellencies, who used to fill our house, and eat and drink at our expense,—not even the ungrateful Tagrag!

I could not help now saying to my dear wife, "See, my love, we have been gentlefolks for exactly a year, and a pretty life we have had of it. In the first place, my darling, we gave grand dinners, and everybody laughed at us."

"Yes, and recollect how ill they made you," cries my daughter.

"We asked great company, and they insulted us."

"And spoilt mamma's temper," said Jemimarann.

"Hush! miss," said her mother; "we don't want *your* advice."

"Then you must make a country gentleman of me."

"And send pa into dunghills," roared Tug.

"Then you must go to operas, and pick up foreign Barons and Counts."

"Oh, thank Heaven, dearest papa, that we are rid of them," cries my little Jemimarann, looking almost happy, and kissing her old pappy.

"And you must make a fine gentleman of Tug there, and send him to a fine school."

"And I give you my word," says Tug, "I'm as ignorant a chap as ever lived."

"You're an insolent saucebox," says Jemmy; "you've learned that at your fine school."

"I've learned something else, too, ma'am; ask the boys if I haven't," grumbles Tug.

"You hawk your daughter about, and just escape marrying her to a swindler."

"And drive off poor Orlando," whimpered my girl.

"Silence! miss," says Jemmy fiercely.

"You insult the man whose father's property you inherited, and bring me into this prison, without hope of leaving it: for he never can help us after all your bad language." I said all this very smartly; for the fact is, my blood was up at the time, and I determined to rate my dear girl soundly.

"Oh! Sammy," said she, sobbing (for the poor thing's spirit was quite broken), "it's all true; I've been very very foolish and vain, and I've punished my dear husband and children by my follies, and I do so, so repent them!" Here Jemimarann at once burst out crying, and flung herself into her mamma's arms, and the pair roared and sobbed for ten minutes together. Even Tug looked queer: and as for me, it's a most extraordinary thing, but I'm blest if seeing them so miserable didn't make me quite happy.—I don't think, for the whole twelve months of our good fortune, I had ever felt so gay as in that dismal room in the Fleet, where I was locked up.

Poor Orlando Crump came to see us every day; and we, who had never taken the slightest notice of him in Portland Place, and treated him so cruelly that day at Beulah Spa, were only too glad of his company now. He used to bring books for my girl, and a bottle of sherry for me; and he used to take home Jemmy's fronts and dress them for her; and when locking-up time came, he used to see the ladies home to their little three-pair bedroom in Holborn, where they slept now, Tug and all. "Can the bird forget its nest?" Orlando used to say (he was a romantic young fellow, that's the truth, and blew the flute and read Lord Byron incessantly, since he was separated from Jemimarann). "Can the bird, let loose in Eastern climes, forget its home? Can the rose cease to remember its beloved bulbul?—Ah, no! Mr. Cox, you made me what I am, and what I hope to die—a hairdresser. I never see a curling-irons before I entered your shop, or knew Naples from brown Windsor. Did you not make over your house, your furniture, your emporium of perfumery, and nine-and-twenty shaving customers, to me? Are these trifles? Is Jemimarann a trifle? if she would allow me to call her so. Oh, Jemimarann, your pa found me in the workhouse, and made me what I am. Conduct me to my grave, and I never never shall be different!" When he had said this, Orlando was so much affected, that he rushed suddenly on his hat and quitted the room.

Then Jemimarann began to cry, too. "Oh, pa!" said she, "isn't he—isn't he a nice young man?"

"I'm *hanged* if he ain't," says Tug. "What do you think of his giving me eightenpence yesterday, and a bottle of lavenderwater for Mimarann?"

"He might as well offer to give you back the shop at any rate," said Jemmy.

"What! to pay Tuggeridge's damages? My dear, I'd sooner die than give Tuggeridge the chance."

DECEMBER—FAMILY BUSTLE

TUGGERIDGE vowed that I should finish my days there, when he put me in prison. It appears that we both had reason to be ashamed of ourselves; and were, thank God! I learned to be sorry for my bad feelings towards him, and he actually wrote to me to say—

"Sir,—I think you have suffered enough for faults which, I believe, do not lie with you, so much as your wife; and I have withdrawn my claims which I had against you while you were in wrongful possession of my father's estates. You must remember that when, on examination of my father's papers, no will was found, I yielded up his property, with perfect willingness, to those who I fancied were his legitimate heirs. For this I received all sorts of insults from your wife and yourself (who acquiesced in them); and when the discovery of a

DECEMBER

CHRISTMAS BUSTLE

will, in India, proved *my* just claims, you must remember how they were met, and the vexatious proceedings with which you sought to oppose them.

"I have discharged your lawyer's bill; and, as I believe you are more fitted for the trade you formerly exercised than for any other, I will give five hundred pounds for the purchase of a stock and shop, when you shall find one to suit you.

"I enclose a draft for twenty pounds, to meet your present expenses. You have, I am told, a son, a boy of some spirit: if he likes to try his fortune abroad, and go on board an Indiaman, I can get him an appointment; and am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"JOHN TUGGERIDGE."

It was Mrs. Breadbasket, the housekeeper, who brought this letter, and looked mighty contemptuous as she gave it.

"I hope, Breadbasket, that your master will send me my things at any rate," cries Jemmy. "There's seventeen silk and satin dresses, and a whole heap of trinkets, that can be of no earthly use to him."

"Don't Breadbasket me, mem, if you please, mem. My master says that them things is quite obnoxious to your sphere of life. Breadbasket, indeed!" And so she sailed out.

Jemmy hadn't a word; she had grown mighty quiet since we had been in misfortune: but my daughter looked as happy as a queen; and Tug, when he heard of the ship, gave a jump that nearly knocked down poor Orlando. "Ah, I suppose you'll forget me now?" says he, with a sigh; and seemed the only unhappy person in company.

"Why, you conceive, Mr. Crump," says my wife, with a great deal of dignity, "that, connected as we are, a young man born in a work——"

"Woman!" cried I (for once in my life determined to have my own way), "hold your foolish tongue. Your absurd pride has been the ruin of us hitherto; and, from this day, I'll have no more of it. Hark ye, Orlando, if you will take Jemimarann, you may have her; and if you'll take five hundred pounds for a half share of the shop, they're yours; and *that's* for you, Mrs. Cox."

And here we are, back again. And I write this from the old back shop, where we are all waiting to see the new year in. Orlando sits yonder, plaiting a wig for my Lord Chief Justice, as happy as may be; and Jemimarann and her mother have been as busy as you can imagine all day long, and are just now giving the finishing touches to the bridal-dresses: for the wedding is to take place the day after to-morrow. I've cut seventeen heads off (as I say) this very day; and as for Jemmy, I no more mind her than I do the Emperor of China and all his Tambarins. Last night we had a merry meeting of our friends and neighbours, to celebrate our reappearance among them; and very merry we all were. We had a capital fiddler, and we kept it up till a pretty tidy hour this morning. We begun with quadrills, but I never could do 'em well; and after that, to please Mr. Crump and his intended, we tried a gallopard, which I found anything but easy; for since I am come back to a life of peace and comfort, it's astonishing how stout I'm getting. So we turned at once to what Jemmy and me excels in—a country dance; which is rather surprising, as we was both brought up to a town life. As for young Tug, he showed off in a sailor's hornpipe: which Mrs. Cox says is very proper for him to learn, now he is intended for the sea. But stop! here comes in the punchbowls; and if we are not happy, who is? I say I am like the Swish people, for I can't flourish out of my native *hair*.

The Parson's Dream

By BOGI BJARNASON

THE Parson sat in his study whither he had retreated when his wife, spent with the day's work, had retired. For her the day had been arduous as were all Sundays, what with the entertainment of the usual train of callers and the supervision of meals, besides the work in the church, in which she took a good part. But if tired in body she was satisfied in spirit, and the pillow invited nature's blessed panacea.

Not so the parson. A vague uneasiness was upon him. He had delivered two sermons as usual, to practically the same congregation as upon this Sunday the previous year. He had maintained his standard of merit in these sermons. The texts, he felt, had been appropriate, and the lesson logically built and thought out. Yet the fact was patent to him that his messages were for the greater part lost upon his flock. The parson was puzzled. More, he was annoyed.

Not that the feeling was new to him. The conviction had been growing upon him for some time that he was losing his hold. People were more apathetic than ever. They came, he felt, at the appointed hours every Sunday merely from force of habit and because that was the practice of respectable folk. He was not certain that some, at least, did not set out with wry faces, grudging it as a bally nuisance, and sighing relief at every singing of the Doxology. While dismissing the thought as unworthy, the parson could not quite absolve himself from blame in the matter, although the "age of materialism"—he was fond of the phrase—helped him out of every difficulty in this line. 'Twas a godless age!

He found comfort in this line of argument. For all that he and his brethren of the cloth did to exhort people to repentance, nothing availed. Once every week he ascended to Sinai to bring back some message from God, and each time he found his people at the feet of the Calf of Gold, whence nothing could move them. They would listen respectfully to his reading of the laws, then go back to the idol.

His annoyance abated as his thoughts went back to the last meeting of the vestry. Nothing could be finer than the manner in which the flock supported him and the church. They had advanced his salary unasked; all necessary improvements were quickly and ungrudgingly given.

He played with the fire tongs after relighting his pipe.—His flock were satisfied with him, had said so and showed tangible proof of it times without number. Thinking, his head sank upon his breast. He slept. . . .

He had left his books and papers on the pulpit. How stupid of him! He must go at once and recover them.

Passing out of the manse he let himself in by the auditorium doors, whence he had to traverse the main aisle the length of the church. The mellow radiance of the moon broke through the stained windows, painting saintly faces on the pews and floors. An eerie feeling took hold of him. He felt Presences about him.

His foot encountered a limp something in the aisle. The parson was taken aback.

"Who and what art thou?"

There was no answer at first, except a muffled grunt as coming from one who is being rudely awakened from sleep. He repeated the question. The creature crept under the pew, whence it made answer:—

"I am Smith's religion. What would you with me at this hour? I am comfortable, and long to sleep undisturbed.

"Is it not enough that I do obeisance twice every Sabbath and at prayer meeting every Wednesday night?"

Smith's religion cuddled up and yawned. The soft carpet was warm. Said the parson:

"Are you, by any chance, alone here?"

"We are all of us here, Jones's religion and Mrs. Jones's, and Brown's and Mrs. Brown's—and the rest. We rarely leave the church. We are comfortable here, and there is no place for us in modern life."

The parson reached under Brown's pew

and brought forth his religious counterpart. It was a flabby, misshapen, pot-bellied semblance of that worthy citizen, Mr. Brown, broker. The parson shook it rudely.

The boneless legs wriggled, and the lustreless eyes rolled, but these were the only signs of life.

"Thou slimy thing, speak!" The parson was impatient.

"I am Mr. Brown's Belief in God. The rest are here as well—his conscience, his senses of duty and of shame, his love. . . . We are fed on money, and kept here against harm. The diet is enervating, and our bones are soft through the lack of salt, lime and exercise. We are dying the death."

Mrs. Brown's religion broke in at this point. She was a thing of beauty, distinctly feminine, and gay in ribbons and bonnet. "My Easter hat—a perfect creation!"

She was at least sprightly, but lacked substance, whereas Mr. Brown's body was shapeless and lifeless matter.

The parson went from pew to pew, rousing the occupants with violent kicks and admonitions, fully intending to give them a wordy drubbing such as they had never before had, for his ire was up. But when he had taken his place in the pulpit the entire congregation had sunk back into their same deep sleep.

He awoke.

"The Inexhaustibility of Christmas"

By LEIGH HUNT

Yours to. Leigh Hunt.

SO MANY things have been said of late years about Christmas, that it is supposed by some there is no saying more. O they of little faith! What! do they suppose that everything has been said that *can* be said about any one Christmas thing?

About beef, for instance?
About plum-pudding?
About mince-pie?
About holly?
About ivy?
About rosemary?
About mistletoe? (Good Heavens! what an immense number of things remain to be said about mistletoe!)
About Christmas Eve?
About hunt-the-slipper?
About hot cockles?
About blind-man's-buff?
About shoeing the wild-mare?
About thread-the-needle?
About he-can-do-little-that-can't-do-this?
About puss-in-the-corner?
About snap-dragon?
About forfeits?
About Miss Smith?
About the bell-man?
About the waits?
About chilblains?
About carols?

About the fire?
About the block on it?
About school-boys?
About their mothers?
About Christmas-boxes?
About turkeys?
About Hogmany?
About goose-pie?
About mumming?
About saluting the apple-trees?
About brawn?
About plum-porridge?
About hobby-horse?
About hoppings?
About wakes?
About "feed-the-dove"?
About hackins?
About yule-doughs?
About going-a-dooging?
About loaf-stealing?
About *Julklaps?* (Who has exhausted that subject, we should like to know?)
About wad-shooting?
About elder-wine?
About pantomimes?
About cards?
About New-Year's Day?
About gifts?
About wassail?
About Twelfth-cake?
About king and queen?
About characters?
About eating too much?
About aldermen?
About the doctor?
About all being in the wrong?
About charity?
About all being in the right?
About faith, hope, and endeavour?
About the greatest plum-pudding for the greatest number?

Esto perpetua—that is, faith, hope and charity, and endeavour; and plum-pudding enough by and by, all the year round, for everybody that likes it. Why that should not be the case, we cannot see—seeing that the earth is big, and human kind teachable, and God very good, and inciting us to do it. Meantime, gravity apart, we ask anybody whether any of the above subjects are exhausted; and we inform everybody, that all the above customs still exist in some parts of our beloved country, however unintelligible they may have become in others. But to give a specimen of the non-exhaustion of any one of their topics.

Beef, for example. Now, we should like to know who has exhausted the subject of the fine old roast Christmas piece of beef, from its original appearance in the meadows as part of the noble sultan of the herd, glorious old Taurus—the lord of the sturdy brow and ponderous agility, a sort of thunderbolt of a beast, well chosen by Jove to disguise in, one of Nature's most striking compounds of apparent heaviness and unencumbered activity—up to its contribution to the noble Christmas-dinner, smoking from the spit, and flanked by the outposts of Bacchus? John Bull (cannibalism apart) hails it like a sort of relation. He makes it part of his flesh and blood; glories in it; was named after it; has it served up, on solemn occasions, with music and a hymn, as it was the other day at the royal city dinner:—

"Oh the roast beef of old England!
And oh the old English roast beef!"

"*And* oh!" observe, not merely "oh!" again; but "and" with it; as if, though the same piece of beef, it were also another—another and the same—cut, and come again; making two of one, in order to express intensity and reduplication of satisfaction:—

"Oh the roast beef of old England!
And oh the old English roast beef!"

We beg to assure the reader, that a whole *Seer* might be written on this single point of the Christmas-dinner; and "shall we be told" (as orators exclaim), "and this, too, in a British land," that the subject is "exhausted!"

Then plum-pudding! What a word is that! how plump and plump again! How round and repeated and plenipotential! (There are two p's, observe, in plenipotential; and so there are in plum-pudding. We love an exquisite fitness—a might and wealth of adaptation.) Why, the whole round cheek of universal childhood is in the idea of plum-pudding; ay, and the weight of manhood, and the plenitude of the majesty of city dames. Wealth itself is symbolized by the least of its fruity particles. "A plum" is a city fortune—a million of money. He (the old boy, who has earned it)—

"Puts in his thumb,
videlicet, into his pocket,
And pulls out a plum,
And says, What a *good man* am I!"

Observe a little boy at a Christmas-dinner, and his grandfather opposite him. What a world of secret similarity there is between them! How hope in one, and retrospection in the other, and appetite in both, meet over the same ground of pudding, and understand it to a nicety! How the senior banters the little boy on his third slice! and how the little boy thinks within himself that he dines that day as well as the senior! How both look hot and red and smiling, and juvenile! How the little boy is conscious of the Christmas-box in his pocket! (of which, indeed, the grandfather jocosely puts him in mind;) and how the grandfather is quite as conscious of the plum, or part of a plum, or whatever fraction it may be, in his own! How he incites the little boy to love money and good dinners all his life! and how determined the little boy is to abide by his advice—with a secret addition in favour of holidays and marbles—to which there is an analogy, in the senior's mind, on the side of trips to Hastings, and a game at whist! Finally, the old gentleman sees his own face in the pretty smooth one of the child; and if the child is not best pleased at his proclamation of the likeness (in truth, is horrified at it, and thinks it a sort of madness), yet nice observers, who have lived long enough to see the wonderful changes in people's faces from youth to age, probably discern the thing well enough, and feel a movement of pathos in considering the world of trouble and emotion that is the causer of the changes. *That* old man's face was once like that little boy's! *That* little boy's will be one day like that old man's! What a thought to make us all love and respect one another, if not for our fine qualities, then at least for the trouble and sorrow which we all go through!

Ay, and joy too; for all people have their joys as well as troubles, at one time or another—most likely both together, or in constant alternation: and the greater part of troubles are not the worst things in the world, but only graver forms of the requisite motion of the universe, or workings towards a better condition of things, the greater or less violent according as we give them violence, or respect them like awful but not ill-meaning gods, and entertain them with a rewarded patience. Grave thoughts, you will say, for Christmas. But no season has a greater right to grave thoughts, in passing; and, for that very reason, no season has a greater right to let them pass, and recur to more light ones.

So a noble and merry season to you, my masters; and may we meet, thick and threefold, many a time and oft, in blithe yet most thoughtful pages! Fail not to call to mind, in the course of the 25th of this December month, that the divinest Heart that ever walked the earth was born on that day: and then smile and enjoy yourselves for the rest of it; for mirth is also of Heaven's making, and wondrous was the wine-drinking at Galilee.

Flirting—With the Dictionary

I. FLIRT: To give (a person) a sharp sudden blow, or knock; to rap, strike.
NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

SYMPTOMS—THE KNOCK PERSONAL

BEATRICE—I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.

BENEDICK—What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

BEATRICE—Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain if you come in her presence.

BENEDICK—Then is courtesy a turn-coat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for truly I love none.

BEATRICE—A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

BENEDICK—God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face. SHAKESPEARE.

There are certain censures which praise, just as there are certain praises which damn.
LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

SYMPTOMS—THE KNOCK GENERIC

MRS. MILLAMANT—Oh, the vanity of these men! If they did not commend us, we were not handsome! Beauty the lover's gift! Lord, what is a lover that it can give? Why, one makes lovers as fast as one pleases, and they live as long as one pleases; and then, if one pleases, one makes more.

MIRABELL—Very pretty. Why, you make no more of making lovers, madam, than of making so many card-matches.

MRS. MILLAMANT.—One no more owes one's beauty to a lover than one's wit to an echo. They can but reflect what we look and say; vain empty things if we are silent or unseen, and want a being.

MIRABELL—Yet to those two vain empty things you owe the two greatest pleasures of your life.

MRS. MILLAMANT—How so?

MIRABELL—To your lover you owe the pleasure of hearing yourselves praised, and to an echo the pleasure of hearing yourselves talk. CONGREVE.

A PRACTICAL HINT

It may be observed that when a young woman returns a rude answer to a young man's civil remark, her heart is in a state which argues rather hopefully for his case than otherwise.
HARDY.

THE SKILFUL PRACTITIONER

They played a game of forfeits. The girls put their heads together, and condemned her to kiss the one she loved best. But she rose, stately in her anger, and said:

"May I not just as well give a blow to the one I like the least?"

The moment after, Gosta's cheek burned under her firm hand. He flushed a flaming red, but conquering himself, seized her hand, held it fast a second, and whispered: "Meet me in half an hour in the red drawing-room on the lower floor."

His blue eyes flashed on her and encompassed her with magical waves. She felt that she must obey.

* * * * * * * *

He sat down on the sofa beside her. Gently he put his arm about her waist. She did not move away. She pressed closer to him, threw her arms round his neck. "I have watched you this evening," she whispered; "there is no one like you." LAGERLÖF.

Love of itself's too sweet. The best of all
Is when Love's honey has a touch of gall. HERRICK.

THAT ELUSIVE REASON WHY

Elizabeth wanted Mr. Darcy to account for his having fallen in love with her. "My beauty you had early withstood, and as for my manners—my behaviour to *you* was at least always bordering on the uncivil, and I never spoke to you without rather wishing to give you pain than not. Now, be sincere; did you admire me for my impertinence?"

"For the liveliness of your mind, I did."

"You may as well call it impertinence at once. The fact is, you were disgusted with women who were always speaking, looking, and thinking for your approbation alone. I roused and interested you because I was unlike them." JANE AUSTEN.

That you are in a terrible taking,
By all these sweet oglings I see;
But the fruit that can fall without shaking
Indeed is too mellow for me.
LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

II. FLIRT: To play at courtship, to practise coquetry; to make love without serious intentions. NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

Men shal not wowe a wight in hevinesse. CHAUCER.

NOT A GAME FOR THE HEAVY-HANDED

MRS. MILLAMANT—Well, what do you say to me?

MIRABELL—I say that a man may as well make a friend by his wit, or a fortune by his honesty, as win a woman by plain dealing and sincerity.

MRS. MILLAMANT—Sententious Mirabell! Prithee, don't look with that violent and inflexible wise face like Solomon at the dividing of the child in an old tapestry hanging.

MIRABELL—You are merry, madam, but I would persuade you for a moment to be serious.

MRS. MILLAMANT—What, with that face? No, if you keep your countenance, 'tis impossible I should hold mine.—Well, after all, there is, something very moving in a love-sick face. Ha! Ha! Ha!—Well, I won't laugh; don't be peevish.—Heigho! Now I'll be melancholy, as melancholy as a watch-light. Well, Mirabell, if ever you will win me, woo me now.—Nay, if you are so tedious, fare you well. CONGREVE.

Why so pale and wan, fair lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well won't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale? SUCKLING.

Women of spirit are not to be won by mourners. Divert your mistress rather than sigh for her. The pleasant man she will desire for her own sake, but the languishing lover has nothing to hope from her. STEELE.

There is lightness, laughter, a spice of mischief in genuine flirtation,—the fizzing of a champagne that is all froth, with never a drop of alcohol at the bottom of the glass.
BOURGET.

No Place for Earnestness

"So, Jenny, you've found another Perfect Man?"
"Perfect, perhaps, but not so sweet as you,
Not such a baby." "Me? A baby!—Why,
I am older than the rocks on which I sit—"
Oh, how delightful, talking about oneself.

" Jenny, adorable"—(what draws the line
At the one word, "love"?) "has any one the right
To look so lovely as you do to-night,
To have such eyes and such a helmet of bright hair?"
But candidly, he wondered, do I care? Aldous Huxley.

Flirtation—attention without intention. Max O'Rell.

Conscience has no more to do with gallantry than it has with politics. Sheridan.

Coquetry—XIV Century Style

And with that word he gan to waxen red,
And in his speche a litel wight he quook,
And caste asyde a litel wight his hed,
And stynte a while; and afterwards he wook,
And sobreliche on hire he threw his look. Chaucer.

Gallantry—XVIII Century Style

When first in Celia's ear I poured
A yet unpractised prayer,
My trembling tongue sincere ignored
The aids of "sweet" and "fair."
I only said as in me lay,
I'd strive her worth to reach;
She frowned, and turned her eyes away,—
So much for truth in speech.

Then Delia came. I changed my plan.
I praised her to her face;
I praised her features,—praised her fan,
Her lap-dog and her lace;
I swore that not till Time were dead
My passion should decay;
She, smiling, gave her hand, and said
"'Twill last, then,—for a day." Austin Dobson.

What we find the least of in flirtation, is love. La Rochefoucauld.

'Tis sweet to think that where'er we rove,
We are sure to find something blissful and dear;
And that when we are far from the lips we love,
We've but to make love to the lips that are near. Tom Moore.

III. FLIRT: To flit continually from one object to another.
New English Dictionary.

Formed for flying, Love plumes his wing. Byron.

Since 'tis Nature's law to change,
Constancy alone is strange. Earl of Rochester.

One should always be in love. That is the reason one should never marry.
OSCAR WILDE.

SAFETY FIRST

SPENCER—Are you—married at present?
ROSALIE—Why, Mr. Wells, are you?
SPENCER—Oh, no! I never marry!
ROSALIE—Oh, so many married men have said they'd never marry!
SPENCER—Yes, but I've got a system. I never propose to ladies who could possibly accept me. I like to love hopelessly—and often—and often. SALISBURY FIELD.

Love à la Don Juan is a sentiment of the same kind as a taste for hunting. It is a desire for activity which must be kept alive by divers objects, and by putting a man's talents continually to the test. STENDHAL.

THE PROMISED LAND

PRIOLA—Does the traveler who has spent two pleasant days in a city unknown to him the day before, settle there for life? No, he moves on the third day to see new lands.
MME. DE VALERY—Which frequently don't measure up to the old.
PRIOLA—No matter. He moves on. He changes. Love which never changes is stupid. Each new woman whom, like you, I covet and admire, is to me a Promised Land.
MME. DE VALERY—Into which you are not allowed to enter?
PRIOLA—You are wrong. When I am in that state of war-like fever into which the intoxication of Beauty throws me, I see only my goal, my future captive. She is there before me, smiling and defiant. Cost what it may, she must belong to me. LAVEDAN.

Are women books? says Hodge, then would mine were
An Almanack, to change her every year.
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

THE CONSTANCY OF THE INCONSTANT

ANATOL—This is how I'm true to them—to all the women I have ever loved. I never forget a single one. I have only to turn over these letters and dead flowers and locks of hair, and back they come to me; I'm in love with them all again. I've often wished there were some Abracadabra which would really call them back out of the utter nothingness. If I knew of a word!
MAX—Let's think of one. What about—"My Only Love"?
ANATOL—Yes: "My Only Love"! And they'd all come: one from a little suburban villa, —one from her crowded drawing-room,—one from her dressing-room at the theater,——
MAX—Several from their dressing-rooms at the theater——
ANATOL—Several.—One from a shop,——
MAX—One from your successor's arms.
ANATOL—One from the grave,—one from here, one from there,—here they all are!
MAX—Would you mind not speaking the word? I somehow don't think they'd be pleasant company. I daresay they are not in love with you still, but I'm pretty sure they're still jealous of each other.
ANATOL—Wise man.—Let the phantoms rest. SCHNITZLER.

IV. FLIRT: (English word.) Conversation between a man and woman of the world, in which the words play around the ideas of love and coquetry; amorous tactics.
LAROUSSE'S FRENCH DICTIONARY (Translation).

The conversation of beautiful and well-bred women is for me a sweet commerce. But 'tis a commerce wherein a man must stand a little on his guard, especially those of a warm temperament like mine. MONTAIGNE.

Conversation Without Words

There were two of us in the comparment: a young officer with a tiny moustache and a young pretty woman. That was I. It happened so long ago that I am safe in referring to her as a pretty woman.

Before long, things began to happen. The lieutenant moved to the seat opposite me, from which he was able to study me the better. He had very expressive eyes, and when first I looked at them they were raised to me questioningly, as if to say: "Dear lady, will you permit me to look at you?" I have never seen eyes that could plead so eloquently. "See with what respectful admiration I regard you! Can't you tell that you have kindled my impressionable soldier's heart into flame? Have pity on me."

I laid my newspaper aside. With that gesture I indicated that I was willing to let the flirtation begin. It was as if I had said: "There, the screen which separated us is removed, and now, eye to eye." He answered with a look of gratitude, and an unspoken promise in his eyes assured me: "I shall not forget what a gentleman owes a lady in a situation like this. I shall not address you; only my eyes shall speak for me." I thanked him with a glance.

For a long time he looked at me dreamily, modestly, respectfully. He seemed to be studying my face with touching reverence. Then he stared at my hands, as if to say: "What delicate white hands!" Then he looked at my feet. In that quiet, detached way men have of looking at things which don't belong to them. For a long time he studied me like that from head to foot.

—What did your eyes answer?

They answered, "Ah!" A languid, pleased "Ah!" with a tinge of reproach in it,—the sort of "Ah!" we utter when a man takes us firmly in his arms. I didn't say it; I looked it.

He didn't misunderstand. Only his eyes grew sad and intent, as if to say: "Isn't it a pity? We two are so ideally suited to each other. We can understand each other's very glances. And yet we must always remain strangers." He sighed and bade me farewell.—With his eyes. With his eyes he pressed a pure and tender kiss upon my brow. He shook his head sadly, and his eyes said: "Nevermore—nevermore." By that time the train had reached Agram, and he got off.

It was the most charmingly poetic tête-à-tête I have ever had. Molnar.

Tactics: Reconnaissance and Strategic Retirement

The glance is the great weapon of virtuous coquetry. With a glance one may say everything, and yet one can always deny the glance, for it cannot be repeated textually.

Stendhal.

Barrage

It was so much gained for her that she had him started off on abstractions, that he was discoursing on truth in personal relations, on duty, and the sacredness of love and marriage. It is well known that these abstract propositions serve admirably as a beginning, a starting-point. Turgeniev.

Ambush

The lady attended me as if she expected me to go on.

"Consider then, madam," continued I, laying my hand upon hers, "that grave people hate love for its name's sake, that selfish people hate it for their own, hypocrites for heaven's, and that all of us, being ten times worse frightened than hurt by the very *report*,—what a want of knowledge in this branch of commerce a man betrays who ever lets a word come out of his lips till an hour or two at least after the time that his silence upon it has become tormenting! A course of small quiet attentions, not so pointed as to alarm—nor so vague as to be misunderstood;—with now and then a look of kindness, and little or nothing said upon it,—leaves Nature for our mistress, and she fashions it to her mind."

"Then I solemnly declare," said the lady, blushing, "you have been making love to me all this while." Sterne.

Skirmish

"I have broken two engagements for you to-day. How many have you broken for me?"

"None," said Selden calmly. "My only engagement at Bellomont was with you."

She glanced down at him, faintly smiling. "Did you really come to Bellomont to see me?"

"Of course I did."

Her look deepened meditatively. "Why?" she murmured.

"Because you're such a wonderful spectacle: I always like to see what you are doing."

"How do you know what I should be doing if you were not here?"

Selden smiled. "I don't flatter myself that my coming has deflected your course of action by a hair's breath."

"That's absurd—since if you were not here, I could obviously not be taking a walk with you."

"No; but your taking a walk with me is only another way of making use of your material. You are an artist, and I happen to be the bit of colour you are using to-day. It's a part of your cleverness to be able to produce premeditated effects extemporaneously."

She took up his charge with a touch of resentment. "I don't know," she said, "why you are always accusing me of premeditation. You must find me a dismal kind of person if you suppose that I never yield to an impulse."

"Ah, but I don't suppose that: haven't I told you that your genius lies in converting impulses into intentions?" Edith Wharton.

Hand-to-Hand Combat

Romeo—If I profane with my unworthiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.
Juliet—Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.
Romeo—Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
Juliet—Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
Romeo—O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray; grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.
Juliet—Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.
Romeo—Then move not, while my prayers' effect I take. (*Kisses her.*)
Thus from my lips by thine, my sin is purged.
Juliet—Then have my lips the sin that they have took.
Romeo—Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!
Give me my sin again. Shakespeare.

Heavy Siege

"Why should we two wait to be introduced?" he said. "We know one another. I am Alvan. You are she of whom I have heard from Kollin: who else? Lucretia, the gold-haired; the gold-crested serpent, wise as her sire; Aurora breaking the clouds; in short, Clotilde.—You are aware that I hoped to meet you?"

"Is there a periodical advertisement of your hopes?—or do they come to us by intuition?"

"Kollin was right! The ways of the serpent will be serpentine. I knew we must meet. It is no true day so long as the goddess of the morning and the sun-god are kept asunder. I speak of myself by what I have felt since I heard you."

"You are sure of your divinity?"

"Through my belief in yours."

They bowed, smiling at the courtly exchanges.

"And tell me," said he, "as to meeting me—?"

She replied: "When we are so like the rest of the world, we may confess our weakness."

"Unlike! For the world and I meet to part: not we two."

Clotilde attempted an answer: it would not come. She tried to be offended by his lordly tone, and found it strangely inoffensive. His lording presence and the smile that was like a waving feather on it, compelled her so strongly to submit and hear, as to put her in danger of seeming to embrace this man's rapid advances.

"You leave it to me to talk."

"Could I do better?"

"You listen sweetly."

"It is because I like to hear."

"You have the pearly little ear of a shell on the sand."

"With the great sea sounding near."

Alvan drew closer to her. "What if I make a comparison of you with Paris?—the city of Paris, Lutetia."

"Could you make it good?"

He laughed and postponed it for a series of skimming discussions, like swallow-flights from the nest under the eaves to the surface of the stream, perpetually reverting to her, and provoking spirited replies, leading her to fly with him in expectation of a crowning compliment that must be singular and was evidently gathering confirmation in his mind from the touchings and probings of her character on these flights.

She was like a lady danced off her sense of fixity, to whom the appearance of her whirling figure in the mirror is both wonderful and reassuring; and she liked to be discussed, to be compared with anything, for the sake of being the subject, so as to be sure it was she that listened to a man that was a stranger, claiming her for his own; sure it was she that, by not breaking from him, implied consent; she that went speeding in this magical rapid round which slung her more and more out of her actual into her imagined self, compelled her to proceed, denied her the right to faint and call the world for aid and catch at it, though it was close by and at a signal would stop the terrible circling.

The world was close by and had begun to stare. MEREDITH.

V. FLIRTATION: A relation or mood established between a woman and the man who is making love to her. It is vaguely delicious and dangerously progressive from innocence to guilt, but presumptively terminable at any of the intermediate stages.

PAUL HERVIEU, IN LAROUSSE'S FRENCH DICTIONARY.

GERVASE—Just you and I—together—on the top of the world like this.

MÉLISANDE—Yes, that's what I feel too. A. A. MILNE.

How many very wantonly pleasant sports spring from the most decent and modest language on love! MONTAIGNE.

Flirting is the virtuous woman's way of being sinful—and the sinful woman's way of being virtuous. BOURGET.

To flirt is to nibble hors-d'œuvres instead of making a full meal. CAIRON.

Flirtation is the hypocrisy of the senses. SCHNITZLER.

THE DOWNRIGHTNESS OF A KING

KING HENRY—I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say, "I love you": then if you urge me, farther than to say: "Do you, in faith?"—I wear out my suit. . . . I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my eloquence, nor have I no cunning in protestation. . . . Dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for those fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again.

SHAKESPEARE.

Padre Ignacio

By OWEN WISTER

Owen Wister

I

AT Santa Ysabel del Mar the season was at one of those moments when the air rests quiet over land and sea. The old breezes were gone; the new ones were not yet risen. The flowers in the mission garden opened wide; no wind came by day or night to shake the loose petals from their stems. Along the basking, silent, many-coloured shore gathered and lingered the crisp odours of the mountains. The dust hung golden and motionless long after the rider was behind the hill, and the Pacific lay like a floor of sapphire, whereon to walk beyond the setting sun into the East. One white sail shone there. Instead of an hour, it had been from dawn till afternoon in sight between the short headlands; and the Padre had hoped that it might be the ship his homesick heart awaited. But it had slowly passed. From an arch in his garden cloisters he was now watching the last of it. Presently it was gone, and the great ocean lay empty. The Padre put his glasses in his lap. For a short while he read in his breviary, but soon forgot it again. He looked at the flowers and sunny ridges, then at the huge blue triangle of sea which the opening of the hills let into sight. "Paradise," he murmured, "need not hold more beauty and peace. But I think I would exchange all my remaining years of this for one sight again of Paris or Seville. May God forgive me such a thought!"

Across the unstirred fragrance of oleanders the bell for vespers began to ring. Its tones passed over the Padre as he watched the sea in his garden. They reached his parishioners in their adobe dwellings near by. The gentle circles of sound floated outward upon the smooth, immense silence —over the vines and pear-trees; down the avenues of the olives; into the planted fields, whence women and children began to return; then out of the lap of the valley along the yellow uplands, where the men that rode among the cattle paused, looking down like birds at the map of their home. Then the sound widened, faint, unbroken, until it met Temptation in the guise of a youth, riding toward the Padre from the South, and cheered the steps of Temptation's jaded horse.

"For a day, one single day of Paris!" repeated the Padre, gazing through his cloisters at the empty sea.

Once in the year the mother-world remembered him. Once in the year, from Spain, tokens and home-tidings came to him, sent by certain beloved friends of his youth. A barkentine brought him these messages. Whenever thus the mother-world remembered him, it was like the touch of a warm hand, a dear and tender caress; a distant life, by him long left behind, seemed to be drawing the exile homeward from these alien shores. As the time for his letters and packets drew near, the eyes of Padre Ignacio would be often fixed wistfully upon the harbour, watching for the barkentine. Sometimes, as to-day, he mistook other sails for hers, but hers he mistook never. That Pacific Ocean, which, for all its hues and jeweled mists, he could not learn to love, had, since long before his day, been furrowed by the keels of Spain. Traders, and adventurers, and men of God had passed along this coast, planting their colonies and cloisters; but it was not his ocean. In the year that we, a thin strip of patriots away over on the Atlantic edge of the continent, declared ourselves an independent nation, a Spanish ship, in the name of Saint Francis, was unloading the centuries of her own civilization at the Golden Gate. San Diego had come earlier. Then, slowly, as mission after mission was built along the soft coast wilderness, new ports were established—at Santa Barbara,

and by Point San Luis for San Luis Obispo, which lay inland a little way up the gorge where it opened among the hills. Thus the world reached these missions by water; while on land, through the mountains, a road led to them, and also to many more that were too distant behind the hills for ships to serve—a rough road, long and lonely, punctuated with church towers and gardens. For the Fathers gradually so stationed their settlements that the traveler might each morning ride out from one mission and by evening of a day's fair journey ride into the next. A lonely, rough, dangerous road, but lovely, too, with a name like music—*El Camino Real*. Like music also were the names of the missions—*San Juan Capistrano, San Luis Rey de Francia, San Miguel, Santa Ynez*—their very list is a song.

So there, by-and-by, was our continent, with the locomotive whistling from Savannah to Boston along its eastern edge, and on the western the scattered chimes of Spain, ringing among the unpeopled mountains. Thus grew the two sorts of civilization—not equally. We know what has happened since. To-day the locomotive is whistling also from The Golden Gate to San Diego; but still the old mission-road goes through the mountains, and along it the footsteps of vanished Spain are marked with roses, and broken cloisters, and the crucifix.

But this was 1855. Only the barkentine brought to Padre Ignacio the signs from the world that he once had known and loved so dearly. As for the new world making a rude noise to the northward, he trusted that it might keep away from Santa Ysabel, and he waited for the vessel that was overdue with its package containing his single worldly luxury.

As the little, ancient bronze bell continued swinging in the tower, its plaintive call reached something in the Padre's memory. Softly, absently, he began to sing. He took up the slow strain not quite correctly, and dropped it, and took it up again, always in cadence with the bell:

At length he heard himself, and, glancing at the belfry, smiled a little. "It is a pretty tune," he said, "and it always made me sorry for poor Fra Diavolo. Auber himself confessed to me that he had made it sad and put the hermitage bell to go with it, because he too was grieved at having to kill his villain, and wanted him, if possible, to die in a religious frame of mind. And Auber touched glasses with me and said—how well I remember it!—'Is it the good Lord, or is it merely the devil, that makes me always have a weakness for rascals?' I told him it was the devil. I was not a priest then. I could not be so sure with my answer now." And then Padre Ignacio repeated Auber's remark in French: "'Est-ce le bon Dieu, ou est-ce bien le diable, qui veut toujours que j'aime les coquins?' I don't know! I don't know! I wonder if Auber has composed anything lately? I wonder who is singing 'Zerlina' now?"

He cast a farewell look at the ocean, and took his steps between the monastic herbs, the jasmines and the oleanders to the sacristy. "At least," he said, "if we cannot carry with us into exile the friends and the places we have loved, music will go whither we go, even to an end of the world such as this.—Felipe!" he called to his organist. "Can they sing the music I taught them for the *Dixit Dominus* to-night?"

"Yes, father, surely."

"Then we will have that. And, Felipe—" The Padre crossed the chancel to the small, shabby organ. "Rise, my child, and listen. Here is something you can learn. Why, see now if you cannot learn it from a single hearing."

The swarthy boy of sixteen stood watching his master's fingers, delicate and white, as they played. Thus, of his own accord, he had begun to watch them when a child of six; and the Padre had taken the wild, half-scared, spellbound creature and made a musician of him.

"There, Felipe!" he said now. "Can you do it? Slower, and more softly, muchacho mio. It is about the death of a man, and it should go with our bell."

The boy listened. "Then the father has played it a tone too low," said he, "for our bell rings the note of *sol*, or something very near it, as the father must surely know." He placed the melody in the right key—an easy thing for him; and the Padre was delighted.

"Ah, my Felipe," he exclaimed, "what could you and I not do if we had a better organ! Only a little better! See! above this row of keys would be a second row, and many more stops. Then we would make such music as has never yet been heard in California. But my people are so poor

and so few! And some day I shall have passed from them, and it will be too late."

"Perhaps," ventured Felipe, "the Americanos——"

"They care nothing for us, Felipe. They are not of our religion—or of any religion, from what I can hear. Don't forget my *Dixit Dominus*."

The Padre retired once more to the sacristy, while the horse that brought Temptation came over the hill.

The hour of service drew near; and as the Padre waited he once again stepped out for a look at the ocean; but the blue triangle of water lay like a picture in its frame of land, bare as the sky. "I think, from the colour, though," said he, "that a little more wind must have begun out there."

The bell rang a last short summons to prayer. Along the road from the south a young rider, leading a pack-animal, ambled into the mission and dismounted. Church was not so much in his thoughts as food and, after due digestion, a bed; but the doors stood open, and, as everybody was passing within them, more variety was to be gained by joining this company than by waiting outside alone until they should return from their devotions. So he seated himself in a corner near the entrance, and after a brief, jaunty glance at the sunburned, shaggy congregation, made himself as comfortable as might be. He had not seen a face worth keeping his eyes open for. The simple choir and simple fold, gathered for even-song, paid him no attention—a rough American bound for the mines was but an object of aversion to them.

The Padre, of course, had been instantly aware of the stranger's presence. To be aware of unaccustomed presences is the sixth sense with vicars of every creed and heresy; and if the parish is lonely and the worshipers few and seldom varying, a newcomer will gleam out like a new book to be read. And a trained priest learns to read keenly the faces of those who assemble to worship under his guidance. But American vagrants, with no thoughts save of gold-digging, and an overweening illiterate jargon for speech, had long ceased to interest this priest, even in his starvation for company and talk from the outside world; and therefore after the intoning he sat with his homesick thoughts unchanged, to draw both pain and enjoyment from the music that he had set to the *Dixit Dominus*. He listened to the tender chorus that opens *William Tell;* and, as the Latin psalm proceeded, pictures of the past rose between him and the altar. One after another came these strains he had taken from operas famous in their day, until at length the Padre was murmuring to some music seldom long out of his heart—not the Latin verse which the choir sang, but the original French words:

"Ah, voilà mon envie,
Voilà mon seul désir:
Rendez-moi ma patrie,
Ou laissez-moi mourir."

Which may be rendered:

But one wish I implore,
One wish is all my cry:
Give back my native land once more,
Give back, or let me die.

Then it happened that his eye fell again upon the stranger near the door, and he straightway forgot his *Dixit Dominus*. The face of the young man was no longer hidden by the slouching position he had at first taken. "I only noticed his clothes at first," thought the Padre. Restlessness was plain upon the handsome brow, and violence was in the mouth; but Padre Ignacio liked the eyes. "He is not saying any prayers," he surmised, presently. "I doubt if he has said any for a long while. And he knows my music. He is of educated people. He cannot be American. And now—yes, he has taken—I think it must be a flower, from his pocket. I shall have him to dine with me." And vespers ended with rosy clouds of eagerness drifting across the Padre's brain.

II

But the stranger made his own beginning. As the priest came from the church, the rebellious young figure was waiting. "Your organist tells me," he said, impetuously, "that it is you who——"

"May I ask with whom I have the great pleasure of speaking?" said the Padre, putting formality to the front and his pleasure out of sight.

The stranger's face reddened beneath its sun-beaten bronze, and he became aware of the Padre's pale features, molded by refinement and the world. "I beg your lenience," said he, with a graceful and confident utterance, as of equal to equal. "My name is Gaston Villeré, and it was time I should be reminded of my manners."

The Padre's hand waved a polite negative.

"Indeed, yes, Padre. But your music

has amazed me. If you carried such associations as— Ah! the days and the nights!"—he broke off. "To come down a California mountain and find Paris at the bottom! *The Huguenots*, Rossini, Hérold —I was waiting for *Il Trovatore*."

"Is that something new?" inquired the Padre eagerly.

The young man gave an exclamation. "The whole world is ringing with it!" he cried.

"But Santa Ysabel del Mar is a long way from the whole world," murmured Padre Ignacio.

"Indeed, it would not appear to be so," returned young Gaston. "I think the Comédie Française must be round the corner."

A thrill went through the priest at the theater's name. "And have you been long in America?" he asked.

"Why, always—except two years of foreign travel after college."

"An American!" exclaimed the surprised Padre, with perhaps a tone of disappointment in his voice. "But no Americans who are yet come this way have been—have been"—he veiled the too-blunt expression of his thought—"have been familiar with *The Huguenots*," he finished, making a slight bow.

Villeré took his under-meaning. "I come from New Orleans," he returned. "And in New Orleans there live many of us who can recognize a—who can recognize good music wherever we hear it." And he made a slight bow in his turn.

The Padre laughed outright with pleasure and laid his hand upon the young man's arm. "You have no intention of going away to-morrow, I trust?"

"With your leave," answered Gaston, "I will have such an intention no longer."

It was with the air and gait of mutual understanding that the two now walked on together toward the Padre's door. The guest was twenty-five, the host sixty.

"And have you been in America long?" inquired Gaston.

"Twenty years."

"And at Santa Ysabel how long?"

"Twenty years."

"I should have thought," said Gaston looking lightly at the desert and unpeopled mountains, " that now and again you might have wished to travel."

"Were I your age," murmured Padre Ignacio, " it might be so."

The evening had now ripened to the long after-glow of sunset. The sea was the purple of grapes, and wine-coloured hues flowed among the high shoulders of the mountains.

"I have seen a sight like this," said Gaston, "between Granada and Malaga."

"So you know Spain!" said the Padre.

Often he had thought of this resemblance, but never till now met any one to share his thought. The courtly proprietor of San Fernando and the other patriarchal rancheros with whom he occasionally exchanged visits across the wilderness knew hospitality and inherited gentle manners, sending to Europe for silks and laces to give their daughters; but their eyes had not looked upon Granada, and their ears had never listened to *William Tell*.

"It is quite singular," pursued Gaston, "how one nook in the world will suddenly remind you of another nook that may be thousands of miles away. One morning, behind the Quai Voltaire, an old, yellow house with rusty balconies made me almost homesick for New Orleans."

"The Quai Voltaire!" said the Padre.

"I heard Rachel in *Valerie* that night," the young man went on. "Did you know that she could sing, too? She sang several verses by an astonishing little Jew violoncellist that is come up over there."

The Padre gazed down at his blithe guest. "To see somebody, somebody, once again, is very pleasant to a hermit!"

"It cannot be more pleasant than arriving at an oasis," returned Gaston.

They had delayed on the threshold to look at the beauty of the evening, and now the priest watched his parishioners come and go. "How can one make companions—" he began; then, checking himself, he said: "Their souls are as sacred and immortal as mine, and God helps me to help them. But in this world it is not immortal souls that we choose for companions; it is kindred tastes, intelligences, and—and so I and my books are growing old together, you see," he added, more lightly. "You will find my volumes as behind the times as myself."

He had fallen into talk more intimate than he wished; and while the guest was uttering something polite about the nobility of missionary work, he placed him in an easy-chair and sought *aguardiente* for his immediate refreshment. Since the year's beginning there had been no guest for him to bring into his rooms, or to sit beside him in the high seats at table, set apart for the *gente fina*.

Such another library was not then in California; and though Gaston Villeré, in leaving Harvard College, had shut *Horace*

and *Sophocles* for ever at the earliest instant possible under academic requirements, he knew the Greek and Latin names that he now saw as well as he knew those of *Shakspere, Dante, Molière,* and *Cervantes.* These were here also; but it could not be precisely said of them, either, that they made a part of the young man's daily reading. As he surveyed the Padre's august shelves, it was with a touch of the histrionic Southern gravity which his Northern education had not wholly schooled out of him that he said:

"I fear I am no scholar, sir. But I know what writers every gentleman ought to respect."

The polished Padre bowed gravely to this compliment.

It was when his eyes caught sight of the music that the young man felt again at ease, and his vivacity returned to him. Leaving his chair, he began enthusiastically to examine the tall piles that filled one side of the room. The volumes lay piled and scattered everywhere, making a pleasant disorder; and, as perfume comes from a flower, memories of singers and chandeliers rose bright from the printed names. *Norma Tancredi, Don Pasquale, La Vestale,* dim lights in the fashions of to-day, sparkled upon the exploring Gaston, conjuring the radiant halls of Europe before him. "*The Barber of Seville*!" he presently exclaimed. "And I happened to hear it in Seville."

But Seville's name brought over the Padre a new rush of home thoughts. "Is not Andalusia beautiful?" he said. "Did you see it in April, when the flowers come?"

"Yes," said Gaston, among the music. "I was at Cordova then."

"Ah, Cordova!" murmured the Padre.

"*Semiramide!*" cried Gaston, lighting upon that opera. "That *was* a week! I should like to live it over, every day and night of it!"

"Did you reach Malaga from Marseilles or Gibraltar?" asked the Padre, wistfully.

"From Marseilles. Down from Paris through the Rhone Valley, you know."

"Then you saw Provence! And did you go, perhaps, from Avignon to Nismes by the Pont du Gard? There is a place I have made here—a little, little place—with olive-trees. And now they have grown, and it looks something like that country, if you stand in a particular position. I will take you there to-morrow. I think you will understand what I mean."

"Another resemblance!" said the volatile and happy Gaston. "We both seem to have an eye for them. But, believe me, Padre, I could never stay here planting olives. I should go back and see the original ones—and then I'd hasten on to Paris." And, with a volume of Meyerbeer open in his hand, Gaston hummed: "'Robert, Robert, toi que j'aime.' Why, Padre, I think that your library contains none of the masses and all of the operas in the world!"

"I will make you a little confession," said Padre Ignacio, "and then you shall give me a little absolution."

"For a penance," said Gaston; "you must play over some of these things to me."

"I suppose I could not permit myself this luxury," began the Padre, pointing to his operas, "and teach these to my choir, if the people had any worldly associations with the music. But I have reasoned that the music cannot do them harm——"

The ringing of a bell here interrupted him. "In fifteen minutes," he said, "our poor meal will be ready for you." The good Padre was not quite sincere when he spoke of a "poor meal." While getting the *aguardiente* for his guest he had given orders, and he knew how well such orders would be carried out. He lived alone, and generally supped simply enough, but not even the ample table at San Fernando could surpass his own on occasions. And this was for him indeed an occasion!

"Your half-breeds will think I am one of themselves," said Gaston, showing his dusty clothes. "I am not fit to be seated with you." But he did not mean this any more than his host had meant his remark about the food. In his pack, which an Indian had brought from his horse, he carried some garments of civilization. And presently, after fresh water and not a little painstaking with brush and scarf, there came back to the Padre a young guest whose elegance and bearing and ease of the great world were to the exiled priest as sweet as was his traveled conversation.

They repaired to the hall and took their seats at the head of the long table. For the Spanish centuries of stately custom lived at Santa Ysabel del Mar, inviolate, feudal, remote.

They were the only persons of quality present; and between themselves and the *gente de razon* a space intervened. Behind the Padre's chair stood an Indian to wait upon him, and another stood behind the chair of Gaston Villeré. Each of these servants wore one single white garment, and offered the many dishes to the *gente fina* and refilled their glasses. At the lower end of the table a general attendant waited

upon *mesclados*—the half-breeds. There was meat with spices, and roasted quail, with various cakes and other preparations of grain; also the brown fresh olives and grapes, with several sorts of figs and plums, and preserved fruits, and white and red wine—the white fifty years old. Beneath the quiet shining of candles, fresh-cut flowers leaned from vessels of old Mexican and Spanish make.

There at one end of this feast sat the wild, pastoral, gaudy company, speaking little over their food; and there at the other the pale Padre, questioning his visitor about Rachel. The mere name of a street would bring memories crowding to his lips; and when his guest told him of a new play he was ready with old quotations from the same author. Alfred de Vigny they spoke of, and Victor Hugo, whom the Padre disliked. Long after the *dulce*, or sweet dish, when it was the custom for the *vaqueros* and the rest of the retainers to rise and leave the *gente fina* to themselves, the host sat on in the empty hall, fondly talking to his guest of his bygone Paris and fondly learning of the later Paris that the guest had seen. And thus the two lingered, exchanging their enthusiasms, while the candles waned, and the long-haired Indians stood silent behind the chairs.

"But we must go to my piano," the host exclaimed. For at length they had come to a lusty difference of opinion. The Padre, with ears critically deaf, and with smiling, unconvinced eyes, was shaking his head, while young Gaston sang *Trovatore* at him, and beat upon the table with a fork.

"Come and convert me, then," said Padre Ignacio, and he led the way. "Donizetti I have always admitted. There, at least, is refinement. If the world has taken to this Verdi, with his street-band music—But there, now! Sit down and convert me. Only don't crush my poor little Erard with Verdi's hoofs. I brought it when I came. It is behind the times, too. And, oh, my dear boy, our organ is still worse. So old, so old! To get a proper one I would sacrifice even this piano of mine in a moment—only the tinkling thing is not worth a sou to anybody except its master. But there! Are you quite comfortable?" And having seen to his guest's needs, and placed spirits and cigars and an ash-tray within his reach, the Padre sat himself comfortably in his chair to hear and expose the false doctrine of *Il Trovatore*.

By midnight all of the opera that Gaston could recall had been played and sung twice. The convert sat in his chair no longer, but stood singing by the piano. The potent swing and flow of rhythms, the torrid, copious inspiration of the South, mastered him. "Verdi has grown," he cried. "Verdi is become a giant." And he swayed to the beat of the melodies, and waved an enthusiastic arm. He demanded every note. Why did not Gaston remember it all? But if the barkentine would arrive and bring the whole music, then they would have it right! And he made Gaston teach him what words he knew. "'Non ti scordar,'" he sang—"'non ti scordar di me.' That is genius. But one sees how the world moves when one is out of it. 'A nostri monti ritorneremo'; home to our mountains. Ah, yes, there is genius again." And the exile sighed and his spirit voyaged to distant places, while Gaston continued brilliantly with the music of the final scene.

Then the host remembered his guest. "I am ashamed of my selfishness," he said. "It is already to-morrow."

"I have sat later in less good company," answered the pleasant Gaston. "And I shall sleep all the sounder for making a convert."

"You have dispensed roadside alms," said the Padre, smiling. "And that should win excellent dreams."

Thus, with courtesies more elaborate than the world has time for at the present day, they bade each other good-night and parted, bearing their late candles along the quiet halls of the mission. To young Gaston in his bed easy sleep came without waiting, and no dreams at all. Outside his open window was the quiet, serene darkness, where the stars shone clear, and tranquil perfumes hung in the cloisters. But while the guest lay sleeping all night in unchanged position like a child, up and down between the oleanders went Padre Ignacio, walking until dawn. Temptation indeed had come over the hill and entered the cloisters.

III

DAY showed the ocean's surface no longer glassy, but lying like a mirror breathed upon; and there between the short headlands came a sail, gray and plain against the flat water. The priest watched through his glasses, and saw the gradual sun grow strong upon the canvas of the barkentine. The message from his world was at hand, yet to-day he scarcely cared so much. Sitting in his garden yesterday, he could never have imagined such a change. But his heart did

not hail the barkentine as usual. Books, music, pale paper, and print—this was all that was coming to him, and some of its savour had gone; for the siren voice of Life had been speaking with him face to face, and in his spirit, deep down, the love of the world was restlessly answering it. Young Gaston showed more eagerness than the Padre over this arrival of the vessel that might be bringing *Trovatore* in the nick of time. Now he would have the chance, before he took his leave, to help rehearse the new music with the choir. He would be a missionary, too: a perfectly new experience.

"And you still forgive Verdi the sins of his youth?" he said to his host. "I wonder if you could forgive mine?"

"Verdi has left his behind him," retorted the Padre.

"But I am only twenty-five!" exclaimed Gaston, pathetically.

"Ah, don't go away soon!" pleaded the exile. It was the first unconcealed complaint that had escaped him, and he felt instant shame.

But Gaston was too much elated with the enjoyment of each new day to comprehend the Padre's soul. The shafts of another's pain might hardly pierce the bright armour of his gaiety. He mistook the priest's entreaty, for anxiety about his own happy spirit.

"Stay here under your care?" he asked. "It would do me no good, Padre. Temptation sticks closer to me than a brother!" and he gave that laugh of his which had disarmed severer judges than his host. "By next week I should have introduced some sin or other into your beautiful Garden of Ignorance here. It will be much safer for your flock if I go and join the other serpents at San Francisco."

Soon after breakfast the Padre had his two mules saddled, and he and his guest set forth down the hills together to the shore. And, beneath the spell and confidence of pleasant, slow riding and the loveliness of everything, the young man talked freely of himself.

"And, seriously," said he, "if I missed nothing else at Santa Ysabel, I should long for—how shall I say it?—for insecurity, for danger, and of all kinds—not merely danger to the body. Within these walls, beneath these sacred bells, you live too safe for a man like me."

"Too safe!" These echoed words upon the lips of the pale Padre were a whisper too light, too deep, for Gaston's heedless ear.

"Why," the young man pursued in a spirit that was but half levity, "though I yield often to temptation, at times I have resisted it, and here I should miss the very chance to resist. Your garden could never be Eden for me, because temptation is absent from it."

"Absent!" Still lighter, still deeper, was this whisper that the Padre breathed.

"I must find life!" exclaimed Gaston. "And my fortune at the mines, I hope. I am not a bad fellow, Father. You can easily guess all the things I do. I have never, to my knowledge, harmed any one. I didn't even try to kill my adversary in an affair of honour. I gave him a mere flesh-wound, and by this time he must be quite recovered. He was my friend. But as he came between me——"

Gaston stopped, and the Padre, looking keenly at him, saw the violence that he had noticed in church pass like a flame over the young man's handsome face.

"There's nothing dishonourable," said Gaston, answering the priest's look. And then, because this look made him not quite at his ease: "Perhaps a priest might feel obliged to say it was dishonourable. She and her father were—a man owes no fidelity before he is—but you might say that had been dishonourable."

"I have not said so, my son."

"I did what every gentleman would do," insisted Gaston.

"And that is often wrong!" said the Padre, gently and gravely. "But I'm not your confessor."

"No," said Gaston, looking down. "And it is all over. It will not begin again. Since leaving New Orleans I have traveled an innocent journey straight to you. And when I make my fortune I shall be in a position to return and——"

"Claim the pressed flower?" suggested the Padre. He did not smile.

"Ah, you remember how those things are!" said Gaston; and he laughed and blushed.

"Yes," said the Padre, looking at the anchored barkentine, "I remember how those things are."

For a while the vessel and its cargo and the landed men and various business and conversations occupied them. But the freight for the mission once seen to, there was not much else to detain them.

The barkentine was only a coaster like many others which had begun to fill the sea a little more of late years, and presently host and guest were riding homeward.

Side by side they rode, companions to the eye, but wide apart in mood; within the turbulent young figure of Gaston dwelt a spirit that could not be more at ease, while revolt was steadily kindling beneath the schooled and placid mask of the Padre.

Yet still the strangeness of his situation in such a remote, resourceless place came back as a marvel into the young man's lively mind. Twenty years in prison, he thought, and hardly aware of it! And he glanced at the silent priest. A man so evidently fond of music, of theaters, of the world, to whom pressed flowers had meant something once—and now contented to bleach upon these wastes! Not even desirous of a brief holiday, but finding an old organ and some old operas enough recreation! "It is his age, I suppose," thought Gaston. And then the notion of himself when he should be sixty occurred to him, and he spoke.

"Do you know, I do not believe," said he, "that I should ever reach such contentment as yours."

"Perhaps you will," said Padre Ignacio, in a low voice.

"Never!" declared the youth. "It comes only to the few, I am sure."

"Yes. Only to the few," murmured the Padre.

"I am certain that it must be a great possession," Gaston continued; "and yet—and yet—dear me! life is a splendid thing!"

"There are several ways to live it," said the Padre.

"Only one for me!" cried Gaston. "Action, men, women, things—to be there, to be known, to play a part, to sit in the front seats; to have people tell one another, 'There goes Gaston Villeré!' and to deserve one's prominence. Why, if I were Padre of Santa Ysabel del Mar for twenty years—no! for one year—do you know what I should have done? Some day it would have been too much for me. I should have left these savages to a pastor nearer their own level, and I should have ridden down this cañon upon my mule, and stepped on board the barkentine, and gone back to my proper sphere. You will understand, sir, that I am far from venturing to make any personal comment. I am only thinking what a world of difference lies between natures that can feel as alike as we do upon so many subjects. Why, not since leaving New Orleans have I met any one with whom I could talk, except of the weather and the brute interests common to us all. That such a one as you should be here is like a dream."

"But it is not a dream," said the Padre.

"And, sir—pardon me if I do say this—are you not wasted at Santa Ysabel del Mar? I have seen the priests at the other missions. They are—the sort of good men that I expected. But are you needed to save such souls as these?"

"There is no aristocracy of souls," said the Padre, again whispering.

"But the body and the mind!" cried Gaston. "My God, are they nothing? Do you think that they are given to us for nothing but a trap? You cannot teach such a doctrine with your library there. And how about all the cultivated men and women away from whose quickening society the brightest of us grow numb? You have held out. But will it be for long? Are you never to save any souls of your own kind? Are not twenty years of *mesclados* enough? No, no!" finished young Gaston, hot with his unforeseen eloquence; "I should ride down some morning and take the barkentine."

Padre Ignacio was silent for a space.

"I have not offended you?" asked the young man.

"No. Anything but that. You are surprized that I should—choose—to stay here. Perhaps you may have wondered how I came to be here at all?"

"I had not intended any impertinent—"

"Oh no. Put such an idea out of your head, my son. You may remember that I was going to make you a confession about my operas. Let us sit down in this shade."

So they picketed the mules near the stream and sat down.

IV

"You have seen," began Padre Ignacio, "what sort of a man I—was once. Indeed, it seems very strange to myself that you should have been here not twenty-four hours yet, and know so much of me. For there has come no one else at all"—the Padre paused a moment and mastered the unsteadiness that he had felt approaching in his voice—"there has been no one else to whom I have talked so freely. In my early days I had no thought of being a priest. My parents destined me for a diplomatic career. There was plenty of money and—and all the rest of it; for by inheritance came to me the acquaintance of many people whose names you would be likely to have heard of. Cities, people of fashion, artists—the whole of it was my element and my choice; and by-and-by I

married, not only where it was desirable, but where I loved. Then for the first time Death laid his staff upon my enchantment, and I understood many things that had been only words to me hitherto. To have been a husband for a year, and a father for a moment, and in that moment to lose all—this unblinded me. Looking back, it seemed to me that I had never done anything except for myself all my days. I left the world. In due time I became a priest and lived in my own country. But my worldly experience and my secular education had given to my opinions a turn too liberal for the place where my work was laid. I was soon advised concerning this by those in authority over me. And since they could not change me and I could not change them, yet wished to work and to teach, the New World was suggested and I volunteered to give the rest of my life to missions. It was soon found that some one was needed here, and for this little place I sailed, and to these humble people I have dedicated my service. They are pastoral creatures of the soil. Their vineyard and cattle days are apt to be like the sun and storm around them—strong alike in their evil and in their good. All their years they live as children—children with men's passions given to them like deadly weapons, unable to measure the harm their impulses may bring. Hence, even in their crimes, their hearts will generally open soon to the one great key of love, while civilization makes locks which that key cannot always fit at the first turn. And coming to know this," said Padre Ignacio, fixing his eyes steadily upon Gaston, "you will understand how great a privilege it is to help such people, and how the sense of something accomplished—under God—should bring Contentment with Renunciation."

"Yes," said Gaston Villeré. Then, thinking of himself, "I can understand it in a man like you."

"Do not speak of me at all!" exclaimed the Padre, almost passionately. "But pray Heaven that you may find the thing yourself some day—Contentment with Renunciation—and never let it go."

"Amen!" said Gaston, strangely moved.

"That is the whole of my story," the priest continued, with no more of the recent stress in his voice. "And now I have talked to you about myself quite enough. But you must have my confession." He had now resumed entirely his half-playful tone. "I was just a little mistaken, you see—too self-reliant, perhaps—when I supposed, in my first missionary ardour, that I could get on without any remembrance of the world at all. I found that I could not. And so I have taught the old operas to my choir—such parts of them as are within our compass and suitable for worship. And certain of my friends still alive at home are good enough to remember this taste of mine and to send me each year some of the new music that I should never hear of otherwise. Then we study these things also. And although our organ is a miserable affair, Felipe manages very cleverly to make it do. And while the voices are singing these operas, especially the old ones, what harm is there if sometimes the priest is thinking of something else? So there's my confession! And now, whether *Trovatore* is come or not, I shall not allow you to leave us until you have taught all you know of it to Felipe."

The new opera, however, had duly arrived. And as he turned its pages Padre Ignacio was quick to seize at once upon the music that could be taken into his church. Some of it was ready fitted. By that afternoon Felipe and his choir could have rendered "Ah! se l' error t' ingombra" without slip or falter.

Those were strange rehearsals of *Il Trovatore* upon this California shore. For the Padre looked to Gaston to say when they went too fast, or too slow, and to correct their emphasis. And since it was hot, the little Erard piano was carried each day out into the mission garden. There, in the cloisters among the jessamine, the orange blossoms, the oleanders, in the presence of the round yellow hills and the blue triangle of sea, the *Miserere* was slowly learned. The Mexicans and Indians gathered, swarthy and black-haired, around the tinkling instrument that Felipe played; and presiding over them were young Gaston and the pale Padre, walking up and down the paths, beating time or singing now one part and now another. And so it was that the wild cattle on the uplands would hear *Trovatore* hummed by a passing *vaquero*, while the same melody was filling the streets of the far-off world.

For three days Gaston Villeré remained at Santa Ysabel del Mar; and though not a word of restlessness came from him, his host could read San Francisco and the gold-mines in his countenance. No, the young man could not have stayed here for twenty years! And the Padre forbore urging his guest to extend his visit.

"But the world is small," the guest de-

clared at parting. "Some day it will not be able to spare you any longer. And then we are sure to meet. But you shall hear from me soon, at any rate."

Again, as upon the first evening, the two exchanged a few courtesies, more graceful and particular than we, who have not time, and fight no duels, find worth a man's while at the present day. For duels are gone, which is a very good thing, and with them a certain careful politeness, which is a pity; but that is the way in the eternal profit and loss. So young Gaston rode northward out of the mission, back to the world and his fortune; and the Padre stood watching the dust after the rider had passed from sight. Then he went into his room with a drawn face. But appearances at least had been kept up to the end; the youth would never know of the older man's unrest.

V

TEMPTATION had arrived with Gaston, but was destined to make a longer stay at Santa Ysabel del Mar. Yet it was perhaps a week before the priest knew this guest was come to abide with him. The guest could be discreet, could withdraw, was not at first importunate.

Sail away on the barkentine? A wild notion, to be sure! although fit enough to enter the brain of such a young scapegrace. The Padre shook his head and smiled affectionately when he thought of Gaston Villeré. The youth's handsome, reckless countenance would shine out, smiling, in his memory, and he repeated Auber's old remark, "Is it the good Lord, or is it merely the devil, that always makes me have a weakness for rascals?"

Sail away on the barkentine! Imagine taking leave of the people here—of Felipe! In what words should he tell the boy to go on industriously with his music? No, this was not imaginable! The mere parting alone would make it for ever impossible to think of such a thing. "And then," he said to himself each new morning, when he looked out at the ocean, "I have given to them my life. One does not take back a gift."

Pictures of his departure began to shine and melt in his drifting fancy. He saw himself explaining to Felipe that now his presence was wanted elsewhere; that there would come a successor to take care of Santa Ysabel—a younger man, more useful, and able to visit sick people at a distance. "For I am old now. I should not be long here in any case." He stopped and pressed his hands together; he had caught his Temptation in the very act. Now he sat staring at his Temptation's face, close to him, while there in the triangle two ships went sailing by.

One morning Felipe told him that the barkentine was here on its return voyage south. "Indeed?" said the Padre, coldly. "The things are ready to go, I think." For the vessel called for mail and certain boxes that the mission sent away. Felipe left the room in wonder at the Padre's manner. But the priest was laughing secretly to see how little it was to him where the barkentine was, or whether it should be coming or going. But in the afternoon, at his piano, he found himself saying, "Other ships call here, at any rate." And then for the first time he prayed to be delivered from his thoughts. Yet presently he left his seat and looked out of the window for a sight of the barkentine; but it was gone.

The season of the wine-making passed, and the preserving of all the fruits that the mission fields grew. Lotions and medicines were distilled from garden herbs. Perfume was manufactured from the petals of flowers and certain spices, and presents of it despatched to San Fernando and Ventura, and to friends at other places; for the Padre had a special receipt. As the time ran on, two or three visitors passed a night with him; and presently there was a word at various missions that Padre Ignacio had begun to show his years. At Santa Ysabel del Mar they whispered, "The Padre is not well." Yet he rode a great deal over the hills by himself, and down the cañon very often, stopping where he had sat with Gaston, to sit alone and look up and down, now at the hills above, and now at the ocean below. Among his parishioners he had certain troubles to soothe, certain wounds to heal; a home from which he was able to drive jealousy; a girl whom he bade her lover set right. But all said, "The Padre is unwell." And Felipe told them that the music seemed nothing to him any more; he never asked for his *Dixit Dominus* nowadays. Then for a short time he was really in bed, feverish with the two voices that spoke to him without ceasing. "You have given your life," said one voice. "And therefore," said the other, "have earned the right to go home and die." "You are winning better rewards in the service of God," said the first voice. "God can be better served in other places," answered the second. As he lay listening he saw Seville

again, and the trees of Aranhal, where he had been born. The wind was blowing through them, and in their branches he could hear the nightingales. "Empty! Empty!" he said, aloud. And he lay for two days and nights hearing the wind and the nightingales in the far trees of Aranhal. But Felipe, watching, only heard the Padre crying through the hours, "Empty! Empty!"

Then the wind in the trees died down, and the Padre could get out of bed, and soon be in the garden. But the voices within him still talked all the while as he sat watching the sails when they passed between the headlands. Their words, falling for ever the same way, beat his spirit sore, like blows upon flesh already bruised. If he could only change what they said, he would rest.

"Has the Padre any mail for Santa Barbara?" asked Felipe. "The ship bound southward should be here to-morrow."

"I will attend to it," said the priest, not moving. And Felipe stole away.

At Felipe's words the voices had stopped, as a clock finishes striking. Silence, strained like expectation, filled the Padre's soul. But in place of the voices came old sights of home again, the waving trees at Aranhal; then it would be Rachel for a moment, declaiming tragedy while a houseful of faces that he knew by name watched her; and through all the panorama rang the pleasant laugh of Gaston. For a while in the evening the Padre sat at his Erard playing *Trovatore*. Later, in his sleepless bed he lay, saying now and then: "To die at home! Surely I may be granted at least this." And he listened for the inner voices. But they were not speaking any more, and the black hole of silence grew more dreadful to him than their arguments. Then the dawn came in at his window, and he lay watching its gray grow warm into colour, until suddenly he sprang from his bed and looked at the sea. Blue it lay, sapphire-hued and dancing with points of gold, lovely and luring as a charm; and over its triangle the south-bound ship was approaching. People were on board who in a few weeks would be sailing the Atlantic, while he would stand here looking out of this same window. "Merciful God!" he cried, sinking on his knees. "Heavenly Father, Thou seest this evil in my heart! Thou knowest that my weak hand cannot pluck it out! My strength is breaking, and still Thou makest my burden heavier than I can bear." He stopped, breathless and trembling. The same visions were flitting across his closed eyes; the same silence gaped like a dry crater in his soul. "There is no help in earth or heaven," he said, very quietly; and he dressed himself.

VI

It was still so early that few of the Indians were stirring, and one of these saddled the Padre's mule. Felipe was not yet awake, and for a moment it came in the priest's mind to open the boy's door softly, look at him once more, and come away. But this he did not, nor even take a farewell glance at the church and organ. He bade nothing farewell, but, turning his back upon his room and his garden, rode down the cañon.

The vessel lay at anchor, and some one had landed from her and was talking with other men on the shore. Seeing the priest slowly coming, this stranger approached to meet him.

"You are connected with the mission here?" he inquired.

"I—am."

"Perhaps it is with you that Gaston Villeré stopped?"

"The young man from New Orleans? Yes. I am Padre Ignacio."

"Then you'll save me a journey. I promised him to deliver these into your own hands."

The stranger gave them to him.

"A bag of gold-dust," he explained, "and a letter. I wrote it at his dictation while he was dying. He lived hardly an hour afterward."

The stranger bowed his head at the stricken cry which his news elicited from the priest, who, after a few moments' vain effort to speak, opened the letter and read:

My dear Friend,—It is through no man's fault but mine that I have come to this. I have had plenty of luck, and lately have been counting the days until I should return home. But last night heavy news from New Orleans reached me, and I tore the pressed flower to pieces. Under the first smart and humiliation of broken faith I was rendered desperate, and picked a needless quarrel. Thank God, it is I who have the punishment. My dear friend, as I lie here, leaving a world that no man ever loved more, I have come to understand you. For you and your mission have been much in my thoughts. It is strange how good can be done, not at the time when it is intended, but afterwards; and you have done this good to me. I say over your words, "Contentment with Renunciation," and believe that at this last hour I have gained something like what you would wish me to feel. For I do not think that I desire it otherwise now. My life would never have been of service, I am afraid. You are the last person in this world who has spoken

serious words to me, and I want you to know that now at length I value the peace of Santa Ysabel as I could never have done but for seeing your wisdom and goodness. You spoke of a new organ for your church. Take the gold-dust that will reach you with this, and do what you will with it. Let me at least in dying have helped some one. And since there is no aristocracy in souls—you said that to me; do you remember?—perhaps you will say a mass for this departing soul of mine. I only wish, since my body must go under ground in a strange country, that it might have been at Santa Ysabel del Mar, where your feet would often pass.

"'At Santa Ysabel del Mar, where your feet would often pass.'" The priest repeated this final sentence aloud, without being aware of it.

"Those are the last words he ever spoke," said the stranger, "except bidding me good-by."

"You knew him well, then?"

"No; not until after he was hurt. I'm the man he quarreled with."

The priest looked at the ship that would sail onward this afternoon.

Then a smile of great beauty passed over his face, and he addressed the stranger. "I thank you. You will never know what you have done for me."

"It is nothing," answered the stranger, awkwardly. "He told me you set great store on a new organ."

Padre Ignacio turned away from the ship and rode back through the gorge. When he had reached the shady place where once he had sat with Gaston Villeré, he dismounted and again sat there, alone by the stream, for many hours. Long rides and outings had been lately so much his custom that no one thought twice of his absence; and when he returned to the mission in the afternoon, the Indian took his mule, and he went to his seat in the garden. But it was with another look that he watched the sea; and presently the sail moved across the blue triangle, and soon it had rounded the headland.

With it departed Temptation for ever.

Gaston's first coming was in the Padre's mind; and, as the vespers bell began to ring in the cloistered silence, a fragment of Auber's plaintive tune passed like a sigh across his memory:

For the repose of Gaston's young, world-loving spirit, they sang all that he had taught them of *Il Trovatore*.

After this day, Felipe and all those who knew and loved the Padre best, saw serenity had returned to his features; but for some reason they began to watch those features with more care.

"Still," they said, "he is not old." And as the months went by they would repeat: "We shall have him yet for many years."

Thus the season rolled round, bringing the time for the expected messages from the world. Padre Ignacio was wont to sit in his garden, waiting for the ship, as of old.

"As of old," they said, cheerfully, who saw him. But Renunciation with Contentment they could not see; it was deep down in his silent and thankful heart.

One day Felipe went to call him from his garden seat, wondering why the ringing of the bell had not brought him to vespers. Breviary in lap, and hands folded upon it, the Padre sat among his flowers, looking at the sea. Out there amid the sapphire-blue, tranquil and white, gleamed the sails of the barkentine. It had brought him a new message, not from this world; and Padre Ignacio was slowly borne in from the garden, while the mission-bell tolled for the passing of a human soul.

Guarded Secrets

Around a virgin daughter of a king are guardian walls, and ere one cometh at the walls are fierce men. He must therefore be acceptable in all ways who shall enter in. So is it wonderful that God should cause His secrets to be guarded by ferocity, and that of many kinds? Else were it a too simple thing for fearful men to enter in and ravish. Lo, I tell you, there is nothing worth the winning that must not be won; and this also: he who hath the secret hath it by his own worth, and that proved.

("*The Book of the Sayings of Tsiang Samdup.*") *The Devil's Guard.* Talbot Mundy.

The Yule-Log in Provence

By THOMAS A. JANVIER

Thomas A. Janvier.

IN THE court-yard there was more than the ordinary morning commotion of farm life, and the buzz of talk going on at the well and the racing and shouting of a parcel of children all had in it a touch of eagerness and expectancy. While I still was drinking my coffee—in the excellence and delicate service of which I recognized the friendly hand of Misè Fougueiroun—there came a knock at my door; and, upon my answer, the Vidame entered—looking so elate and wearing so blithe an air that he easily might have been mistaken for a frolicsome middle-aged sunbeam.

"Hurry! Hurry!" he cried, while still shaking both my hands. "This is a day of days—we are going now to bring home the *cacho-fiò*, the yule-log! Put on a pair of heavy shoes—the walking is rough on the mountain-side. But be quick, and come down the moment that you are ready. Now I must be off. There is a world for me to do!" And the old gentleman bustled out of the room while he still was speaking, and in a few moments I heard him giving orders to some one with great animation on the terrace below.

When I went down-stairs, five minutes later, I found him standing in the hall by the open doorway. . . . "It is a most important matter," he said, "this bringing home of the *cacho-fiò*. The whole family must take part in it. The head of the family—the grandfather, the father, or the eldest son—must cut the tree; all the others must share in carrying home the log that is to make the Christmas fire. And the tree must a fruit-bearing tree. With us it usually is an almond or an olive. The olive especially is sacred. Our people, getting their faith from their Greek ancestors, believe that lightning never strikes it. But an apple-tree or a pear-tree will serve the purpose, and up in the Alp region they burn the acorn-bearing oak. What we shall do to-day is an echo of Druidical ceremonial—of the time when the Druid priests cut the yule-oak and with their golden sickles reaped the sacred mistletoe; but old Jan here, who is so stiff for preserving ancient customs, does not know that this custom, like many others that he stands for, is the survival of a rite." . . .

Marius completed his work by cutting through the trunk again, making a noble *cacho-fiò* near five feet long—big enough to burn, according to the Provençal rule, from Christmas Eve until the evening of New Year's Day.

It is not expected, of course, that the log shall burn continuously. Each night it is smothered in ashes and is not set a-blazing again until the following evening. But even when thus husbanded the log must be a big one to last the week out, and it is only in rich households that the rule can be observed. Persons of modest means are satisfied if they can keep burning the sacred fire over Christmas Day; and as to the very poor, their *cacho-fiò* is no more than a bit of a fruit-tree's branch—that barely, by cautious guarding, will burn until the midnight of Christmas Eve. Yet this suffices; and it seems to me that there is something very tenderly touching about these thin yule-twigs which make, with all the loving ceremonial and rejoicing that might go with a whole tree-trunk, the poor man's Christmas fire. In the country, the poorest man is sure of his *cacho-fiò*. The Provençaux are a kindly race, and the well-to-do farmers are not forgetful of their poorer neighbours at Christmas time. An almond-branch always may be had for the asking; and often, along with other friendly gifts toward the feast, without any asking at all. Indeed, as I understood from the Vidame's orders, the remainder of our old almond was to be cut up and distributed over the estate and about the neighbourhood—and so the life went out from it finally in a Christmas blaze that brightened many homes. In the cities, of course, the case is different; and, no doubt, on many a chill hearth no yule-fire burns. But even in the cities this kindly usage is not unknown. Among the boat-builders and ship-wrights of the coast towns the custom long has obtained—being in force even in the Government dock-yard at Toulon—of permitting each workman to carry away a *cacho-fiò* from the refuse oak timber; and an equivalent present frequently is given at Christmas time to the labourers in other trades. . . .

Our procession took on grand proportions, I should explain, because our yule-log was

of extraordinary size. But always the yule-log is brought home in triumph. If it is small, it is carried on the shoulder of the father or the eldest son; if it is a goodly size, those two carry it together; or a young husband and wife may bear it between them—as we actually saw a thick branch of our almond borne away that afternoon—while the children caracole around them or lend little helping hands.

Being come to the Mazet, the log was stood on end in the court-yard in readiness to be taken thence to the fire-place on Christmas Eve. I fancied that the men handled it with a certain reverence; and the Vidame assured me that such actually was the case. . . . He added, by way of instance, that any one who sat on a yule-log would pay in his person for his temerity either with a dreadful stomach-ache that would not permit him to eat his Christmas dinner, or would suffer a pest of boils. He confessed that he always had wished to test practically this superstition, but that his faith in it had been too strong to suffer him to make the trial! . . .

The laying of the yule-log followed; a ceremony so grave that it has all the dignity of, and really is, a religious rite. The buzz of talk died away into silence as Elizo's father, the oldest man, took by the hand and led out into the court-yard where the log was lying his great-grandson, the little Tounin, the youngest child: it being the rule that the nominal bearers of the *cacho-fiò* to the hearth shall be the oldest and the youngest of the family—the one personifying the year that is dying, the other the year new-born. Sometimes, and this is the prettiest rendering of the custom, the two are an old, old man and a baby carried in its mother's arms—while between them the real bearers of the burden walk.

In our case the log actually was carried by Marius and Esperit; but the tottering old man clasped its forward end with his thin feeble hands, and its hinder end was clasped by the plump feeble hands of the tottering child. Thus, the four together, they brought it in through the doorway and carried it thrice around the room, circling the supper-table and the lighted candles; and then, reverently, it was laid before the fire-place—that still sometimes is called in Provençal the *lar*.

There was a pause, while the old man filled out a cup of *vin cuê;* and a solemn hush fell upon the company, and all heads were bowed, as he poured three libations upon the log, saying with the last: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost!"—and then cried with all the vigour that he could infuse into his thin and quavering old voice:

Cacho-fiò
Bouto-fiò!
Alègre! Alègre!
Dieu nous alègre!
Calèndo vèn! Tout bèn vèn!
Diéu nous fague la gràci de vèire l'an que vèn,
E se noun sian pas mai, que noun fuguen pas mens!

Yule-log,
Catch fire!
Joy! Joy!
God gives us joy!
Christmas comes! All good comes!
May God give us grace to see the coming year,
And if we are not more, may we not be less!

As he ended his invocation, he crossed himself, as did all the rest; and a great glad shout was raised of "Alègre! Alègre!" as Marius and Esperit—first casting some fagots of vine-branches on the bed of glowing coals—placed the yule-log upon the fire. Instantly the vines blazed up, flooding the room with brightness; and as the yule-log glowed and reddened, everybody cried,

Cacho-fiò,
Bouto-fiò!
Alègre! Alègre!

again and again—as though the whole of them together had gone merry-mad!

In the midst of this triumphant rejoicing the bowl from which the libation had been poured was filled afresh with *vin cue* and was passed from hand to hand and lip to lip—beginning with the little Tounin, and so upward in order of seniority until it came last of all to the old man—and from it each drank to the new fire of the new year. . . .

Giving and Receiving

By E. V. LUCAS

ACCORDING to many of the Old Masters the earliest Christmas presents were given nearly two thousand years ago and were received probably with the utmost embarrassment. They consisted principally of gold and frankincense and myrrh, and were laid at the feet of a tiny Baby lying in a manger in a stable in Judæa, the givers being three Wise Men—some say even kings—from the East: Melchior, Caspar, and Balthasar. It is principally from pictures of the visit of the Three Kings that we derive our ideas of the incident; and it would now be a very arduous task to correct those ideas. But as a matter of Biblical history, the Child had long been born when the Wise Men arrived, and He was then not in the manger, but in the house. See St. Matthew's narrative, chapter II, verse 11. St. Luke, in his story, makes the new-born Infant's first visitor neither Kings nor Wise Men from the East but shepherds.

In any case, the Baby can have had nothing to say, and how its mother, who had been in a state of surprise for some months, and her husband, who also had not a few thoughts to carry, behaved, we shall never know. But those were the first Christmas presents, and for nineteen centuries the custom of giving them has been growing; but whether the art of giving them is any nearer perfection now than then is a question. I know, at any rate, that I was given several last Christmas which were not as "exactly what I had been wanting," as I protested they were.

Be this as it may, it is firmly fixed in our minds that, on His entrance into the world, the little Jesus was greeted with golden vessels containing frankincense and myrrh, and all children born on December 25, since that December 25 so long ago, have felt it to be an injustice that their birthday and Christmas Day, by coinciding, should deprive them of half their proper meed of notice. A witty and fanciful friend of mine makes, however, the startling suggestion that in selecting that day on which to be born, Christ offers another proof of unselfishness. As to what the Infant thought as the grave strangers laid the offerings at His feet, we are in ignorance; but we know that later, at any rate, He gave some attention to the question of gifts, for did He not bewilder all children (especially at Christmas) and puzzle not a few of their elders, by enunciating the astonishing proposition that it is more blessed to give than to receive?

Even those, however, who require time to take in the full significance of this saying will readily agree that giving is usually simpler—so much simpler indeed that there is almost no comparison between the two actions. Giving can be so easy as to be almost automatic, whereas receiving can make demands on every nerve. Givers, particularly careless ones—and most givers think too little—can survive to a great age and never have to practise any of the facial contortions and the tactful verbal insincerities which recipients of their generosity must be continually calling to their aid; whereas, if the art of giving were rightly understood and practised, the only expression to be seen on the features of the receivers of presents would be one of surprise and joy mingled, and that phrase, which is almost as common at Christmas time as "Same to you"—"Oh, thank you so much; it's exactly what I wanted," would ring with the bell-like tones and vibrations of genuineness. As it is—wholly because giving is so simple: an affair of a shop-assistant's advice, of the writing of a cheque—as it is, most elephants are white.

Profane as well as sacred history tells us more of the giving of presents than of their reception. In fact, to enumerate the offerings of king to king is one of the historian's simple pleasures. But we have, as a rule, no information either as to the remarks made by the recipient whose appraising eye checked off the apes and the ivory and the peacocks, or the consultations of the Ministers of State as the consignment of generosity was being made up. One can see them in committee a few days before the monarch sets forth on his expedition to the friendly State: "Don't you think" (the

Chancellor of the Exchequer is speaking), "don't you think two hundred milk-white steeds excessive? Wouldn't one hundred do?"

"Or even fifty?" says the Home Secretary.

"Yes, or even fifty. It isn't as if we were visiting a really first-class Power"—and so with the bars of gold, the precious stones, the spices (such as the Queen of Sheba carried to Solomon), all would have to be carefully measured according to the importance of the other king or the need of his alliance.

And then there is his side of the transaction: "Well, I must say I think they might have been a little less stingy. Only five hundred bales of silk! Not enough for more than half the ladies of the Court; for you can't expect any two to wear the same colour. And only thirty palfreys! Distinctly on the mean side." I forget what Henry the Eighth gave Francis the First at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, but the odds are that not a little criticism resulted. And yet the odds also are that Francis vowed, hand on heart, that it was all exactly what he had been most desiring.

In those old days the first thought of the receiver of a present was to return it in kind; which has a certain crudity, and indeed imports an element of calculation into the act of giving at all. It was impossible for the visiting monarch not to speculate on what he was going to receive on his departure; and that is bad. A small child intently preparing, under what she conceives to be conditions of profound secrecy, a gift for her mother is one of the prettiest of sights. It would lose at least half its charm if it were the rule that on presenting the kettle-holder or egg-cover she was instantly to be handed one for herself.

Proverbial philosophy warns us not to look gift-horses in the mouth; but the lessons of the past point in the other direction. Troy would still be standing had the advice of the old saw been disregarded. None the less, it might do a world of good if one Christmas—this next Christmas, for example—we all decided to tell the truth and say exactly what we thought of our presents. "Thank you for nothing. I can see where you've erased your own name and put mine in." "Surely I was worth more than three-and-eleven! I saw these at Harker's last week, and noted the price." "What's the use of giving me a diary when you must know I never keep one?" "Good heavens, you don't really expect me to wear a tie of *that* colour!" But in spite of the salutary effect upon givers which might result, I doubt if we could go so far. The human family is held together so largely by compromise and lack of candour that its total disintegration might follow; and do we want that yet? Not before the next cricket season, at any rate.

So much for the wrong kind of present. As for the best, it has been laid down that no present is worth having unless the giver would rather have kept it for himself; and I think the truth lurks here. And there is still another variety, but it cannot be very common. At least—perhaps it is. At a certain home, the head of which was a stern and not too lavish autocrat in the house, whatever he might have been out of it, there was delivered one Christmas Eve a mysterious box brought by a mysterious man, who refused to divulge any particulars; merely saying it was for the master. When, after much speculation, it was opened, it was found to contain a massive piece of silver, on which was an inscription stating that it was the gift of an unknown neighbour and was offered as some recognition of the many kind and generous acts which the recipient had, within the donor's cognizance, performed, often with complete anonymity. The master of the house did not conceal his satisfaction as he read this engraved testimonial, even if his family were more successful with their surprise. Long afterwards it was discovered that, with the idea of impressing them, he had sent it himself.

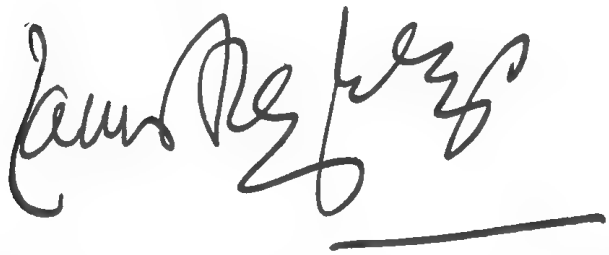
On a Perfum'd Lady

By ROBERT HERRICK

YOU say y'are sweet; how sho'd we know
Whether that you be sweet or no?
From *Powders* and *Perfumes* keep free;
Then shall we smell how sweet you be.

There is a Tavern in the Town

By JAMES STEPHENS



THE old gentleman entered, and was about to sit down, when a button became detached from some portion of his raiment and rolled upon the floor. He picked the button up and observed that he would keep it for his housekeeper to sew on, and, while speaking on the strangeness of housekeeping and buttons, he came slowly to the subject of matrimony—

"Like so many other customs," said he, "marriage is not native to the human race, nor is it altogether peculiar to it. So far as I am aware no person was ever born married, and in extreme youth bachelors and spinsters are so common as to call for no remark. Nature strives, not for duality as in the case of the Siamese Twins, but for individuality. We are all born strongly separated, and I am often inclined to fancy that this ceremony of joining appears very like flying in the face of Providence. I have also thought, on the other hand, that the segregation of humanity into male and female is not an economic practice, but I fear the foundation of the sex habit is by this time so deeply trenched in our natures as to be practically ineradicable.

"Throughout nature the male and female habit is usual: all beasts are born of one or the other gender, and this is also the case in the vegetable kingdom: but I am not aware that the ridiculous and wasteful preparations with which we encumber matrimony obtain also among plants and animals. Certainly, among some animals courtship, as we understand it, is practised—Wolves, for instance, are an extraordinarily acute people who make good husbands and fathers, and in these relations they display a tenderness and courtesy which one only acquainted with their out-of-door manners would scarcely credit them with. Their courtship is conducted under circumstances of extraordinary rigour. A he-wolf who becomes enamoured of a female from another tribe is forced, in attempting to wed her, to set his life upon the venture, and, disdaining all the fury of her numerous relatives, he must forcibly detach her from her family, kill or maim all her other suitors, sustain in a wounded and desperate condition a prolonged chase over the snow-clad Russian Steppes, and, ultimately, consummate his nuptials, if he can, with as many limbs as his lady's family have failed to collect off him. This is a courtship admirably fitted to evolve a hardy and Spartan race strong in the virtues of reliance and self-control.

"Spiders, on the other hand, are a people whom I despise on several counts, but must admire on others. They conduct their love affairs in an even more tragic style. In every event matrimony is a tragedy, but in the case of spiders it is a catastrophe. Spiders are a very sour and pessimistic people who live in walls, corners of hotel bedrooms and holes generally, in which places they weave very delicate webs, and sit for a long period in a state of philosophic ecstasy, contemplating the infinite. Their principal pastimes are killing flies and committing suicide—both of which games should be encouraged. Like so many other unhappy creatures, they are born with a gender from

which there is no escape. The male spider is very much smaller than the female, and he does not care greatly for his life. When he does not desire to live any longer he commits matrimony or suicide. He weds a large and fierce wife, who, when in expectation of progeny, kills him, and, being a thoroughgoing person as all females are, she also eats him, possibly at his own request, and thus she relieves her husband of the tedium of existence and herself of the necessity for seeking immediate victual. I do not know whether male spiders are very plentiful or extremely scarce, but I cite this as an example of the extravagance and economy of the female gender.

"Of the courting habits of fish I have scanty knowledge. Fish are very ugly, dirty creatures who appear to live entirely in water, and they have been known to follow a ship for miles in the disgusting hope of garbage being thrown to them by the steward. Their chief pastime is weighing each other, for which purpose they are liberally provided with scales. They can be captured by nets, or rods and lines, or, when they are cockles, they can be captured by the human hand, but, in this latter case, they cannot be tamed, having very little intelligence. The cockle has no scale, and feels the deprivation keenly, hiding himself deep in the sea and seldom venturing forth except at night-time. He is composed of two shells and a soft piece, is chiefly useful for poisoning children, and is found at Sandymount, a place where nobody but a cockle would live. Other fish may be generally described as, crabs, pinkeens, red herrings and whales. How these conduct their matrimonial adventures I do not know—the statement that whales are fond of pinkeens is true only in a food sense, for these races have never been observed to intermarry.

"A great many creatures capture or captivate their mates by singing.—These are usually, but not always, birds, and include wily wagtails, larks, canary birds and the crested earwig. Poets, music hall comedians and cats may also be included in this category. Dogs are imperative and dashing wooers, but they seldom sing. Peacocks expand their tails before the astonished gaze of their brides, showing how the female sex is overborne by minor, unimportant advantages. Frogs, I believe, make love in the dark, which is a wise thing for them to do—they are very witty folk, but confirmed sentimentalists. Grocers' assistants attract their mates by exposing very tall collars and brown boots. Drapers' assistants follow suit, with the comely addition of green socks and an umbrella—they are never known to fail. Some creatures do not marry at all. At a certain period they break in two halves, and each half, fully equipped for existence, waggles away from the other.—They are the only perfectly happy folk of whom I am aware. For myself, I was born single and I will remain so; I will never be a slave to the disgusting habit of matrimony."

Having said this with great firmness, the old gentleman shed two more buttons from his waistcoat, and, after sticking three nails and a piece of twine through his garments, he departed very happily. The gentleman-in-waiting sneezed three times in a loud voice, and gave a war-whoop, but I took no notice of these impertinences.

Moral Principle and Material Interest

By AMBROSE BIERCE

A MORAL PRINCIPLE met a Material Interest on a bridge wide enough but for one. "Down, you base thing!" thundered the Moral Principle, "and let me pass over you!"

The Material Interest looked in the other's eyes without saying anything.

"Ah," said the Moral Principle, hesitatingly, "let us draw lots to see which one of us shall retire till the other has passed."

The Material Interest maintained an unbroken silence and an unwavering stare.

"In order to avoid a conflict," the Moral Principle resumed, somewhat uneasily, "I shall myself lie down, and let you walk over me."

Then the Material Interest found his tongue. "I don't think you are very good walking," he said. "I am a little particular about what I have underfoot. Suppose you get off into the water."

It occurred that way.

Remembered from the Play

Home-making Ideals, 1926

Sarah Miller—If you're to cook for a man for the rest of your life, you want him to be the kind you're proud to cook for.

Marianna Miller—That's the kind you don't have to cook for.

"Two Girls Wanted," by Gladys Unger, New York, 1926.

"Juarez and Maximilian"

Maximilian—Not to be equal to one's deeds is criminal.

Maximilian—The will to be good is not yet being good.

By Franz Werfel, Vienna, 1925; New York, 1926.

Buying vs. Selling

Barzac—But selling is a separate thing, a science, an art.

Alain—It's much easier than buying.

Barzac—You don't mean to say that!

Alain—I'll prove it to you. (*Pulls a ring off of his finger, and hands it to Barzac*)—Buy this stone.

Barzac—How much?

Alain—Two thousand.

Barzac—Two thousand? . . . Is it an imitation?

Alain—That's not the question.

Barzac (*returns the ring hurriedly*)—Thanks, old man, I don't care for it.

Alain—You refuse to give me two thousand francs for it?

Barzac—I should say I do!

Alain (*putting the ring back on his finger*)—It is worth thirty thousand. See, you don't know how to buy, even though you are an expert salesman.

"The Night is Ours," by Henri Kistemaekers, Paris, 1926.

The Voice of "Broadway"

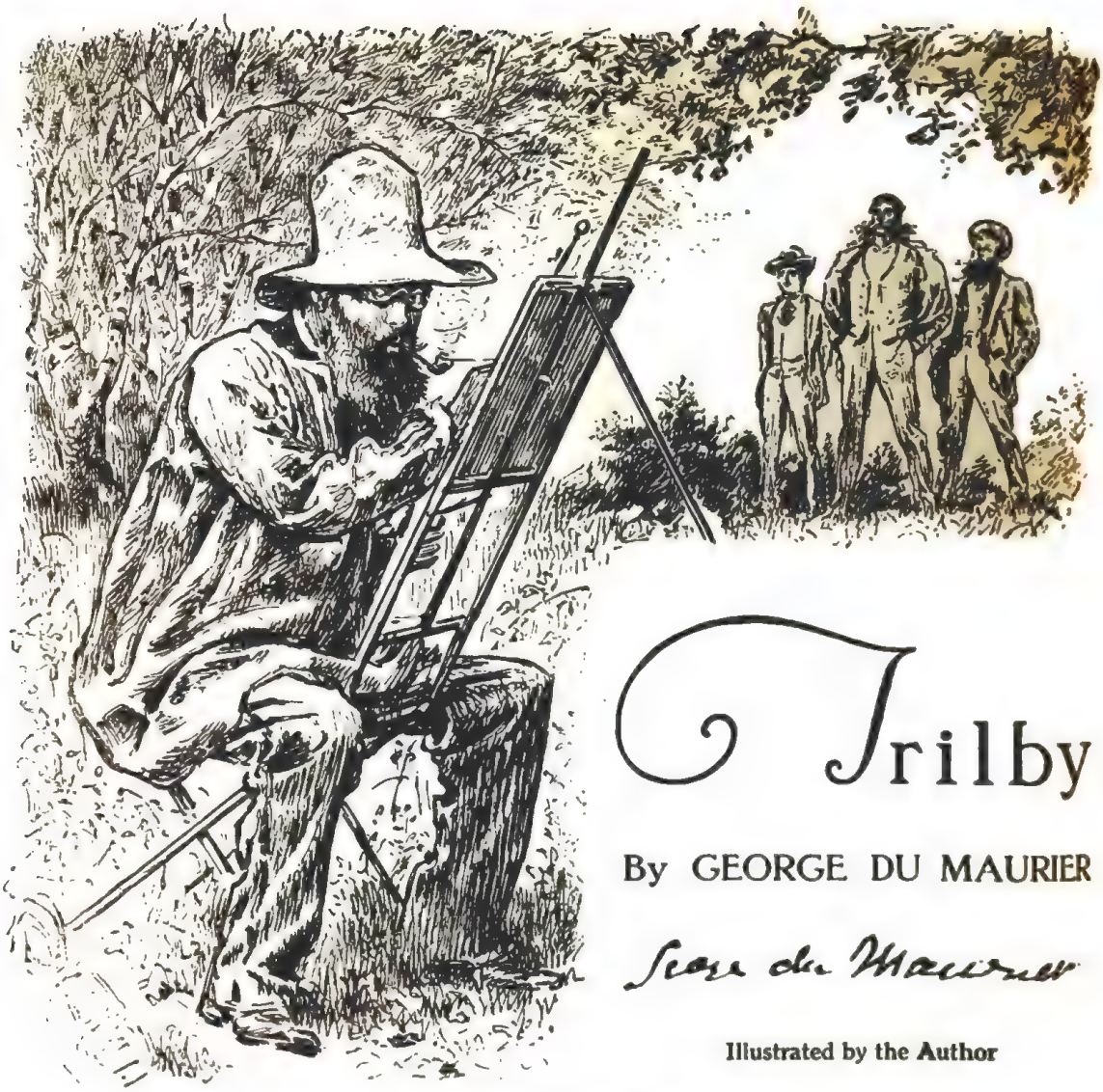
Roy Lane—It pays to be good.

Mazie Smith—Sure, but not much.

By Philip Dunning and George Abbott, New York, 1926.

"If I Was Rich"

Jimmy Sterling (*to a radio-announcer*)—I often wondered what you had been doing before they invented the radio. *By Wm. Anthony McGuire, Chicago, 1926.*



Trilby

By GEORGE DU MAURIER

Illustrated by the Author

PART THIRD

"Par deçà, ne dela la mer
Ne sçay dame ni damoiselle
Qui soit en tous biens parfaits telle—
C'est un songe que d'y penser:
Dieu! qu'il fait bon la regarder!"

ONE lovely Monday morning in late September, at about eleven or so, Taffy and the Laird sat in the studio—each opposite his picture, smoking, nursing his knee, and saying nothing. The heaviness of Monday weighed on their spirits more than usual, for the three friends had returned late on the previous night from a week spent at Barbizon and in the forest of Fontainebleau—a heavenly week among the painters: Rousseau, Millet, Corot, Daubigny, let us suppose, and others less known to fame this day. Little Billee, especially, had been fascinated by all this artistic life in blouses and sabots and immense straw hats and panamas, and had sworn to himself and to his friends that he would some day live and die there—painting the forest as it is, and peopling it with beautiful people out of his own fancy—leading a healthy out-door life of simple wants and lofty aspirations.

At length Taffy said: "Bother work this morning! I feel much more like a stroll in the Luxembourg Gardens and lunch at the Café de l'Odéon, where the omelets are good and the wine isn't blue."

"The very thing I was thinking of myself," said the Laird.

So Taffy slipped on his old shooting-jacket and his old Harrow cricket cap, with the peak turned the wrong way, and the Laird put on an old great-coat of Taffy's that reached to his heels, and a battered

straw hat they had found in the studio when they took it; and both sallied forth into the mellow sunshine on the way to Carrel's. For they meant to seduce Little Billee from his work, that he might share in their laziness, greediness, and general demoralization.

And whom should they meet coming down the narrow turreted old Rue Vieille des Mauvais Ladres but Little Billee himself, with an air of general demoralization so tragic that they were quite alarmed. He had his paint-box and field-easel in one hand and his little valise in the other. He was pale, his hat on the back of his head, his hair staring all at sixes and sevens, like a sick Scotch terrier's.

"Good Lord! what's the matter?" said Taffy.

"Oh! oh! oh! she's sitting at Carrel's!"

"Who's sitting at Carrel's?"

"Trilby! sitting to all those ruffians! There she was, just as I opened the door; I saw her, I tell you! The sight of her was like a blow between the eyes, and I bolted! I shall never go back to that beastly hole again! I'm off to Barbizon, to paint the forest; I was coming round to tell you. Good-by! . . ."

"Stop a minute—are you mad?" said Taffy, collaring him.

"Let me go, Taffy—let me go, damn it! I'll come back in a week—but I'm going now! Let me go; do you hear?"

"But look here—I'll go with you."

"No; I want to be alone—quite alone. Let me go, I tell you!"

"I sha'n't let you go unless you swear to me, on your honour, that you'll write directly you get there, and every day till you come back. Swear!"

"All right; I swear—honour bright! Now there! Good-by—good-by; back on Sunday—good-by!" And he was off.

"Now, what the devil does all that mean?" asked Taffy, much perturbed.

"I suppose he's shocked at seeing Trilby in that guise, or disguise, or unguise, sitting at Carrel's—he's such an odd little chap. And I must say, I'm surprised at Trilby. It's a bad thing for her when we're away. What could have induced her? She never sat in a studio of that kind before. I thought she only sat to Durien and old Carrel."

They walked for a while in silence.

"Do you know, I've got a horrid idea that the little fool's in love with her!"

"I've long had a horrid idea that *she's* in love with *him*."

"That would be a very stupid business," said Taffy.

They walked on, brooding over those two horrid ideas, and the more they brooded, considered, and remembered, the more convinced they became that both were right.

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish!" said the Laird—"and talking of fish, let's go and lunch."

And so demoralized were they that Taffy ate three omelets without thinking, and the Laird drank two half bottles of wine, and Taffy three, and they walked about the whole of that afternoon for fear Trilby should come to the studio—and were very unhappy.

This is how Trilby came to sit at Carrel's studio:

Carrel had suddenly taken it into his

"LET ME GO, TAFFY . . ."

head that he would spend a week there, and paint a figure among his pupils, that they might see and paint with—and if possible like—him. And he had asked Trilby as a great favour to be the model, and Trilby was so devoted to the great Carrel that she readily consented. So that Monday morning found her there, and Carrel posed her as Ingres's famous figure in his picture called "La Source," holding a stone pitcher on her shoulder.

And the work began in religious silence. Then in five minutes or so Little Billee came bursting in, and as soon as he caught sight of her he stopped and stood as one petrified, his shoulders up, his eyes staring. Then lifting his arms, he turned and fled.

"Qu'est ce qu'il a donc, ce Litrebili?" exclaimed one or two students (for they had turned his English nickname into French).

"Perhaps he's forgotten something," said another. "Perhaps he's forgotten to brush his teeth and part his hair!"

"Perhaps he's forgotten to say his prayers!" said Barizel.

"He'll come back, I hope!" exclaimed the master.

And the incident gave rise to no further comment.

But Trilby was much disquieted, and fell to wondering what on earth was the matter.

At first she wondered in French: French

"QU'EST CE QU'IL A DONC, CE LITREBILI?"

of the quartier latin. She had not seen Little Billee for a week, and wondered if he were ill. She had looked forward so much to his painting her—painting her beautifully—and hoped he would soon come back, and lose no time.

Then she began to wonder in English—nice clean English of the studio in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts—her father's English—and suddenly a quick thought pierced her through and through, and made the flesh tingle on her insteps and the backs of her hands, and bathed her brow and temples with sweat.

She had good eyes, and Little Billee had a singularly expressive face.

Could it possibly be that he was *shocked* at seeing her sitting there?

She knew that he was peculiar in many ways. She remembered that neither he nor Taffy nor the Laird had ever asked her to sit for the figure, though she would have been only too delighted to do so for them. She also remembered how Little Billee had always been silent whenever she alluded to her posing for the "altogether," as she called it, and had sometimes looked pained and always very grave.

She turned alternately pale and red, pale and red all over, again and again, as the thought grew up in her—and soon the growing thought became a torment.

This new-born feeling of shame was unendurable—its birth a travail that racked and rent every fiber of her moral being, and she suffered agonies beyond anything she had ever felt in her life.

"What is the matter with you, my child? Are you ill?" asked Carrel, who, like everyone else, was very fond of her, and to whom she had sat as a child ("l'Enfance de Psyché," now in the Luxembourg Gallery, was painted from her).

She shook her head, and the work went on.

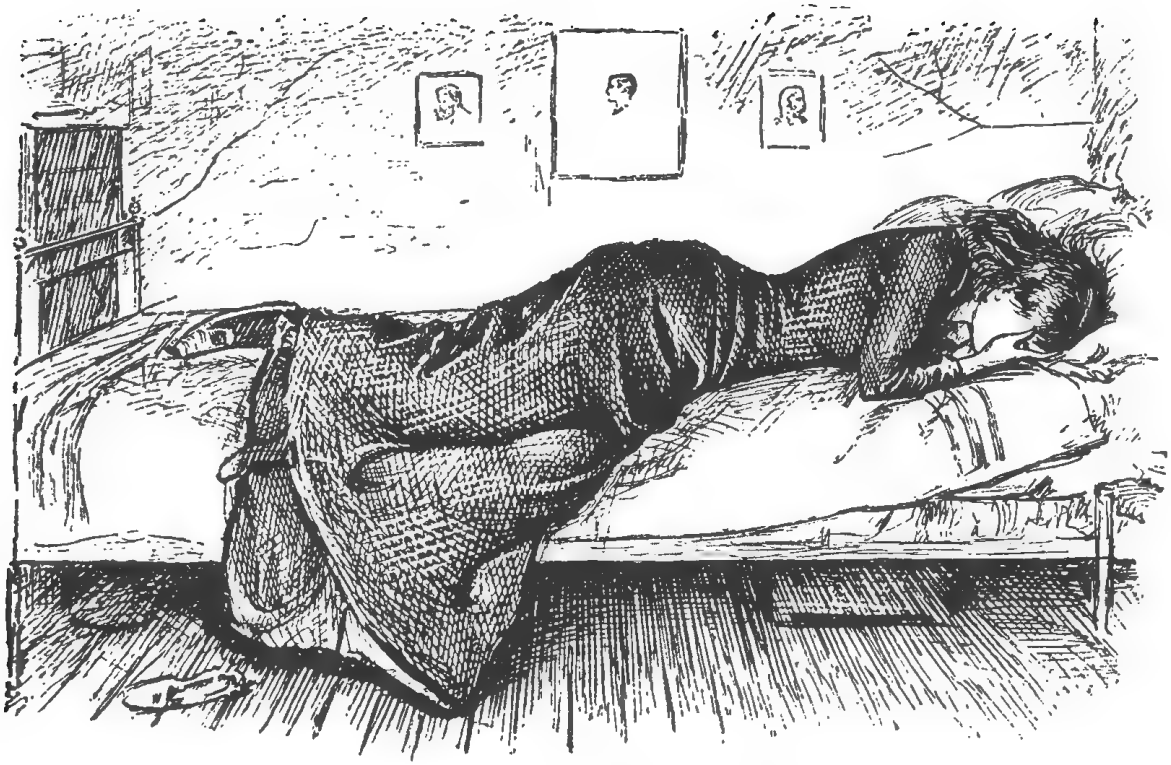
Presently she dropped her pitcher, that broke into bits; and putting her two hands to her face she burst into tears and sobs—and there, to the amazement of everybody, she stood crying like a big baby—"La source aux larmes?"

"What *is* the matter, my poor dear child?" said Carrel, jumping up and helping her off the throne.

"Oh, I don't know—I don't know—I'm ill—very ill—let me go home!"

And with kind solicitude and despatch they helped her on with her clothes, and Carrel sent for a cab and took her home.

And on the way she dropped her head on his shoulder, and wept, and told him all



REPENTANCE

about it as well as she could, and Monsieur Carrel had tears in his eyes too, and wished to Heaven he had never induced her to sit for the figure, either then or at any other time. And pondering deeply and sorrowfully on such terrible responsibility (he had grown-up daughters of his own), he went back to the studio; and in an hour's time they got another model and another pitcher, and went to work again.

And Trilby, as she lay disconsolate on her bed all that day and all the next, and all the next again, thought of her past life with agonies of shame and remorse that made the pain in her eyes seem as a light and welcome relief. For it came, and tortured worse and lasted longer than it had ever done before. But she soon found, to her miserable bewilderment, that mind-aches are the worst of all.

Then she decided that she must write to one of the trois Angliches, and chose the Laird.

She was more familiar with him than with the other two: it was impossible not to be familiar with the Laird if he liked one, as he was so easy-going and demonstrative, for all that he was such a canny Scot! Then she had nursed him through his illness; she had often hugged and kissed him before the whole studio full of people—and even when alone with him it had always seemed quite natural for her to do so. It was like a child caressing a favourite young uncle or elder brother. And though the good Laird was the least susceptible of mortals, he would often find these innocent blandishments a somewhat trying ordeal! She had never taken such a liberty with Taffy; and as for Little Billee, she would sooner have died!

So she wrote to the Laird. I give her letter without the spelling, which was often faulty, although her nightly readings had much improved it:

"My dear Friend—I am very unhappy. I was sitting at Carrel's, in the Rue des Potirons, and Little Billee came in, and was so shocked and disgusted that he ran away and never came back.

"I saw it all in his face.

"I sat there because M. Carrel asked me to. He has always been very kind to me—M. Carrel—ever since I was a child; and I would do anything to please him, but never *that* again.

"He was there, too.

"I never thought anything about sitting before. I sat first as a child to M. Carrel. Mamma made me, and made me promise not to tell papa, and so I didn't. It soon seemed as natural to sit for people as to run errands for them, or wash and mend their clothes. Papa wouldn't have liked my doing that, either, though we wanted the money badly. And so he never knew.

"I have sat for the altogether to several other people besides—M. Gérôme, Durien, the two Hennequins, and Émile Baratier; and for the head and hands to lots of people, and for the feet only to Charles Faure, André Besson, Mathieu Dumoulin, and Collinet. Nobody else.

"It seemed as natural for me to sit as for a man. Now I see the awful difference.

"And I have done dreadful things besides, as you must know—as all the quartier knows. Baratier and Besson; but not Durien, though people think so. Nobody else, I swear—except old Monsieur Penque at the beginning, who was mamma's friend.

"It makes me almost die of shame and misery to think of it; for that's not like sitting. I knew how wrong it was all along—and there's no excuse for me, none. Though lots of people do as bad, and nobody in the quartier seems to think any the worse of them.

"If you and Taffy and Little Billee cut me, I really think I shall go mad and die. Without your friendship I shouldn't care to live a bit. Dear Sandy, I love your little finger better than any man or woman I ever met; and Taffy's and Little Billee's little fingers too.

"What shall I do? I daren't go out for fear of meeting one of you. Will you come and see me?

"I am never going to sit again, not even for the face and hands. I am going back to be a *blanchisseuse de fin* with my old friend Angèle Boisse, who is getting on very well indeed, in the Rue des Cloîtres Ste.-Pétronille.

"You *will* come and see me, won't you? I shall be in all day till you do. Or else I will meet you somewhere, if you will tell me where and when; or else I will go and see you in the studio, if you are sure to be alone. Please don't keep me waiting long for an answer.

"You don't know what I'm suffering.

"Your ever-loving, faithful friend,

"TRILBY O'FERRALL."

She sent this letter by hand, and the Laird came in less than ten minutes after she had sent it; and she hugged and kissed and cried over him so that he was almost ready to cry himself; but he burst out laughing instead—which was better and more in his line, and very much more comforting—and talked to her so nicely and kindly and naturally that by the time he left her humble attic in the Rue des Pousse-Cailloux her very aspect, which had quite shocked him when he first saw her, had almost become what it usually was.

The little room under the leads, with its sloping roof and mansard window, was as scrupulously neat and clean as if its tenant had been a holy sister who taught the noble daughters of France at some Convent of the Sacred Heart. There were nasturtiums and mignonette on the outer window-sill, and convolvulus was trained to climb round the window.

As she sat by his side on the narrow white bed, clasping and stroking his painty, turpentiny hand, and kissing it every five minutes, he talked to her like a father—as he told Taffy afterwards—and scolded her for having been so silly as not to send for him directly, or come to the studio. He said how glad he was, how glad they would all be, that she was going to give up sitting for the figure—not, of course, that there was any real harm in it, but it was better not—and especially how happy it would make them to feel she intended to live straight for the future. Little Billee was to remain at Barbizon for a little while; but she must promise to come and dine with Taffy and himself that very day, and cook the dinner; and when he went back to his picture, "Les Noces du Toréador"—saying to her as he left, "à ce soir donc, mille sacrés tonnerres de nong de Dew!"—he left the happiest woman in the whole Latin quarter behind him: she had confessed and been forgiven.

And with shame and repentance and confession and forgiveness had come a strange new feeling—that of a dawning self-respect.

Hitherto, for Trilby, self-respect had meant little more than the mere cleanliness of her body, in which she had always revelled; alas! it was one of the conditions of her humble calling. It now meant another kind of cleanliness, and she would luxuriate in it for evermore; and the dreadful past—never to be forgotten by her—should be so lived down as in time, perhaps, to be forgotten by others.

The dinner that evening was a memorable one for Trilby. After she had washed up the knives and forks and plates and dishes, and put them by, she sat and sewed. She wouldn't even smoke her cigaret, it reminded her so of things and scenes she now hated. No more cigarets for Trilby O'Ferrall.

They all talked of Little Billee. She heard about the way he had been brought up, about his mother and sister, the people he had always lived among. She also heard (and her heart alternately rose and sank as she listened) what his future was likely to be, and how rare his genius was, and how great—if his friends were to be trusted. Fame and fortune would soon be his—such fame and fortune as fell to the lot of very few—unless anything should happen to spoil his promise and mar his prospects in life, and ruin a splendid career; and the rising of the heart was all for him, the sinking for herself. How could she ever hope to be even the friend of such a man? Might she ever hope to be his servant—his faithful, humble servant?

Little Billee spent a month at Barbizon, and when he came back it was with such a brown face that his friends hardly knew him; and he brought with him such studies as made his friends "sit up."

The crushing sense of their own hopeless

inferiority was lost in wonder at his work, in love and enthusiasm for the workman.

Their Little Billee, so young and tender, so weak of body, so strong of purpose, so warm of heart, so light of hand, so keen and quick and piercing of brain and eye, was their master, to be stuck on a pedestal and looked up to and bowed down to, to be watched and warded and worshiped for evermore.

When Trilby came in from her work at six, and he shook hands with her and said "Hullo, Trilby!" her face turned pale to the lips, her under-lip quivered, and she gazed down at him (for she was among the tallest of her sex) with such a moist, hungry, wide-eyed look of humble craving adoration that the Laird felt his worst fears were realized, and the look Little Billee sent up in return filled the manly bosom of Taffy with an equal apprehension.

Then they all four went and dined together at le père Trin's, and Trilby went back to her *blanchisserie de fin.*

CONFESSION

Next day Little Billee took his work to show Carrel, and Carrel invited him to come and finish his picture "The Pitcher Goes to the Well" at his own private studio—an unheard-of favour, which the boy accepted with a thrill of proud gratitude and affectionate reverence.

So little was seen for some time of Little Billee at the studio in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts, and little of Trilby; a *blanchisseuse de fin* has not many minutes to spare from her irons. But they often met at dinner. And on Sunday mornings Trilby came to repair the Laird's linen and darn his socks and look after his little comforts, as usual, and spend a happy day. And on Sunday afternoons the studio would be as lively as ever, with the fencing and boxing, the piano-playing and fiddling—all as it used to be.

And week by week the friends noticed a gradual and subtle change in Trilby. She was no longer slangy in French, unless it were now and then by a slip of the tongue, no longer so facetious and droll, and yet she seemed even happier than she had ever seemed before.

Also, she grew thinner, especially in the face, where the bones of her cheeks and jaw began to show themselves, and these bones were constructed on such right principles (as were those of her brow and chin and the bridge of her nose) that the improvement was astonishing, almost inexplicable.

Also, she lost her freckles as the summer waned and she herself went less into the open air. And she let her hair grow, and made of it a small knot at the back of her head, and showed her little flat ears, which were charming, and just in the right place, very far back and rather high; Little Billee could not have placed them better himself. Also, her mouth, always too large, took on a firmer and sweeter outline, and her big British teeth were so white and even that even Frenchmen forgave them their British bigness. And a new soft brightness came into her eyes that no one had ever seen there before. They were stars, just twin gray stars—or rather planets just thrown off by some new sun, for the steady mellow light they gave out was not entirely their own.

Favourite types of beauty change with each succeeding generation. These were

the days of Buckner's aristocratic Album beauties, with lofty foreheads, oval faces, little aquiline noses, heart-shaped little mouths, soft dimpled chins, drooping shoulders, and long side ringlets that fell over them—the Lady Arabellas and the Lady Clementinas, Musidoras and Medoras! A type that will perhaps come back to us some day.

May the present scribe be dead!

Trilby's type would be infinitely more admired now than in the fifties. Her photograph would be in the shop-windows. Sir Edward Burne-Jones—if I may make so bold as to say so—would perhaps have marked her for his own, in spite of her almost too exuberant joyousness and irrepressible

"TWIN GRAY STARS"

vitality. Rossetti might have evolved another new formula from her; Sir John Millais another old one of the kind that is always new and never sates nor palls—like Clytie, let us say—ever old and ever new as love itself!

Trilby's type was in singular contrast to the type Gavarni had made so popular in the Latin quarter at the period we are writing of, so that those who fell so readily under her charm were rather apt to wonder why. Moreover, she was thought much too tall for her sex, and her day, and her station in life, and especially for the country she lived in. She hardly looked up to a bold gendarme! and a bold gendarme was nearly as tall as a "dragon de la garde," who was nearly as tall as an average English policeman. Not that she was a giantess, by any means. She was about as tall as Miss Ellen Terry—and that is a charming height, *I* think.

One day Taffy remarked to the Laird: "Hang it! I'm blest if Trilby isn't the handsomest woman I know! She looks like a grande dame masquerading as a grisette—almost like a joyful saint at times. She's lovely! By Jove! I couldn't stand her hugging me as she does you! There'd be a tragedy—say the slaughter of Little Billee."

"Ah! Taffy, my boy," rejoined the Laird, "when those long sisterly arms are round my neck it isn't *me* she's hugging."

"And then," said Taffy, "what a trump she is! Why, she's as upright and straight and honourable as a man! And what she says to one about one's self is always so pleasant to hear! That's Irish, I suppose. And, what's more, it's always true."

"Ah, that's Scotch!" said the Laird, and tried to wink at Little Billee, but Little Billee wasn't there.

Even Svengali perceived the strange metamorphosis. "Ach, Drilpy," he would say, on a Sunday afternoon, "how beautiful you are! It drives me mad! I adore you. I like you thinner; you have such beautiful bones! Why do you not answer my letters? What! you do not *read* them? You *burn* them? And yet I—Donnerwetter! I forgot! The grisettes of the quartier latin have not learned how to read or write; they have only learned how to dance the can-can with the dirty little pig-dog monkeys they call men. Sacrement! *We* will teach the little pig-dog monkeys to dance something else some day, we Germans. We will make music for them to dance to! Boum! boum! Better than the waiter at the Café de la Rotonde, hein? And the grisettes of the quartier latin shall pour us out your little white wine—'fotre betit fin planc,' as your pig-dog monkey of a poet says, your rotten verfluchter de Musset, 'who has got such a splendid future behind him'! Bah! What do *you* know of Monsieur Alfred de Musset? We have got a poet too, my Drilpy. His name is Heinrich Heine. If he's still alive, he lives in Paris, in a little street off the Champs Élysées. He lies in bed all day long, and only sees out of one eye, like the Countess Varnhagen, ha! ha! He adores French grisettes. He married one. Her name is Mathilde, and she has got süssen füssen, like you. He would adore you too, for your beautiful bones; he would like to count them one by one, for he is very playful, like me. And, ach! what a beautiful skeleton you will make! And very soon, too, because you do not smile on your madly-loving Svengali. You burn his letters without reading them! You shall have a nice little mahogany glass case all to yourself in the museum of the École

"ALL AS IT USED TO BE"

de Médecine, and Svengali shall come in his new fur-lined coat, smoking his big cigar of the Havana, and push the dirty carabins out of the way, and look through the holes of your eyes into your stupid empty skull, and up the nostrils of your high, bony sounding-board of a nose without either a tip or a lip to it, and into the roof of your big mouth, with your thirty-two big English teeth, and between your big ribs into your big chest, where the big leather lungs used to be, and say, 'Ach! what a pity she had no more music in her than a big tomcat!' And then he will look down your bones to your poor crumbling feet, and say, 'Ach! what a fool she was not to answer Svengali's letters!' and the dirty carabins shall——"

"Shut up, you sacred fool, or I'll precious soon spoil *your* skeleton for you."

Thus the short-tempered Taffy, who had been listening.

Then Svengali, scowling, would play Chopin's funeral march more divinely than ever; and where the pretty, soft part comes in, he would whisper to Trilby, "That is Svengali coming to look at you in your little mahogany glass case!"

And here let me say that these vicious imaginations of Svengali's, which look so tame in English print, sounded much more ghastly in French, pronounced with a Hebrew-German accent, and uttered in his hoarse, rasping, nasal, throaty rook's caw, his big yellow teeth baring themselves in a mongrel canine snarl, his heavy upper eyelids drooping over his insolent black eyes.

Besides which, as he played the lovely melody he would go through a ghoulish pantomime, as though he were taking stock of the different bones in her skeleton with greedy but discriminating approval. And when he came down to the feet, he was almost droll in the intensity of his terrible realism. But Trilby did not appreciate this exquisite fooling, and felt cold all over.

He seemed to her a dread, powerful demon, who, but for Taffy (who alone could hold him in check), oppressed and weighed on her like an incubus—and she dreamed of him oftener than she dreamed of Taffy, the Laird, or even Little Billee!

Thus pleasantly and smoothly, and without much change or adventure, things went on till Christmas-time.

Little Billee seldom spoke of Trilby, or Trilby of him. Work went on every morning at the studio in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts, and pictures were begun and

"AN INCUBUS"

finished—little pictures that didn't take long to paint—the Laird's Spanish bull-fighting scenes, in which the bull never appeared, and which he sent to his native Dundee and sold there; Taffy's tragic little dramas of life in the slums of Paris—starvings, drownings—suicides by charcoal and poison—which he sent everywhere, but did not sell.

Little Billee was painting all this time at Carrel's studio—his private one—and seemed preoccupied and happy when they all met at mealtime, and less talkative even than usual.

He had always been the least talkative of the three; more prone to listen, and no doubt to think the more.

In the afternoon people came and went as usual, and boxed and fenced and did gymnastic feats, and felt Taffy's biceps, which by this time equalled Mr. Sandow's!

Some of these people were very pleasant and remarkable, and have become famous since then in England, France, America—or have died, or married, and come to grief or glory in other ways. It is the Ballad of the Bouillabaisse all over again!

It might be worth while my trying to sketch some of the more noteworthy, now that my story is slowing for a while—like a French train when the engine-driver sees a long curved tunnel in front of him, as I do—and no light at the other end!

My humble attempts at characterization might be useful as "mémoires pour servir" to future biographers. Besides, there are other reasons, as the reader will soon discover.

There was Durien, for instance—Trilby's especial French adorer, "pour le bon motif!" a son of the people, a splendid sculptor, a very fine character in every way—so perfect, indeed, that there is less to say

about him than any of the others—modest, earnest, simple, frugal, chaste, and of untiring industry; living for his art, and perhaps also a little for Trilby, whom he would have been only too glad to marry. He was Pygmalion; she was his Galatea—a Galatea whose marble heart would never beat for *him!*

Durien's house is now the finest in the Parc Monceau; his wife and daughters are the best-dressed women in Paris, and he one of the happiest of men; but he will never quite forget poor Galatea:

"La belle aux pieds d'albâtre—aux deux talons de rose!"

Then there was Vincent, a Yankee medical student, who could both work and play.

He is now one of the greatest oculists in the world, and Europeans cross the Atlantic to consult him. He can still play, and when he crosses the Atlantic himself for that purpose he has to travel incognito like a royalty, lest his play should be marred by work. And his daughters are so beautiful and accomplished that British dukes have sighed after them in vain. Indeed, these fair young ladies spend their autumn holiday in refusing the British aristocracy. We are told so in the society papers, and I can quite believe it. Love is not always blind; and if he is, Vincent is the man to cure him.

In those days he prescribed for us all round, and punched and stethoscoped us, and looked at our tongues for love, and told us what to eat, drink, and avoid, and even where to go for it.

For instance: late one night Little Billee woke up in a cold sweat, and thought himself a dying man—he had felt seedy all day and taken no food; so he dressed and dragged himself to Vincent's hotel, and woke him up, and said, "Oh, Vincent, Vincent! I'm a dying man!" and all but fainted on his bed. Vincent felt him all over with the greatest care, and asked him many questions. Then, looking at his watch, he delivered himself thus: "Humph! 3.30! rather late—but still—look here, Little Billee—do you know the Halle, on the other side of the water, where they sell vegetables?"

"Oh yes! yes! What vegetable shall I—"

"Listen! On the north side are two restaurants, Bordier and Baratte. They remain open all night. Now go straight off to one of those tuck shops, and tuck in as big a supper as you possibly can. Some people prefer Baratte. I prefer Bordier myself. Perhaps you'd better try Bordier first and Baratte after. At all events, lose no time; so off you go!"

Thus he saved Little Billee from an early grave.

Then there was the Greek, a boy of only sixteen, but six feet high, and looking ten years older than he was, and able to smoke even stronger tobacco than Taffy himself, and colour pipes divinely; he was a great favourite in the Place St.-Anatole, for his *bonhomie*, his niceness, his warm geniality. He was the capitalist of this select circle (and nobly lavish of his capital). He went by the name of Poluphloisboiospaleapologos Petrilopetrolicoconose—for so he was christened by the Laird—because his real name was thought much too long and much too lovely for the quartier latin, and reminded one of the Isles of Greece—where burning Sappho loved and sang.

What was he learning in the Latin quarter? French? He spoke French like a native! Nobody knows. But when his Paris friends transferred their bohemia to London, where were they ever made happier and more at home than in his lordly parental abode—or fed with nicer things?

That abode is now his, and lordlier than ever, as becomes the dwelling of a millionaire and city magnate; and its gray-bearded owner is as genial, as jolly, and as hospitable as in the old Paris days, but he no longer colours pipes.

Then there was Carnegie, fresh from Balliol, redolent of the 'varsity. He intended himself then for the diplomatic service, and came to Paris to learn French as it is spoke; and spent most of his time with his fashionable English friends on the right side of the river, and the rest with Taffy, the Laird, and Little Billee on the left. Perhaps that is why he has not become an ambassador. He is now only a rural dean, and speaks the worst French I know, and speaks it wherever and whenever he can.

It serves him right, I think.

He was fond of lords, and knew some (at least, he gave one that impression), and often talked of them, and dressed so beautifully that even Little Billee was abashed in his presence. Only Taffy, in his threadbare out-at-elbow shooting-jacket and cricket cap, and the Laird, in his tattered straw hat and Taffy's old overcoat down to his heels, dared to walk arm in arm with

him—nay, insisted on doing so—as they listened to the band in the Luxembourg Gardens.

And his whiskers were even longer and thicker and more golden than Taffy's own. But the mere sight of a boxing-glove make him sick.

Then there was Joe Sibley, the idle apprentice, the king of bohemia, *le roi des truands*, to whom everything was forgiven, as to François Villon, "*à cause de ses gentillesses.*"

Always in debt, like Svengali; like Svengali, vain, witty, and a most exquisite and original artist; and also eccentric in his attire (though clean), so that people would stare at him as he walked along—which he adored! But (unlike Svengali) he was genial, caressing, sympathetic, charming; the most irresistible friend in the world as long as his friendship lasted—but that was not forever!

The moment his friendship left off, his enmity began at once. Sometimes this enmity would take the simple and straightforward form of trying to punch his ex-friend's head; and when the ex-friend was too big, he would get some new friend to help him. And much bad blood would be caused in this way—though very little was spilt. And all this bad blood was not made better by the funny things he went on saying through life about the unlucky one who had managed to offend him—things that stuck forever! His bark was worse than his bite—he was better with his tongue than with his fists—a dangerous joker! But when he met another joker face to face, even an inferior joker—with a rougher wit, a coarser thrust, a louder laugh, a tougher hide—he would just collapse, like a pricked bladder!

He is now perched on such a topping pinnacle (of fame and notoriety combined) that people can stare at him from two hemispheres at once; and so famous as a wit that when he jokes (and he is always joking) people laugh first, and then ask what it was he was joking about. And you can even make your own mild funniments raise a roar by merely prefacing them. "As Joe Sibley once said."

The present scribe has often done so.

And if by any chance you should one day, by a happy fluke, hit upon a really good thing of your own—good enough to be quoted—be sure it will come back to you after many days prefaced, "As Joe Sibley once said."

Then there was Lorrimer, the industrious apprentice, who is now also well-pinnacled on high; himself a pillar of the Royal Academy—probably, if he lives long enough, its future president—the duly knighted or baroneted Lord Mayor of "all the plastic arts" (except one or two perhaps, here and there, that are not altogether without some importance).

May this not be for many, many years! Lorrimer himself would be the first to say so!

Tall, thin, red-haired, and well-favoured, he was a most eager, earnest, and painstaking young enthusiast, of precocious culture, who read improving books, and did not share in the amusements of the quartier latin, but spent his evenings at home with Handel, Michael Angelo, and Dante, on the respectable side of the river. Also, he went into good society sometimes, with a dress-coat on, and a white tie, and his hair parted in the middle!

But in spite of these blemishes on his otherwise exemplary record as an art student, he was the most delightful companion—the most affectionate, helpful, and sympathetic of friends. May he live long and prosper!

Enthusiast as he was, he could only worship one god at a time. It was either Michael Angelo, Phidias, Paul Veronese, Tintoret, Raphael, or Titian—never a modern—moderns didn't exist! And so thorough-going was he in his worship, and so persistent in voicing it, that he made those immortals quite unpopular in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts. We grew to dread their very names. Each of them would last him a couple of months or so; then he would give us a month's holiday, and take up another.

Joe Sibley, equally enthusiastic, was more faithful. He was a monotheist, and had but one god, and was less tiresome in the expression of his worship. He is so still—and his god is still the same—no stodgy old master this divinity, but a modern of the moderns! For nearly forty years the cosmopolite Joe has been singing his one god's praise in every tongue he knows and every country—and also his contempt for all rivals to this god-head—whether quite sincerely or not, who can say? Men's motives are so mixed! But so eloquently, so wittily, so prettily, that he almost persuades you to be a fellow-worshiper—*almost*, only!—for if he did *quite*, you (being a capitalist) would buy nothing but "Sibleys" (which you don't). For Sibley was

the god of Joe's worship, and none other! and he would hear of no other genius in the world!

Let us hope that he sometimes laughed at himself in his sleeve—or winked at himself in his looking-glass, with his tongue in his cheek!

And here, lest there should be any doubt as to his identity, let me add that although quite young he had beautiful white hair like an Albino's, as soft and bright as floss silk—and also that he was tall and slim and graceful; and, like most of the other personages concerned in this light story, very nice to look at—with pretty manners (and an unimpeachable moral tone).

Joe Sibley did not think much of Lorrimer in those days, nor Lorrimer of him, for all they were such good friends. And neither of them thought much of Little Billee, whose pinnacle (of pure unadulterated fame) is now the highest of all—the highest probably that can be for a mere painter of pictures!

And what is so nice about Lorrimer, now that he is a graybeard, an academician, an accomplished man of the world and society, is that he admires Sibley's genius more than he can say—and reads Mr. Rudyard Kipling's delightful stories as well as Dante's "Inferno"—and can listen with delight to the lovely songs of Signor Tosti, who has not precisely founded himself on Handel—can even scream with laughter at a comic song—even a nigger melody—so, at least, that it but be sung in well-bred and distinguished company—for Lorrimer is no bohemian.

"Shoo, fly! don'tcher bother me!
For I belong to the Comp'ny G!"

Both these famous men are happily (and most beautifully) married—grandfathers, for all I know—and "move in the very best society" (Lorrimer always, I'm told; Sibley now and then); "la haute," as it used to be called in French bohemia—meaning dukes and lords and even royalties, I suppose, and those who love them and whom they love.

That *is* the best society, isn't it? At all events, we are assured it used to be; but that must have been before the present scribe (a meek and somewhat innocent outsider) had been privileged to see it with his own little eye.

And when they happen to meet there (Sibley and Lorrimer, I mean), I don't expect they rush very wildly into each other's arms, or talk very fluently about old times.

THE TWO APPRENTICES

Nor do I suppose their wives are very intimate. None of our wives are. Not even Taffy's and the Laird's.

Oh, Orestes! Oh, Pylades!

Oh, ye impecunious, unpinnacled young inseparables of eighteen, nineteen, twenty, even twenty-five, who share each other's thoughts and purses, and wear each other's clothes, and swear each other's oaths, and smoke each other's pipes, and respect each other's lights o' love, and keep each other's secrets, and tell each other's jokes, and pawn each other's watches and merrymake together on the proceeds, and sit all night by each other's bedside in sickness, and comfort each other in sorrow and disappointment with silent, manly sympathy—"wait till you get to forty year!"

Wait even till each or either of you gets himself a little pinnacle of his own—be it ever so humble!

Nay, wait till either or each of you gets himself a wife!

History goes on repeating itself, and so do novels, and this is a platitude, and there's nothing new under the sun.

May too cecee (as the idiomatic Laird would say, in the language he adores)—may too cecee ay nee eecee nee lâh!

Then there was Dodor, the handsome young dragon de la garde—a full private, if you please, with a beardless face, and damask-rosy cheeks, and a small waist, and narrow feet like a lady's, and who, strange to say, spoke English just like an Englishman.

And his friend Gontran, *alias* l'Zouzou—a corporal in the Zouaves.

Both of these worthies had met Taffy in the Crimea, and frequented the studios in the quartier latin, where they adored (and were adored by) the grisettes and models, especially Trilby.

Both of them were distinguished for being the worst subjects (*les plus mauvais sujets*) of their respective regiments; yet both were special favourites not only with their fellow-rankers, but with those in command, from their colonels downward.

Both were in the habit of being promoted to the rank of corporal or brigadier, and degraded to the rank of private next day for general misconduct, the result of a too exuberant delight in their promotion.

Neither of them knew fear, envy, malice, temper, or low spirits; ever said or did an ill-natured thing; ever even thought one; ever had an enemy but himself. Both had the best or the worst manners going, according to their company, whose manners they reflected; they were true chameleons!

"I WILL NOT! I WILL NOT!"

Both were always ready to share their last ten-sou piece (not that they ever seemed to have one) with each other or anybody else, or anybody else's last ten-sou piece with you; to offer you a friend's cigar; to invite you to dine with any friend they had; to fight with you, or for you, at a moment's notice. And they made up for all the anxiety, tribulation, shame, and sorrow they caused at home by the endless fun and amusement they gave to all outside.

It was a pretty dance they led; but our

three friends of the Place St.-Anatole (who hadn't got to pay the pipers) loved them both, especially Dodor.

One fine Sunday afternoon Little Billee found himself studying life and character in that most delightful and festive scene la Fête de St. Cloud, and met Dodor and l'Zouzou there, who hailed him with delight, saying:

"Nous allons joliment jubiler, nom d'une pipe!" and insisted on his joining in their amusements and paying for them—roundabouts, swings, the giant, the dwarf, the strong man, the fat woman—to whom they made love and were taken too seriously, and turned out—the menagerie of wild beasts, whom they teased and aggravated till the police had to interfere. Also *al fresco* dances, where their cancan step was of the wildest and most unbridled character, till a sous-officer or a gendarme came in sight, and then they danced quite mincingly and demurely, *en maître d'école*, as they called it, to the huge delight of an immense and ever-increasing crowd, and the disgust of all truly respectable men.

They also insisted on Little Billee's walking between them, arm in arm, and talking to them in English whenever they saw coming towards them a respectable English family with daughters. It was the dragoon's delight to get himself stared at by fair daughters of Albion for speaking as good English as themselves—a rare accomplishment in a French trooper—and Zouzou's happiness to be thought English too, though the only English he knew was the phrase "I will not! I will not!" which he had picked up in the Crimea, and repeated over and over again when he came within ear-shot of a pretty English girl.

THE CAPITALIST AND THE SWELL

Little Billee was not happy in these circumstances. He was no snob. But he was a respectably brought-up young Briton of the higher middle class, and it was not quite pleasant for him to be seen (by fair countrywomen of his own) walking arm in arm on a Sunday afternoon with a couple of French private soldiers, and uncommonly rowdy ones at that.

Later, they came back to Paris together on the top of an omnibus, among a very proletarian crowd, and there the two facetious warriors immediately made themselves pleasant all round and became very popular, especially with the women and

HÔTEL DE LA ROCHEMARTEL

children; but not, I regret to say, through the propriety, refinement, and discretion of their behavior. Little Billee resolved that he would not go a-pleasuring with them any more.

However, they stuck to him through thick and thin, and insisted on escorting him all the way back to the quartier latin, by the Pont de la Concorde and the Rue de Lille in the Faubourg St. Germain.

Little Billee loved the Faubourg St. Germain, especially the Rue de Lille. He was fond of gazing at the magnificent old mansions, the "hôtels" of the old French noblesse, or rather the outside walls thereof, the grand sculptured portals with the armorial bearings and the splendid old historic names above them—Hôtel de This, Hôtel de That, Rohan-Chabot, Montmorency, La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, La Tour d'Auvergne.

He would forget himself in romantic dreams of past and forgotten French chivalry which these glorious names called up; for he knew a little of French history, loving to read Froissart and Saint-Simon and the genial Brantôme.

Halting opposite one of the finest and oldest of all these gateways, his especial favourite, labelled "Hôtel de la Rochemartel" in letters of faded gold over a ducal coronet and a huge escutcheon of stone, he began to descant upon its architectural beauties and noble proportions to l' Zouzou.

"*Parbleu!*" said l' Zouzou, "*connu, farceur!* why, I was *born* there, on the 6th of March, 1834, at 5.30 in the morning. Lucky day for France—*hein!*"

"Born there? what do you mean—in the porter's lodge?"

At this juncture the two great gates rolled back, a liveried Suisse appeared, and an

open carriage and pair came out, and in it were two elderly ladies and a younger one.

To Little Billee's indignation, the two incorrigible warriors made the military salute, and the three ladies bowed stiffly and gravely.

And then (to Little Billee's horror this time) one of them happened to look back, and Zouzou actually kissed his hand to her.

"Do you *know* that lady?" asked Little Billee, very sternly.

"*Parbleu! si je la connais!* Why, it's my mother! Isn't she nice? She's rather cross with me just now."

"Your *mother!* Why, what do you mean? What on earth would your mother be doing in that big carriage and at that big house?"

"*Parbleu, farceur!* She lives there!"

"*Lives* there! Why, who and what is she, your mother?"

"The Duchesse de la Rochemartel, *parbleu!* and that's my sister; and that's my aunt, Princess de Chevagné-Bauffremont! She's the '*patronne*' of that *chic* equipage. She's a millionaire, my aunt Chevagné!"

"Well, I never! What's *your* name, then?"

"Oh, *my* name! Hang it—let me see! Well—Gontran—Xavier—François—Marie—Joseph d'Amaury—Brissac de Roncesvaulx de la Rochemartel-Boisségur, at your service!"

"Quite correct!" said Dodor; "*l'enfant dit vrai!*"

"Well—I—never! And what's *your* name, Dodor?"

"Oh! I'm only a humble individual, and answer to the one-horse name of Theodore Rigolot de Lafarce. But Zouzou's an awful swell, you know—his brother's the Duke!"

Little Billee was no snob. But he was a respectably brought-up young Briton of the higher middle class, and these revelations, which he could not but believe, astounded him so that he could hardly speak. Much as he flattered himself that he scorned the bloated aristocracy, titles are titles—even French titles!—and when it comes to dukes and princesses who live in houses like the Hôtel de la Rochemartel . . . !

It's enough to take a respectably brought-up young Briton's breath away!

DODOR IN HIS GLORY

When he saw Taffy that evening, he exclaimed: "I say, Zouzou's mother's a duchess!"

"Yes—the Duchess de la Rochemartel-Boisségur."

"You never told me!"

"You never asked me. It's one of the greatest names in France. They're very poor, I believe."

"Poor! You should see the house they live in!"

"I've been there, to dinner; and the dinner wasn't very good. They let a great part of it, and live mostly in the country. The Duke is Zouzou's brother; very unlike Zouzou; he's consumptive and unmarried, and the most respectable man in Paris. Zouzou will be the Duke some day."

"And Dodor—he's a swell, too, I suppose—he says he's *de* something or other!"

"Yes—Rigolot de Lafarce. I've no doubt he descends from the Crusaders, too; the name seems to favour it, anyhow; and such lots of them do in this country. His mother was English, and bore the worthy name of Brown. He was at school in England; that's why he speaks English so well—and behaves so badly, perhaps! He's got a very beautiful sister, married to a man in the 60th Rifles—Jack Reeve, a son of Lord Reevely's; a selfish sort of chap. I don't suppose he gets on very well with his brother-in-law. Poor Dodor! His sister's about the only living thing he cares for—except Zouzou."

I wonder if the bland and genial Monsieur Théodore—"notre Sieur Théodore"—now junior partner in the great haberdashery firm of "Passefil et Rigolot," on the Boulevard des Capucines, and a pillar of the English chapel in the Rue Marbœuf, is very hard on his employés and employées if they are a little late at their counters on a Monday morning?

I wonder if that stuck-up, stingy, stodgy, communard-shooting, church-going, time-serving, place-hunting, pious-eyed, pompous old prig, martinet, and philistine, Monsieur le Maréchal-Duc de la Roche-martel-Boisségur, ever tells Madame la Maréchale-Duchesse (*née* Hunks, of Chicago) how once upon a time Dodor and he——

We will tell no tales out of school.

The present scribe is no snob. He is a respectably brought-up old Briton of the higher middle-class—at least, he flatters himself so. And he writes for just such old philistines as himself, who date from a time when titles were not thought so cheap as to-day. Alas! all reverence for all that is high and time-honoured and beautiful seems at a discount.

So he has kept his blackguard Zouave for the bouquet of this little the final *bonne bouche* in his bon *menu*—that he may make it palata those who only look upon the goo quartier latin (now no more to speak a very low, common, vulgar quart deed, deservedly swept away, where the students (shocking bounders and had nothing better to do, day and than mount up to a horrid place call thatched house—*la chaumière*—

"Pour y danser le cancan
Ou le Robert Macaire—
Toujours—toujours—toujours—
La nuit comme le jour . . .
Et youp! youp! youp!
Tra la la la la . . . la la la!"

. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

Christmas was drawing near.

There were days when the whole qu latin would veil its iniquities under almost worthy of the Thames Valley tween London Bridge and Westmin and out of the studio window the pro was a dreary blank. No morgue! no to of Notre Dame! not even the chimney over the way—not even the little medi toy turret at the corner of the Rue Vieille des Mauvais Ladres, Little Billee's delight!

The stove had to be crammed till its sides grew a dull deep red before one's finger could hold a brush or squeeze a bladder; one had to box or fence at nine in the morning, that one might recover from the cold bath, and get warm for the rest of the day!

Taffy and the Laird grew pensive and dreamy, childlike and bland; and when they talked it was generally about Christmas at home in merry England and the distant land of cakes, and how good it was to be there at such a time—hunting, shooting, curling, and endless carouse!

It was Ho! for the jolly West Riding, and Hey! for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee, till they grew quite homesick, and wanted to start by the very next train.

They didn't do anything so foolish. They wrote over to friends in London for the biggest turkey, the biggest plum-pudding, that could be got for love or money, with mince-pies, and holly and mistletoe, and sturdy, short, thick English sausages, half a Stilton cheese, and a sirloin of beef—two sirloins, in case one should not be enough.

CHRISTMAS EVE

For they meant to have a Homeric feast in the studio on Christmas Day—Taffy, the Laird, and Little Billee—and invite all the delightful chums I have been trying to describe; and that is just why I tried to describe them — Durien, Vincent, Sibley, Lorrimer, Carnegie, Petrolicoconose, l' Zouzou, and Dodor!

The cooking and waiting should be done by Trilby, her friend Angèle Boisse, M. et Mme. Vinard, and such little Vinards as could be trusted with glass and crockery and mince-pies; and if that was not enough, they would also cook themselves and wait upon each other.

When dinner should be over, supper was to follow with scarcely any interval to speak of; and to partake of this other guests should be bidden—Svengali and Gecko, and perhaps one or two more. No ladies!

For, as the unsusceptible Laird expressed it, in the language of a gillie he had once met at a servants' dance in a Highland country-house, "Them wimmen spiles the ball!"

Elaborate cards of invitation were sent out, in the designing and ornamentation of which the Laird and Taffy exhausted all their fancy (Little Billee had no time).

Wines and spirits and English beers were procured at great cost from M. E. Delevingne's, in the Rue St. Honoré, and liqueurs of every description—chartreuse, curaçao, ratafia de cassis, and anisette; no expense was spared.

Also, truffled galantines of turkey, tongues, hams, rillettes de Tours, pâtés de foie gras, "fromage d'Italie" (which has nothing to do with cheese), saucissons d'Arles et de Lyon, with and without garlic, cold jellies peppery and salt—everything that French charcutiers and their wives can make out of French pigs, or any other animal whatever, beast, bird, or fowl (even cats and rats), for the supper; and sweet jellies, and cakes, and sweetmeats, and confections of all kinds, from the famous pastry-cook at the corner of the Rue Castiglione.

Mouths went watering all day long in joyful anticipation. They water somewhat sadly now at the mere remembrance of these delicious things—the mere immediate sight or scent of which in these degenerate latter days would no longer avail to promote any such delectable secretion. Hélas! ahimè! ach weh! ay de mi! eheu! οἴμοι—in point of fact, *alas!*

That is the very exclamation I wanted.

Christmas Eve came round. The pieces of resistance and plum-pudding and mince-pies had not yet arrived from London—but there was plenty of time.

Les trois Angliches dined at le père Trin's, as usual, and played billiards and dominoes at the Café du Luxembourg, and possessed their souls in patience till it was time to go and hear the midnight mass at the Madeline, where Roucouly, the great barytone of the Opéra Comique, was retained to sing Adam's famous Noël.

The whole quartier seemed alive with the réveillon. It was a clear, frosty night, with a splendid moon just past the full, and most exhilarating was the walk along the quays on the Rive Gauche, over the Pont de la Concorde and across the Place thereof, and up the thronged Rue de la Madeleine to the massive Parthenaic place of worship that always has such a pagan, worldly look of smug and prosperous modernity.

They struggled manfully, and found standing and kneeling room among that fervent crowd, and heard the impressive service with mixed feelings, as became true Britons of very advanced liberal and religious opinions; not with the unmixed contempt of the proper British Orthodox (who were there in full force, one may be sure).

But their susceptible hearts soon melted at the beautiful music, and in mere sensuous *attendrissement* they were quickly in unison with all the rest.

For as the clock struck twelve out pealed the organ, and up rose the finest voice in France:

> "Minùit, Chrétiens! c'est l'heure solennelle
> Où l'Homme-Dieu descendit parmi nous!"

And a wave of religious emotion rolled over Little Billee and submerged him; swept him off his little legs, swept him out of his little self, drowned him in a great seething surge of love—love of his kind, love of love, love of life, love of death, love of all that is and ever was and ever will be—a very large order indeed, even for Little Billee.

And it seemed to him that he stretched out his arms for love to one figure especially beloved beyond all the rest—one figure erect on high with arms outstretched to him, in more than common fellowship of need; not the sorrowful figure crowned with thorns, for it was in the likeness of a woman: but never that of the Virgin Mother of Our Lord.

It was Trilby, Trilby, Trilby! a poor fallen sinner and waif all but lost amid the scum of the most corrupt city on earth. Trilby weak and mortal like himself, and in woful

want of pardon! and in her gray dove-like eyes he saw the shining of so great a love that he was abashed; for well he knew that all that love was his, and would be his forever, come what would or could.

"Peuple, debout! Chante ta délivrance!
Noël! Noël! Voici le Rédempteur!"

So sang and rang and pealed and echoed the big, deep, metallic barytone bass—above the organ, above the incense, above everything else in the world—till the very universe seemed to shake with the rolling thunder of that great message of love and forgiveness!

Sitting on the door-step and smoking two cigars at once he found Ribot, one of his fellow-lodgers, whose room was just under his own. Ribot was so tipsy that he could not ring. But he could still sing, and did so at the top of his voice. It was not the Noël of Adam that he sang. He had not spent his réveillon in any church.

With the help of a sleepy waiter, Little Billee got the bacchanalian into his room and lit his candle for him, and, disengaging himself from his maudlin embraces, left him to wallow in solitude.

As he lay awake in his bed, trying to recall the deep and high emotions of the

"ALLONS, GLYCÈRE! ROUGIS MON VERRE . . ."

Thus at least felt Little Billee, whose way it was to magnify and exaggerate all things under the subtle stimulus of sound, and the singing human voice had especially strange power to penetrate into his inmost depths—even the voice of man!

And what voice but the deepest and gravest and grandest there is can give worthy utterance to such a message as that, the epitome, the abstract, the very essence of all collective humanity's wisdom at its best!

Little Billee reached the Hôtel Corneille that night in a very exalted frame of mind indeed, the loftiest, lowliest mood of all.

Now see what sport we are of trivial, base, ignoble earthly things!

evening, he heard the tipsy hog below tumbling about his room and still trying to sing his senseless ditty:

"Allons, Glycère!
Rougis mon verre
Du jus divin dont mon cœur est toujours jaloux . . .
Et puis à table,
Bacchante aimable!
Enivrons-nous (hic) Les g-glougloux sont des rendezvous!" . . .

Then the song ceased for a while, and soon there were other sounds, as on a Channel steamer. Glougloux indeed!

Then the fear arose in Little Billee's mind lest the drunken beast should set fire to his bedroom curtains. All heavenly visions were chased away for the night. . . .

Our hero, half-crazed with fear, disgust, and irritation, lay wide awake, his nostrils on the watch for the smell of burning chintz or muslin, and wondered how an educated man—for Ribot was a law-student—could ever make such a filthy beast of himself as that! It was a scandal—a disgrace; it was not to be borne; there should be no forgiveness for such as Ribot—not even on Christmas Day! He would complain to Madame Paul, the patronne; he would have Ribot turned out into the street; he would leave the hotel himself the very next morning! At last he fell asleep, thinking of all he would do; and thus, ridiculously and ignominiously for Little Billee, ended the réveillon.

Next morning he complained to Madame Paul; and though he did not give her warning, nor even insist on the expulsion of Ribot (who, as he heard with a hard heart, was "bien malade ce matin"), he expressed himself very severely on the conduct of that gentleman, and on the dangers from fire that might arise from a tipsy man being trusted alone in a small bedroom with chintz curtains and a lighted candle. If it hadn't been for himself, he told her, Ribot would have slept on the door-step, and serve him right! He was really grand in his virtuous indignation, in spite of his imperfect French; and Madame Paul was deeply contrite for her peccant lodger, and profuse in her apologies; and Little Billee began his twenty-first Christmas Day like a Pharisee, thanking his star that he was not as Ribot!

(*To be continued*)

A French Mother's Letter

[*This remarkable human document actually appears in the record of a recent action for divorce in an American court.*]

"PARIS, June, 1926.

"Since a year you are silent with respect to me. I will admit your letter surprised me. You have finally succeeded in remembering that you had a mother somewhere. I would be right to reproach you, but to what avail? It would serve no purpose and it would not give you the heart which you lack; that is neither given nor bought. I would only tell you this: You are a mother and the future will answer to you for me.

"Let us proceed to the pressing business. You tell me Frank is so very wicked you cannot live with him any more; you have decided to leave him; your friend wishes to buy a little house in the country. It is more than probable you will be lonely and you will not stay. Moreover, to be a woman alone is not prudent. Besides, you have no security for you and your future.

"Your friend loves you very much, you say. I have already told you that according to my experience love has but a time; after, if your friend leaves you, what will you do? It is misery that awaits you.

"Why, since your friend has money, can you not persuade him to sell his business and house and come and live in France? With his dollars converted into francs and profiting by the exchange, you could make a fortune which would permit you to live quietly without toil; nothing to do but to promenade like retired people. Paris is gayer than New York.

"In this manner there would be some security for you and you would be happy. Many Americans and Englishmen who cannot live with their dollars have come to live in France. As for me, admitting you would buy a house in America and that you would be alone, I would not come. First, because I do not like the country. Then, the climate does not agree with me. Last, my French money changed to dollars would leave me insufficient funds. On the other hand, in France I am happy and I am depriving myself of nothing.

"It is therefore your duty, since you have the opportunity, to come to me. You could buy a little property, have your automobile for trips, since you would have nothing else to do. Try, in your interests, to make him understand this. I add, whatever you do, think of your future; ponder; you are no longer a child. Save your trumps and do not bank only on love, for you will be left some day. Many kisses to you and the children."

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When the tree the great day—when the peace are almost here

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is trimmed for and good cheer of Christmas —have a Camel!

WHEN the stockings are hung by the mantel. And the children's tree is ablaze with the gifts and toys for tomorrow's glad awakening. When joyously tired at midnight you settle down by the languishing fire—*have a Camel!*

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So on this Christmas Eve, when your work for others is done—when you're too glad for sleep with thoughts of tomorrow's happiness—then—

Have a Camel!

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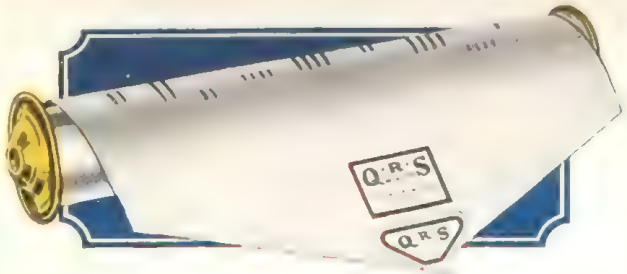
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.



Q·R·S

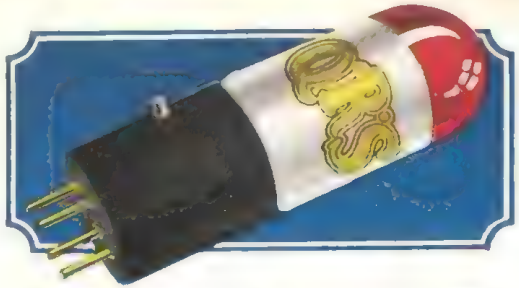
TRADE MARK REG

PLAYER ROLLS

are Better

Why don't you place a standing order with your dealer for the one best roll each month? He will gladly attend to it for you.

Q·R·S Player Rolls are not mechanical but the recordings of personal playing by real artists.



Q·R·S

TRADE MARK REG.

Redtop

REG U.S. PAT OFF

Radio Tubes

are Better

The radio dealer who recommends Q·R·S Redtop Radio Tubes and furnishes them with the sets he sells, is interested in your good will . . . He isn't taking chances — he's insuring your results with the tubes he knows *are* better — and guaranteed.

ASK YOUR DEALER

They cost him more but they cause him no worry

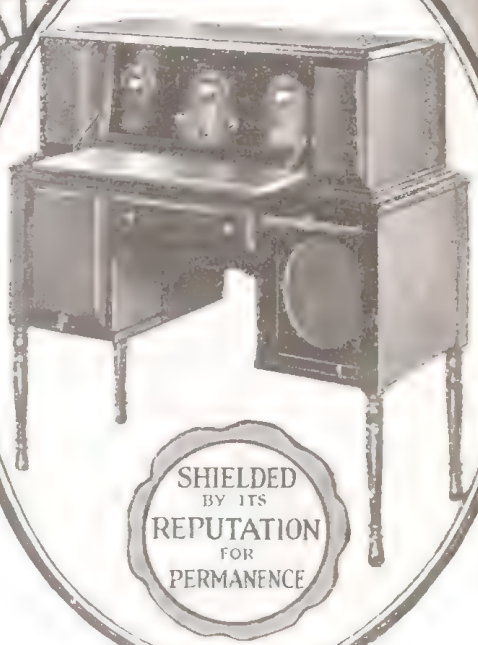
The Q·R·S Music Company

Welcome Christmas with

The

EAGLE

All That is Best in Radio



SHIELDED BY ITS REPUTATION FOR PERMANENCE

TOYS . . . . . jewelry . . . . silks and satins . . . . . individual gifts for loved ones . . . . what will your gift be? Make it one for all the family . . . . a gift of beauty, in spirit as well as form . . . make it an *Eagle Radio!*

Through the resonant voice of the *Eagle* you will learn the joy of bringing the strains of the world's most glorious music into your home, night after night, down the trail of the years . . . . welcome this Christmas with an *Eagle Radio*, and make it the most welcome Christmas of all.

EAGLE RADIO RECEIVERS

$95 $175 $185 $220

Model K3 Receiver with Console Cabinet as illustrated - $250

EAGLE RADIO COMPANY

NEWARK
NEW JERSEY

NEUTRODYNE

RADIO NEWS AND NOTES

Dealers Prepared for Unusual Holiday Trade

THE rapid development of the radio receiver and of radio entertainment has placed within easy reach an ideal Christmas gift for friends and relatives as well as for one's own home.

Here in a single gift are combined entertainment, good cheer, and companionship; information, instruction, and inspiration from far and near. Whether one or many share in such a gift it adapts itself to individual tastes, needs, and moods.

A purchase that carries with it so wide a range of application will doubtless find its way into many homes during the month preceding the Christmas holidays.

It is generally recognized that the days of sudden changes in the manufacture of radio equipment have given way to well-established certainties and permanent values, with refinements and improvements to meet all demands.

It is possible to choose to-day from among complete receiving sets of standardized value, well-built, easily controlled, attractively designed, and fair in price.

Makers of fine furniture have cooperated in the designing of beautiful cabinets that may be purchased with the receiver if desired, although receiving sets themselves are now so compactly and attractively fashioned as to be worthy a place in any well-appointed living-room. The crude and often ungainly designs of earlier years have almost completely disappeared.

In this December edition appear various announcements of dependable radio manufacturers. Examine them carefully. If you are interested in any particular make and no dealer is in your neighborhood to thoroughly demonstrate its qualities, drop a line to the makers or to this magazine, and full particulars will gladly be supplied.

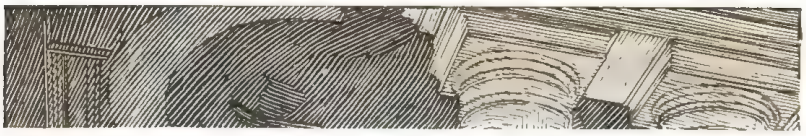
* * *

From all over the country, and especially from the larger metropolitan districts, the demand is growing for prompt Congressional action to clarify the broadcasting situation.

When Congress adjourned last spring without taking any definite steps to assist our hundreds of broadcasting stations in their selection of wave bands, it was inevitable that some confusion would follow. The wonder is that it has not been much greater.

So many millions are keenly interested in this matter it seems well assured no time will be lost in duly authorizing either the Department of Commerce or a specially appointed commission to help the various stations from interfering with each other. A speedy and satisfactory solution of this question is confidently expected.

Interesting announcements of dependable radio equipment may be found throughout the advertising section



FREED-EISEMANN

THE RADIO OF AMERICA'S FINEST HOMES

NO OTHER RADIO HAS SUCH SOCIAL PRESTIGE

ON the President's yacht, the Mayflower, you will find a FREED-EISEMANN. On the Leviathan, the great ship on which Queen Marie of Roumania came to America, Commodore Hartley uses a FREED-EISEMANN. It is the only American radio ever awarded the gold medal at a European International Radio World's Fair—and it is the choice of America's aristocracy.

And this year, FREED-EISEMANN includes revolutionary radio improvements:

$60 *and up for table models*

$95 *and up for console sets*

Prices slightly higher in Canada and West of the Rockies

Complete metal shielding from outside interference. One tuning control instead of three. Steel chassis construction. Can be run from your lighting fixture with FREED-EISEMANN power units.

Now the same famous FREED-EISEMANN quality can be had at new low prices! The economies effected in the tremendous production of our new plant have brought the price down as low as $60!

Illustrated above is Model 40—C-30—$135. Table model same set, $85. Licensed under Latour patents.

You may have a free demonstration without obligation in your own home. (See coupon.) Convenient payments if desired.

FREED-EISEMANN RADIO
Freed-Eisemann Building Brooklyn, New York

Please request my local dealer to give me a home demonstration without obligation to buy. (Print your name and *full* address in the margin below and mail to us.)

IF 500 PEOPLE MOVED AWAY—

A YEAR or so ago 50,000 people moved out of Bridgeport, Connecticut. A serious blow to the city? Not at all. They were squads of that vast, sad corps known as "floating population." By so much as they consumed the plain necessities of food, clothing and shelter, Bridgeport retailers and realtors miss them. Otherwise, business goes on as usual.

Bridgeport has about 500 subscribers to THE QUALITY GROUP magazines.

What if those 500 should move away?

Instantly a critical civic emergency would exist. Industries, banks and commerce would be compelled to go far afield in search of new executives. There would be a desperate shortage of doctors and dentists, judges and lawyers. Church and club activities would suffer a blight, and a pall would spread over the intellectual visage of the area.

The compilers of the Blue Book would be inconsolable and the Directory of Directors would be obsolete. Great parcels of real estate would be a drug on the market. Bank deposits and trade in the best stores would drop heavily.

The very arterial blood of the city would have been drained.

We know that the 500 QUALITY GROUP subscribers mean exactly that to Bridgeport, for we have checked them over, name by name, with the best informed local merchants. We also know that very few of them will move away. For it is a characteristic of THE QUALITY GROUP subscriber that he does not float. Wherever he lives, he is an established and entrenched factor in the life about him.

In Cincinnati the same sort of checking was made. Out of 153 subscribers to just one QUALITY GROUP magazine, a local merchant instantly recognized every one except six, and declared them all to be good prospects for a product costing several hundred dollars.

If you could show everybody in the United States through your plant, your business future would be assured. Suppose you should take over 700,000 people through the plant. Would you go out on the highway and herd in the first 700,000 in sight? Would you not rather pick and choose your 700,000 by inviting from each city and town those comparatively few who are incomparably influential? That is precisely the function of THE QUALITY GROUP.

Advertising in THE QUALITY GROUP is *next to thinking matter.*

THE QUALITY GROUP

285 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE
HARPER'S MAGAZINE
REVIEW OF REVIEWS
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
THE WORLD'S WORK

Over 700,000 Copies Sold Each Month

Chesterfield

CIGARETTES

"Such popularity must be deserved"

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

He Chooses the Treasure Chest

At Christmas time no happier selection can be made than a Waterman's fountain pen and pencil—a gift that causes immediate delight and acts as a reminder of your generous thoughtfulness for years to come.

Ripple-Rubber pen and pencil shown, in Treasure Chest, $8.50. Other gold- and silver-mounted models $10 to $50.

Sold by 50,000 reliable merchants.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

L. E. Waterman Company
191 Broadway, New York
Chicago Boston San Francisco Montreal

Especially posed by Claire Windsor--M-G-M Star

And now just one thing more. To make it a treasured evening for her . . . . . *send flowers.*

Say it with Flowers

Catch up with the Sun at Hollywood . .

FLORIDA charm with all its varied allurement—outdoor sport, brilliant social gaiety, pleasures and delights of seashore and country club—unfold in full flower at Hollywood Beach Hotel. Midway between Palm Beach and Miami, the most beautiful hotel in Florida, it is the Northland's ideal winter sanctuary.

Front-a-front the ocean, its windows overlook the emerald sea. Just a step in your bathing togs from your room to beach and surf.

Roomy suites, vast lounges and dining hall, every luxurious convenience, yet homelike comfort throughout, make this gorgeous hotel a dream of beauty and content. Exquisite tablefare, featuring fresh vegetables, fruit, butter and eggs from the hotel's own farms, captivates a jaded appetite.

Every day a day in June. No halfway climate. Genial summer and warm surf always. Life is not keyed to one note. You live as you please, and do as you please, drawing your enjoyment from a wealth of recreation and entertainment. Tennis, horseback riding, motorboating, aquaplaning, by day; dances, musical concerts and recitals by night.

Two fine golf courses invite you; the most famous deep sea fishing in the world beckons just off shore.

Why dream by the fireside when you can live by a sunny seaside? Come and live the happiest, most healthful winter of your life. Write for reservations and rates, or other information—you will receive a prompt answer.

Reopens December 1—Everything at its Best

Hollywood Beach Hotel, Hollywood, Fla., *New York Office, National City Bldg., 17 E. 42nd St.*

On Dixie Highway—Two Railroads—and Inland Waterway

HOLLYWOOD *Florida*

Florida's all-year seaside city . . A place to live

JOSEPH W. YOUNG
Founder

Makes LIFE more pleasant

New and Improved
FRESHMAN
MASTERPIECE

Model 6-F-11

$119.50

Operates by Electricity

—this new set works right from your light socket by installing the Freshman "ABC" Power Supply.

This wonderful radio, in its handsome genuine mahogany cabinet, opens the door to the world's finest entertainment operas—dance music—lectures—sports of all kinds; just take your pick. A large cone speaker of great volume and superb tone is built right in the cabinet.

GENUINE R. C. A. RADIOTRONS

are recommended for use with Freshman Masterpiece Receivers. A special package containing—1 UX 112 power tube, 1 UX 200A detector tube and 3 UX 201A amplifying tubes—matched and tested for the set in which they are shipped.

Write for our new 48-page book illustrating and describing all Freshman Masterpiece Products

Chas. Freshman Co., Inc. Freshman Building 2626 W. Washington Blvd. New York Chicago

World's Greatest Radio

THE GOLDEN BOOK FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

THE INVESTMENT BUREAU

A department offering its services without charge to readers of THE GOLDEN BOOK. All letters to the Bureau are treated as personal and confidential and are answered in full by mail. Below appear a few extracts from recent correspondence relating to subjects of general interest. Address Investment Bureau, THE GOLDEN BOOK, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

THE FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

THE GOLDEN BOOK reserves the following pages for announcements of reputable banking houses, trust companies, savings banks, brokers, and other financial institutions. Inquiry is made concerning the institutions advertising under this heading and none is accepted that is found to be of questionable character. When writing to these institutions please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK.

Investment Questions and Answers

$20,000 Investment for a Widow A request has recently come to me to furnish a list of sound securities for the investment of $20,000 by a widow. Although she is not entirely dependent upon the income from this amount, a reasonable yield is nevertheless a consideration.

I should greatly appreciate it if you would be kind enough to aid me in suggesting a list of securities offering safety, yield, and scattered risk.

For a $20,000 investment for a widow, we would suggest purchasing $2,000 of each of the following bonds:

Baltimore Trust Co. Real Estate Bonds.
S. W. Straus & Co. Real Estate Bonds.
New York Steam Corp. 1st 6s, 1947
Hudson & Manhattan Adj. Inc. 5s, 1957
New Orleans Public Service 1st & Ref. 5s, 1952
Armour & Co. of Del. Guar. 5½s, "A" 1943
St. Louis-San Francisco Prior Lien 5½s, 1942

We believe you could well include a small amount of foreign bonds and would suggest $1,000 of each of the following:

City of Oslo, Norway, 6s, 1955
Mortgage Bank of Chile 6½s, 1957

We would suggest that a portion of the fund be placed in good stocks and would recommend the following distribution:

10 shares American Tel. & Tel. common stock
10 shares Wabash Ry, 5 per cent. pfd. "A" stock
10 shares M. K. & T. 6 per cent. pfg. stock
10 shares Idaho Power 7 per cent. pfg. stock

The above list would offer well diversified risk and, in the writer's judgment, it would offer a conservative degree of safety. The yield would be nearly 6 per cent.

Preferred Stocks Offer Diversity for Bondholder My mother wishes advice on the investment of about $600. When she had a similar sum to invest some months ago, from the comments I had read in your column, I advised her to purchase an Atlantic & Danville RR. Second Mortgage bond. Her holdings consist mainly of bonds in $500.00 denominations such as Gt. Nor. 7, U. S. Rub. 5, Anaconda Cop. 5, Tenn. El. 6, some preferred stocks such as Northern States Power, North American, National Lead, etc. and local mortgages. What would be your suggestion as an appropriate investment? She is anxious to get about 6 per cent. Another recent purchase which pers about that was American Gas & Elec. Deb.

Two bonds which I have noticed you have frequently recommended I have not been able to locate on any market: Cuba R. R. imp. & equip. 5s 1960 and Little Rock & Hot Springs Western 1st 4s 1939. On what market and in what denominations may these be bought? What ratings are given them? Also what is the rating given to Manila R. R. Southern Lines 1st 4s, 1939?

The Cuba Railroad Company Imp. & Equip. 5s, 1960 are rated A by both Moody and Standard Statistics. These bonds are listed on the London Stock Exchange, but they also have a market in New York. They were recently quoted at 87½ bid, 88½ asked. This issue is outstanding in $500 and $100 denominations, but we doubt that there is enough market activity in these smaller denominations to enable you to readily invest your funds in them.

The Little Rock & Hot Springs Western 1st 4s, 1939 are rated A by Moody and A1 by Standard Statistics. This issue is outstanding only in $1,000 denominations. This issue is now selling at such a high price (just a little below par) that we would hardly regard it as a good purchase now.

The Manila Railroad Southern Lines 1st 4s, 1939 are rated A by Moody and B1 by Standard Statistics.

Since your mother's present holdings consist mainly of bonds, we would suggest that the $600 be invested in some high grade preferred stock, and we would recommend Pacific Gas & Electric 1st 6 per cent. preferred, or Connecticut Light & Power 6½ per cent. preferred. Both of these stocks are rated A by Moody. They are protected by a broad margin of earnings above the dividend requirements. The records show stable

(Continued on page 80)

Head Office
National City Bank Building
New York

PRINCIPAL CORRESPONDENT OFFICES

ALBANY
ATLANTA
ATLANTIC CITY
BALTIMORE
BOSTON
BUFFALO
CHICAGO
CINCINNATI
CLEVELAND
DAVENPORT
DENVER
DETROIT
HARTFORD
HOUSTON
INDIANAPOLIS
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.
KANSAS CITY
LOS ANGELES
LOUISVILLE, KY.
MEMPHIS
MIAMI, FLA.
MILWAUKEE
MINNEAPOLIS
NEWARK
NEW ORLEANS
OMAHA
PHILADELPHIA
PITTSBURGH
PORTLAND, ME.
PORTLAND, ORE.
PROVIDENCE
ROCHESTER
SAN DIEGO
SAN FRANCISCO
SEATTLE
ST. LOUIS
SAINT PAUL
TOLEDO
WASHINGTON
WILKES-BARRE
MONTREAL
TORONTO
LONDON
COPENHAGEN
GENEVA
TOKIO
SHANGHAI

What Is A Good Investment For *You*—*Today?*

NO MAN'S life remains fixed. His business affairs change. His income changes. His aims change. He may change his will.

SUCH changes affect the way you should invest. If you do not consider them, your money will fail to do its best for you.

NEW personal conditions, if not met, may cause your income to fall off unnecessarily. You may run into needless new risks. You may miss good investments which were unsuited to your former plans and circumstances.

MANY men meet the situation by going over their investments with us from time to time.

THIS is a wise precaution; it is part of our daily work to study and deal with the effects of such personal factors on investments.

WE CAN often suggest changes which protect net interest, and decrease bother—without sacrificing proper investment balance.

WITH a background of one hundred and fourteen years' financial experience, The National City Company has equipped itself to study and meet individual investment problems.

ELEVEN thousand miles of private wires keep us in direct touch with the investment centers of the country. We maintain offices in 50 leading American cities. We supplement this close touch with domestic conditions by world-wide foreign connections.

A NATIONAL CITY COMPANY representative will know how to use the equipment of the Company in helping you.

YOU may get in touch with a representative by addressing The National City Company, 55 Wall St., New York, or by visiting our office in your city.

The National City Company

BONDS · SHORT TERM NOTES · ACCEPTANCES

That Money of Yours

In this feverish age, the most vital business question is how to *keep* money—at work.

Principal unconditionally secure. Income punctually—in full.

It *is* possible.

It *is* being done.

Fidelity First Mortgage Participation Certificates

were evolved out of the mortgage and the financial experience of ages. The defects, the accidents, the hazards of even a business as safe as the mortgage business, were eliminated. A Pure Investment is the result. Speculators are not interested. Banks, Trust Companies, Trust Estates, Fraternal Organizations, Endowed Institutions and individuals—all who coldly refuse to put their funds where there is the slightest risk of losing a cent of either principal or income—purchase these securities for their perfect safety and fixed yield.

Before you invest, read two booklets that we will gladly send free

Commonwealth Edison Company has paid 148 consecutive dividends to its stockholders. Send for the new year book. This stock listed on the Chicago Stock Exchange.

Chicago

is "doing it electrically" on her suburban trains. The newly electrified Illinois Central running between the South Shore district and the great downtown "Loop" is in operation, and all power is being supplied by Chicago's central station.

Commonwealth Edison Company

The Central Station Serving Chicago

Get Acquainted!

BEFORE being admitted to the financial department of THE GOLDEN BOOK, every advertiser is very carefully and thoroughly investigated. This rule has obtained for a great many years. The advertisements you see on pages 77 to 82 are those of reliable concerns. The offerings they make you are good offerings—real worthwhile investment opportunities. These advertisers are spending money to do you a service. Their suggestions and advice may prove invaluable. Write them for investment information. Send for their literature. Get acquainted. These people are good to know.

Address

GOLDEN BOOK INVESTMENT BUREAU

55 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.

ADAIR BONDS

Guaranteed by ADAIR REALTY & TRUST CO. *Founded 1865*
INSURABLE AGAINST LOSS OF PRINCIPAL *and* INTEREST
YIELD 6½%

61 YEARS *of* SAFE INVESTMENTS

DURING the entire history of Adair First Mortgage Investments, extending over a period of 61 years, every dollar of principal and interest has been paid promptly to investors on the due date.

From this 61 years experience in the first mortgage investment field has been evolved the modern, scientifically safeguarded first mortgage: Adair Guaranteed-Insurable Bonds.

These bonds are guaranteed by Adair Realty & Trust Company. They can be insured against loss of principal and interest in one of the largest surety companies in America.

And because, in addition, they offer a yield up to 6½%, Adair Bonds are universally regarded as among the most desirable investments attainable.

We believe that a stronger investment position as well as an increased income will result from a thorough investigation and comparison of Adair Bonds with your present holdings. *Write today for*

BOOKLET GB-21

ADAIR REALTY & TRUST CO. *Founded 1865*

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS $2,500,000
Healey Building, ATLANTA
Packard Building, PHILADELPHIA

ADAIR REALTY & MORTGAGE CO., *Inc.*
270 Madison Avenue, NEW YORK — Boatmen's Bank Building, ST. LOUIS
Ownership identical with Adair Realty & Trust Co.

Merry Christmas and a Healthy New Year

·BUY· ·CHRISTMAS· ·SEALS·

THE NATIONAL, STATE *and* LOCAL TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATIONS *of the* UNITED STATES

Plan *NOW* to get a State Supervised 6%

Insured Income from January Funds

Insure your income. Invest January funds to earn a guaranteed 6%. Rigid State law, governing issuance of our Certificates, assures maximum safety. For booklets write Dept. GB-12

MORTGAGE INSURANCE CORPORATION

Insured First Mortgage CERTIFICATES

609 So. Grand Ave.

LOS ANGELES

(*Continued from page 76*)

earning power over a number of years. Both of these stocks are selling at about 101.

Building and Loan Association Will greatly appreciate your advice regarding the safety of investment with the Mutual Building and Loan Association of El Paso, Texas, whose advertisement I find enclosed herewith.

Replying to your inquiry concerning Mutual Building & Loan Association of El Paso, Texas, I would say that, as a general rule, associations of this kind have provided a safe type of investment. In the matter of supervision of such organizations, Texas does not rank as high as a number of other States. In your State, there is nominal supervision by the Commissioner of Insurance but, as we understand it, actual examinations are not made.

The record of the company in question, however, indicates strongly that its business has been carried on in a sufficiently conservative manner for safety. We would not be inclined, however, to judge wholly by the past record of the company, as it sometimes happens that a change of policy is put into effect. Before investing in the securities in question, we would suggest that you go to your banker and ask for information regarding the company. He would be more familiar with local conditions, and consequently be able to give you more definite advice regarding the organization than we are able to do.

Are You Keeping Your Back Numbers of the GOLDEN BOOK?

More than any other magazine, a complete file of the Golden Book is worthy of a permanent place on the library shelves, because only the enduring writings of the world's Greatest Masters are selected for preservation in this convenient form. Ever since the publication of the first number letters have been received by the editor suggesting the importance of providing a way to build up a real library of classics out of the current issues. Little could be done with the first volume because the publisher's supplies were soon exhausted. But we have two plans for the succeeding volumes.

Plan I $2.50 Send us your back numbers of the six issues, with check for $2.50. We will exchange them for a bound volume from new sheets containing the same issues. The binding is a high-grade green cloth with dignified gold stamping. Imagine the value of a series of such volumes on your bookshelves.

Plan II $3.00 We have made an adjustable binder suitable for holding six numbers. You can place them in the binder yourself, remove them and change them from time to time. The device is simple and easy to handle. The material used for this binder is more durable than cloth, looks like leather and harmonizes with your most costly bindings. The cost is only $3.00 for each 6 issue binder. The advantage of this method is that you can preserve 6 issues and later if you wish replace them with 6 more. You can add other binders and keep the whole series for years and years.

***Everyone wants to keep the Golden Book,* the magazine which never grows old or out of date.**

GOLDEN BOOK BOUND VOLUME DEPT.

5 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

Here's Investment Information For You

Complete and authentic information about First Mortgage Bonds. This 24 page book gives you the complete story of how First Mortgage Bonds are issued—the kind of safeguards they must have to assure payment of principal and interest. It answers your questions. Send for this book before you invest. Write today.

UNITED STATES MORTGAGE BOND CO., LTD.
Howard C. Wade, President
334 U. S. Mortgage bldg., Detroit, Mich.
Capital $1,000,000, Resources more than $13,000,000
In Canada: United Bond Co., Ltd.
Toronto and Windsor, Ont. 2812

6½% UNITED FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

Your Mail Box and Our Offices

Thousands of investors are buying bonds every year without ever seeing a bond salesman. It is a simple process and preferred by many as the ideal investment method.

It is described in our booklet,
"Buying Bonds by Mail"
which we will gladly send on request.

Ask for AB-2450

A. C. ALLYN AND COMPANY
INCORPORATED
67 W. Monroe Street, Chicago
New York Philadelphia Milwaukee
Boston San Francisco Minneapolis

Investment Information That Keeps You Up-to-Date

How to Make Use of the Investment Service of THE GOLDEN BOOK
Without Cost or Obligation to You

Submit any individual investment question to our Investment Editor, who will promptly reply. The Golden Book Magazine Investment Service is an impartial service under the management, direction and supervision of The Review of Reviews Corporation, and free of charge to the 350,000 and more readers of The Golden Book and The Review of Reviews.

For twenty years The Review of Reviews Magazine has served thousands and thousands of men and women in the handling of their funds for investment. *It has been one of the outstanding services of the magazine and has built tremendous good will for us with readers.*

In addition to this individual investment service there is a supplementary service by which our readers may secure information of vital interest in the matter of investment. Below you will see booklets issued by financial houses. Choose by number those that you wish to see, write us, and we will send you, without cost or obligation on your part, the literature that you desire. Unless otherwise stated the literature will be sent you direct from the financial houses publishing the same.

If the literature of more than one company is desired, kindly enclose ten cents for postage.

Investment Literature for Your Information

1. What You Should Know About Real Estate Mortgage Bonds—Adair Realty & Trust Co.
2. Public Utility Securities as Investments—A. C. Allyn and Company.
3. Arnold 6½% Certificates—Arnold & Co.
4. Investing by Mail—Caldwell & Co.
5. The New Year Book—Commonwealth Edison Co.
6. The Way to Wealth—William R. Compton Company.
7. Fidelity First Mortgage Participation Certificates—Fidelity Mortgage Co.
8. 8% and Safety—Filer-Cleveland Co.
9. How to Select Safe Bonds—George M. Forman & Co.
10. Investors' Guide—Greenebaum Sons Investment Co.
11. Gas, an Essential Utility and an Opportunity—Hambleton & Co.
12. The Story of Security Bonds and an Unconditional Guarantee—J. A. W. Iglehart & Co.
13. Insured First Mortgage "Sixes"—Mortgage Insurance Corp.
14. Municipal Bonds—National City Co.
15. Safety Supreme—Shannon & Luchs.
16. 7% First Mortgage Bonds—United States Mortgage Bond Co.

— — — — — — — — PRINT YOUR NAME—CUT THE COUPON — — — — — — — —

INVESTMENT BUREAU, GOLDEN BOOK
55 Fifth Avenue, New York City

December, 1926

Please send to the undersigned literature numbered.....

.....

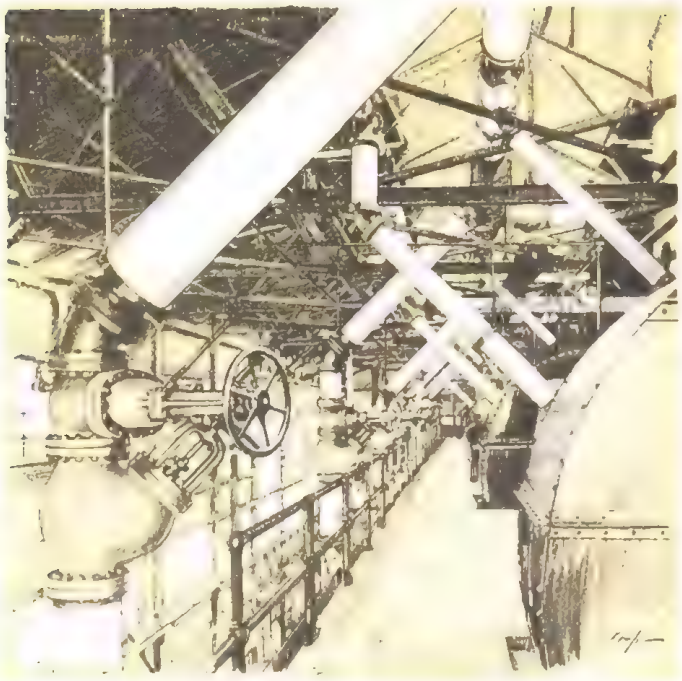
Name.....

Address.....

If agreeable kindly state business.....

I do / I do not object to my name being given to the financial houses selected. Strike out "do" or "do not."

CRANE VALVES



A view in the Carrie boiler house of the Carnegie Steel Co., Rankin, Pennsylvania, showing boiler leads and main steam header. The valves and fittings are of extra heavy Crane electric cast steel. B. Floersheim & Co., Pittsburgh, were the piping contractors.

A Crane shower, with volume regulator to meet variations in water pressure.

Carnegie Steel Co. chooses Crane cast steel

Historians, marking man's progress by his use of metals, call this "the age of steel." The story of its utilization, from the days of the Toledo sword-blade to our skyscrapers and ships and mighty river spans, is a romantic epic of advancing knowledge. Today, the high tribute to any material or product is to say that it is as strong as steel.

Among the pioneers in this country to produce cast steel valves and fittings was the Crane Co. With characteristic thoroughness, the best methods of manufacture have been carefully evolved. To enable the exact control of temperature which Crane deems essential, only electric furnaces are used. Every step in the production process is paced by chemical analysis. The molds of very refractory sand are baked; and the flasks are extra deep to allow generous risers, insuring tight, solid castings. Finally, correct annealing and slow cooling relieve internal strains and give fine, even grain.

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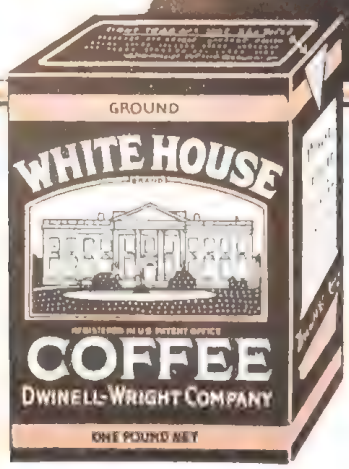

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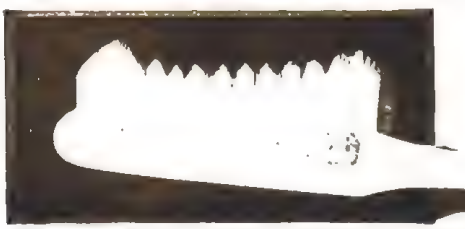

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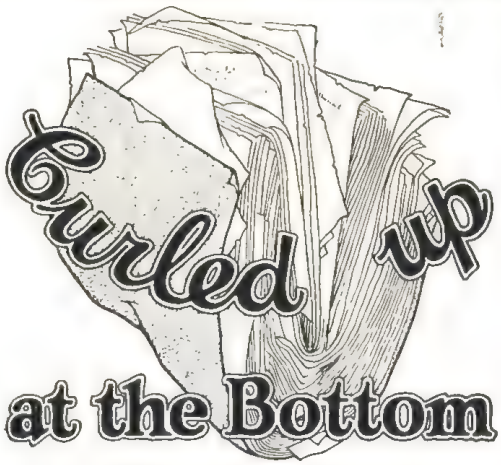
(See page 76)



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Golden Ways To Golden Places

Why The Knowing Go To Europe In Winter Or Spring

THE tales of winter Atlantic seas are probably at fault for the general notion that the best time of migration to Europe is invariably summer. In the mind of the public, Prior's words, or their unspoken counterpart, cling as to what the Atlantic is like:

> The winds grow high
> Impending tempests change the sky;
> The lightning flies, the thunder roars
> The big waves lash the frightened shores.

But it is somewhat of a myth. The Atlantic crossing is only occasionally a hardship in winter—and many times it is a charming revelation, thanks to the warm Gulf Stream. Many a traveler boards ship in New York icy weather in February, wearing heavy underwear; but two or three days later is sitting, rather in astonishment, on a deck chair in balmy spring sunshine.

And on his arrival in March in France or England (which he sees from a map are more northerly in latitude than New York and mayhap therefore colder) he is further mystified by seeing all about him what Nathaniel P. Willis called

> The delicate footed May.

He learns then perhaps for the first time that because of the warm gulf stream, spring in Europe is a month ahead of America. Appleblossoms welcome him in France which two months later in America may still be invisible.

But Europe has even more to offer for winter-tired Americans. It has the Riviera, Southern France and Italy,—the most finished, sophisticated winter resorts in the world. From December to Easter time the warm Riviera, with its marvelous back-drop of snow covered Alps, is the play place of the eastern Hemisphere, if not the world.

Europe in winter has this superb advantage—one which grows in importance each year: it is not over-r with tourists. The blunt fact is that European trav in summer is reaching serious proportions and dubious crowding the familiar places of the continent. O begins to think, under such circumstances, of Shak speare's line:

> Travell'd gallants,
> That fill the court with quarrels, talk and tailors.

Paris—the beloved travel Mecca of the world—b comes almost an American city, and most uncomfo ably jammed. But Paris in spring! When the childr begin to play along the Champs Elysee and dine begin to be eaten outdoors!—and this while New Yo may be under a barage of snow! Living in Paris in t winter is really to come to know Paris; while a visit London in winter enables you really to see a Lond season in full bloom.

The active life of Europe—as in America—is winter, fall and spring. The American tourist, travell in the summer-time not only crowds himself, hampe himself and penalizes himself financially because of t higher summer fares, but he also misses the theatric opera and social and intellectual life of the Europe capitals.

World cruises and Mediterranean cruises perm passengers to stop off in Europe and take another lat ship home—a favorite method being to debark Monaco and visit the Riviera, Italy, Southern Franc Switzerland, and then north to Paris and London, a thence to America on any of the many sailings.

The knowing traveler loves Europe in winter a spring, and rarely fails to select that season for trav Winter sports are highly developed in Switzerland, t Riviera and Germany; winter pleasures are at th ripest in Paris, and the social season is at its hei everywhere. Winter in Europe has none of the terr of a winter in America.

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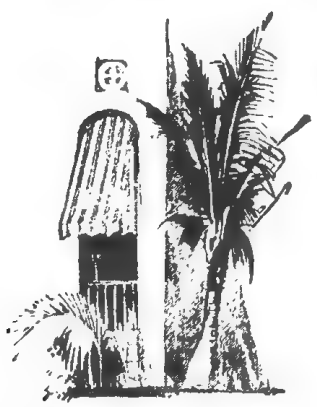

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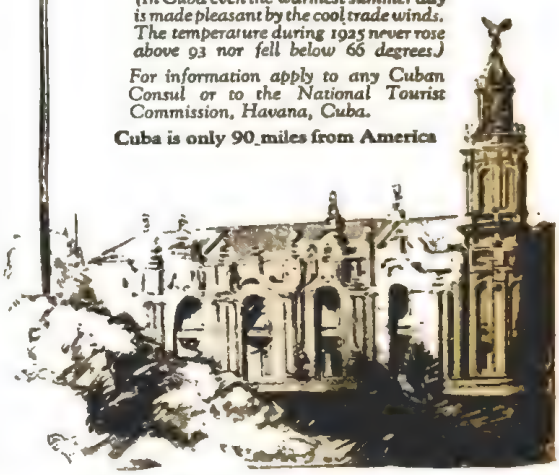

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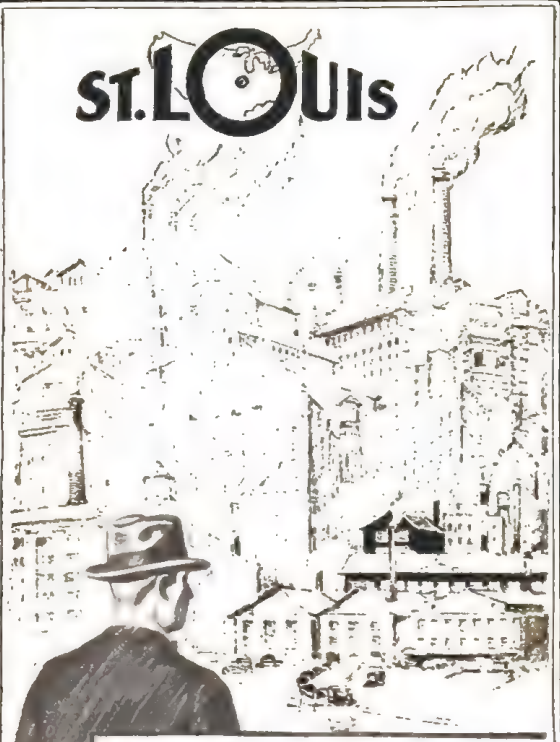

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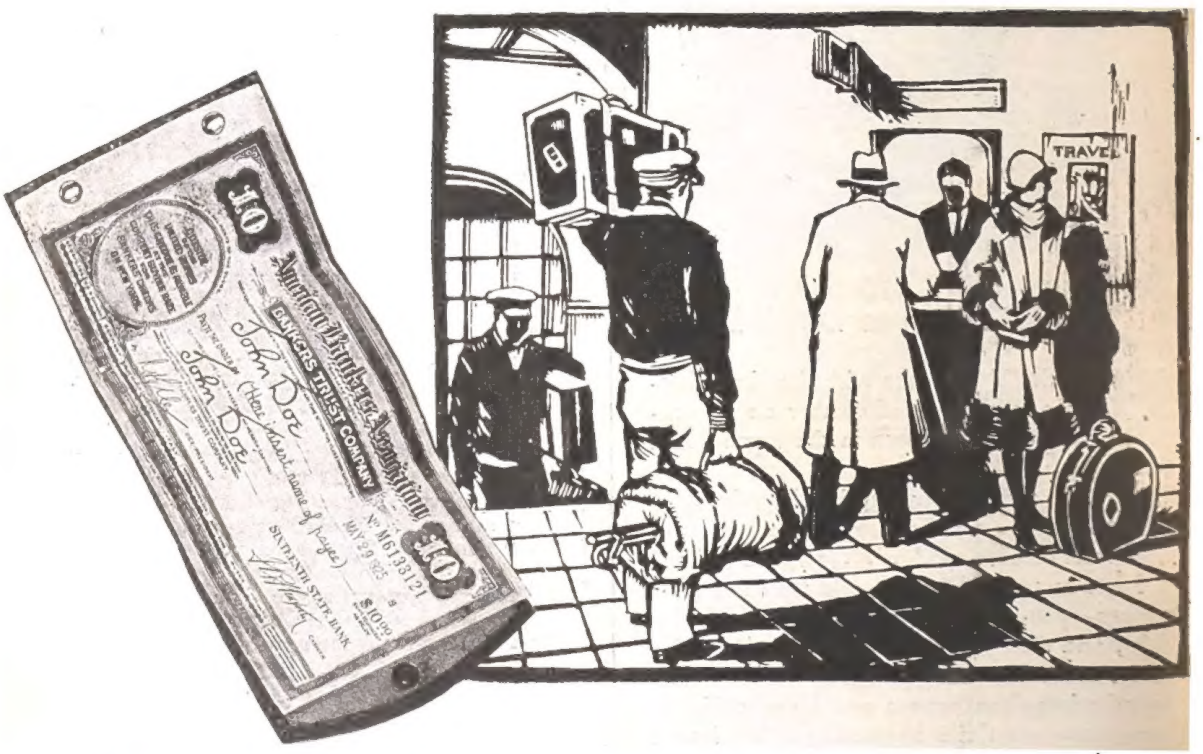

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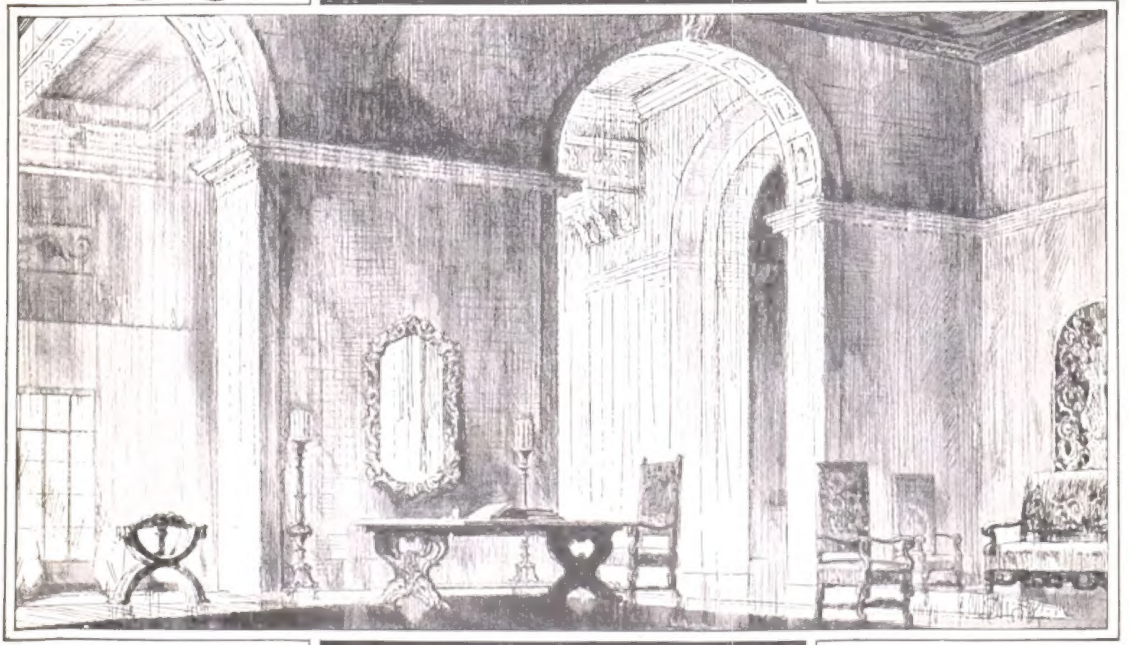
N END has been put to the question as to hether the ultimate in luxury and in comrt are really found outside the homes of ıe tremendously wealthy. Today they are : the command of the average person—in ıe Carlton Hotel in Washington. Here you ill find the most modern furnishings and :tings. Here you experience the delight of scovering an environment such that you n say: "This is where I belong; this is here I am at home."

Such is the Carlton Hotel in Washington. s architecture, fittings, furnishings and degns have been inspired by both American ıd Continental practice. Such products as ıve not been available at their very best America have been purchased abroad; ıus came tiles from Holland, hardware om France, hand-tufted rugs from Austria, renaissance furniture from Italy, which also supplies the Tuscan setting of the lovely Giardino, or Patio as our Spanish friends call it.

This hotel of international character shares its ownership and basic management with the famous Wardman Park Hotel, itself unique as offering all the facilities of a great American resort in a beautiful natural setting on the outskirts of the city. Erected in the center of the residential district, the new Carlton Hotel expands the Wardman service.

There are only 257 rooms, a few available singly. Accommodations principally are in family, diplomatic and royal suites. It is recommended that you make reservations in advance. You thereby will assure your comfort in Washington, and on arrival will be taken directly to your rooms, where a clerk will register you individually.

CARLTON
HOTEL



IN WASHINGTON

Sight the Ciné-Kodak either at waist height or eye level and press the release. Instantly the spring motor starts and the movie's in the making.

Turn the switch on your Kodascope, the motor starts, and you're showing movies

Keep this Christmas in

Ciné-Kodak Movies

FROM Tad up, movies the Kodak way furnish fun for everyone. First, the movies you make yourself—starting with the sports and pleasures of Christmas day. Then the screen classics—dramas, comedies, travelogues, animated cartoons (just wait, by the way, till Tad first sets his popping eyes on the antics of Felix)—all rented reasonably from a Kodascope Library for a private showing in your home.

There's pleasure complete—movies you make yourself of whoever and whatever interest you. Regular movie theatre releases that you show yourself in your own home. Eastman equipment that makes this all possible includes the Ciné-Kodak, which makes movies as easily as any Brownie makes snapshots; and Kodascope, which projects them and is just as simple to work.

There's nothing you'd like better for Christmas—and you may be sure that almost anyone on your gift list feels the same way.

The Ciné-Kodak Model B, with Kodak Anastigmat *f*.6.5 lens, is priced at $70; with Kodak Anastigmat *f*.3.5, at an even hundred. The Kodascope C projector is $60.

A complete outfit now—Ciné-Kodak, Kodascope, and Screen—as low as

$140

The thousands of Kodak dealers are now prepared to demonstrate the Ciné-Kodak. If your dealer is not yet ready, write us for Ciné-Kodak booklets.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*